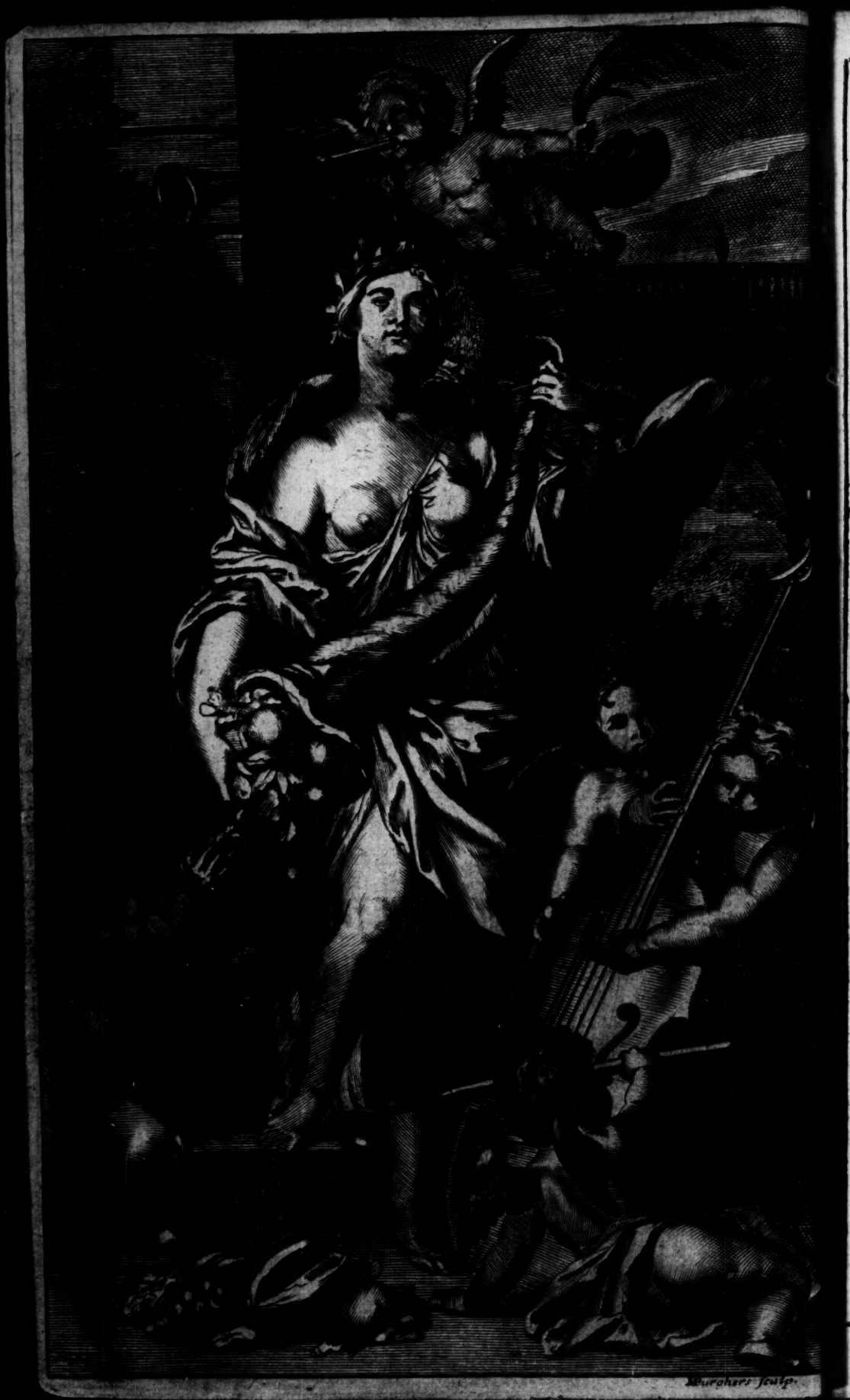
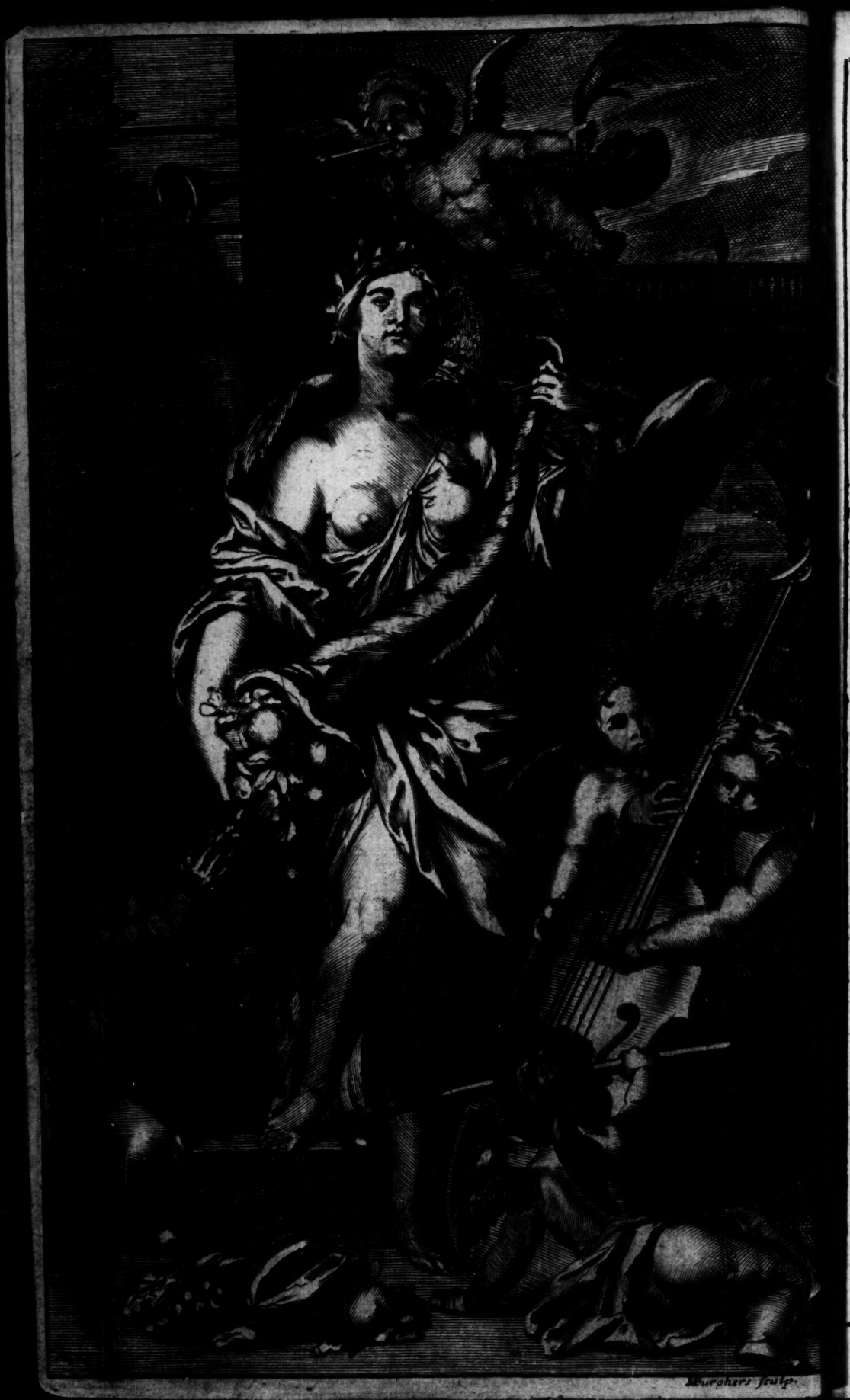

Laurohers sculp.


Laurohers sculp.

Poetical Miſcellanies:

THE

SIXTH PART.

Containing a

COLLECTION

OF

Original Poems,

With Several

New Tranſlations.

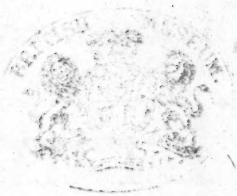
By the moſt Eminent Hands.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, within *Grays-Inn* Gate, next *Grays-Inn* Lane. 1709.

Where you may have the Five former Parts.

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THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE *Four former Parts of* Miſcellany Poems *were Publiſh'd by the late Mr.* John Dryden, *and met with a very kind Reception. The Fifth Part, Publiſh'd ſince Mr.* Dryden's *Death. having ſold in proportion to the former Volumes, encourag'd the proceeding upon this Sixth Part, which I hope will be entertaining to the Reader. I have been forced to omit ſeveral of the Copies ſent, upon the publick Notice given, otherways this Volume would have ſwell'd beyond the Size of any of the former ones. I ſhall reſerve thoſe for another Volume, which I hope to Publiſh at the beginning of the next Year. When I have made ſome Progreſs in Printing the next Volume, publick Notice ſhall*

be given that 'tis in the Preſs, and at what Time it will be Publiſh'd; and I hope that ſuch Gentlemen as have been ſo kind to contribute to this or the former Miſcellanies, *will be pleaſed to communicate any Copies they are willing to have Publiſh'd in ſuch a manner.*

Your very Humble Servant,

Jacob Tonſon.

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PASTO-

PASTORALS,

BY

Mr. *PHILIPS.*



Noſtra nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.

Virg. Ecl. 6.

Printed in the YEAR 1708.

PREFACE.

IT is ſtrange to think, in an Age ſo addicted to the Muſes, *how* Paſtoral *Poetry comes to be never ſo much as thought upon; conſidering eſpecially, that it has always been accounted the moſt conſiderable of the ſmaller Poems.* Virgil *and* Spencer *made uſe of it as a Prelude to* Heroick Poetry. *But I fear the Innocency of the Subject makes it ſo little inviting at preſent.*

There is no Sort of Poetry, if well wrought, but gives Delight: And the Paſtoral *perhaps may boaſt of this in a peculiar manner. For, as in Painting, ſo I believe, in Poetry, the Country affords the moſt entertaining Scenes, and moſt delightful Proſpects.*

Gaſſendus, *I remember, tells us, That* Peireskius *was a great Lover of Muſick, eſpecially that of Birds; becauſe their artleſs Strains ſeem to have leſs of Paſſion and Violence, but more of a natural Eaſineſs, and therefore do the rather befriend Contemplation. It is after the ſame manner that* Paſtoral *gives a ſweet and gentle Compoſure to the*

Mind; whereas the Epick *and* Tragick *Poem put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions.*

To ſee a ſtately, well-built Palace ſtrikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and ſwells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur. But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantageouſly ſituated amidſt a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods and Rivers; I feel an unſpeakable kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wiſhing, that my good Fortune would place me in ſo ſweet a Retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, *and* Spencer *are the only Writers, that ſeem to have hit upon the true Nature of* Paſtoral *Poems. So that it will be Honour ſufficient for me, if I have not altogether fail'd in my Attempt.*

THE

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

IF we, O *Dorſet*, quit the City Throng
To meditate in Shades the Rural Song
By your Commands; be preſent: And, O, bring
The Muſe along! The Muſe to you ſhall ſing.

Begin. — A Shepherd Boy, one Ev'ning fair,
As Weſtern Winds had cool'd the ſultry Air,

When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Diſcontent;
So pitiful, that all the ſtarry Throng
Attentive ſeem'd to hear his mournful Song.

Ah well a Day! How long muſt I endure
This pining Pain? Or who ſhall work my Cure?
Fond Love no Cure will have; ſeeks no Repoſe;
Delights in Grief; nor any Meaſure knows.
And now the Moon begins in Clouds to riſe;
The twinkling Stars are lighted in the Skies;
The Winds are huſh'd; the Dews diſtil; and Sleep
With ſoft Embrace has ſeiz'd my weary Sheep.
I only, with the prouling Wolf, conſtrain'd
All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pain'd,
And I with Love. His Hunger he may tame:
But who in Love can ſtop the growing Flame?

Whilome did I, all as this Pop'lar fair,
Up-raiſe my heedleſs Head, devoid of Care,
'Mong ruſtick Roûts the chief for wanton Game;
Nor could they merry make 'till *Lobbin* came.
Who better ſeen, than I, in Shepherds Arts,
To pleaſe the Lads and win the Laſſes Hearts?
How deffly to mine oaten Reed, ſo ſweet,
Wont they, upon the Green, to ſhift their Feet?
And, when the Dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well deviſed Tale from me to learn?
For, many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
To chaſe the lingring Sun adown the Sky.
But, ah! ſince *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite
Within my Heart; unmindful of Delight,
The jolly Grooms I fly; and all alone
To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitleſs Moan.

Oh quit thy wonted Scorn, relentleſs Fair!
E'er, lingring long, I periſh thro' Deſpair.
Had *Roſalind* been Miſtreſs of my Mind,
Tho' not ſo fair, ſhe would have been more kind.
O think, unwitting Maid, while yet is Time,
How flying Years impair our youthful Prime!
Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever ſtay;
And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
The Flow'rs anew returning Seaſons bring;
But Beauty faded has no ſecond Spring.

My Words are Wind! She, deaf to all my Cries,
Takes Pleaſure in the Miſchief of her Eyes.
Like friſking Heifers, looſe in flow'ry Meads,
She gads where-e'er her roving Fancy leads;
Yet ſtill from me. Ah me, the tireſome Chaſe!
While, wing'd with Scorn, ſhe flies my fond Embrace.

She flies indeed: But ever leaves behind,
Fly where ſhe will, her Likeneſs in my Mind.
Ah turn thee then! unthinking Damſel! Why,
Thus from the Youth, who loves thee, ſhould'ſt thou fly?
No cruel Purpoſe in my Speed I bear:
'Tis all but Love; and Love why ſhould'ſt thou fear?
What idle Fears a Maiden Breaſt alarm!
Stay, ſimple Girl! a Lover cannot harm.

Two Kidlins, ſportive as thy ſelf, I rear;
Like tender Buds their ſhooting Horns appear.
A Lambkin too, pure white, I breed, as tame,
As my fond Heart could wiſh my ſcornful Dame.
A Garland, deck'd with all the Pride of *May*,
Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay,
I'll weave. But why theſe unavailing Pains?
The Gifts alike and Giver ſhe diſdains.

Oh would my Gifts but win her wanton Heart!
Oh could I half the Warmth I feel impart!
How would I wander ev'ry Day to find
The ruddy Wildings! Were but *Lucy* kind,
For gloſſy Plumbs I'd climb the knotty Tree,
And of freſh Hony rob the thrifty Bee.
Or, if thou deign to live a Shepherdeſs,
Thou *Lobbin*'s Flock, and *Lobbin*, ſhalt poſſeſs.
Fair is my Flock; nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid Fountains flatter not: And why
Should liquid Fountains flatter us? yet ſhow
The bord'ring Flow'rs leſs beauteous than they grow.

O come, my Love! Nor think th' Employment mean,
The Dams to milk, and little Lambkins wean;
To drive a-Field by Morn the fat'ning Ewes,
E'er the warm Sun drinks up the cooly Dews.

How

How would the Crook beſeem thy beauteous Hand!
How would my Younglins round thee gazing ſtand!
Ah witleſs Younglins! gaze not on her Eye:
Such heedleſs Glances are the Cauſe I die.
Nor trow I when this bitter Blaſt will end;
Or if kind Love will ever me befriend.
Sleep, ſleep, my Flock: For, happy you may take
Your Reſt, tho' nightly thus your Maſter wake

Now, to the waining Moon, the Nightingale
In doleful Ditties told her piteous Tale.
The Love-ſick Shepherd liſt'ning found Relief,
Pleas'd with ſo ſweet a Partner in his Grief:
'Till by degrees her Notes and ſilent Night
To Slumbers ſoft his heavy Heart invite.

THE

THE
SECOND PASTORAL.

THENOT. COLINET.

THENOT.

THY cloudy Looks why melting thus in Tears,
Unſeemly, now that Heav'n ſo blithe appears?
Why in this mournful Manner art thou found,
Unthankful Lad, when all things ſmile around?
Hear how the Lark and Linnet jointly ſing!
Their Notes ſoft-warb'ling to the gladſome Spring.

COLINET.

Tho' ſoft their Notes, not ſo my wayward Fate:
Nor Lark would ſing, nor Linnet in my State.
Each Creature to his proper Task is born;
As they to Mirth and Muſick, I to mourn.

Waking,

Waking, at Midnight, I my Woes renew,
And with my Tears increaſe the falling Dew.

THENOT.

Small Cauſe, I ween, has luſty Youth to plain;
Or who may then the Weight of Age ſuſtain,
When, as our waining Strength does daily ceaſe,
The tireſome Burden doubles its Increaſe?
Yet tho' with Years my Body downwards tend,
As Trees beneath their Fruit in Autumn bend;
My Mind a chearful Temper ſtill retains,
Spite of my ſnowy Head and icy Veins:
For, why ſhould Man at croſs Miſhaps repine,
Sour all his Sweet, and mix with Tears his Wine?
But ſpeak: For much it may relieve thy Woe
To let a Friend thy inward Ailment know.

COLINET.

'Twill idly waſte thee, *Thenot*, a whole Day,
Shou'dſt thou give Ear to all my Grief can ſay.

Thy

Thy Ewes will wander, and thy heedleſs Lambs
With loud Complaints require their abſent Dams.

THENOT.

There's *Lightfoot*, he ſhall tend them cloſe; and I,
'Twixt whiles, a-croſs the Plain will glance mine Eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not; where to end:
Scarce does one ſmiling Hour my Youth attend.
Tho' few my Days, as my own Follies ſhow,
Yet all thoſe Days are clouded o'er with Woe:
No Gleam of happy Sun-ſhine does appear
My low'ring Sky, and wintry Days, to chear.
My piteous Plight, in yonder naked Tree,
That bears the Thunder Scar, too well I ſee:
Quite deſtitute it ſtands of ſhelter kind,
The Mark of Storms and Sport of ev'ry Wind:
Its riven Trunk feels not th' Approach of Spring,
Nor any Birds among the Branches ſing.

No

No more beneath thy Shade ſhall Shepherds throng
With merry Tale, or Pipe, or pleaſing Song.
Unhappy Tree! And more unhappy I!
From thee, from me, alike the Shepherds fly.

THENOT.

Sure thou in ſome ill-choſen Hour waſt born,
When blighting Mil-dews ſpoil the riſing Corn;
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd, foreſhows
Thro' ſad Eclipſe a various Train of Woes.
Untimely born, ill Luck betides thee ſtill.

COLINET.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

THENOT.

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rot amongſt our Sheep;
From theſe the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:
Againſt ill Luck all cunning Foreſight fails;
Whether we ſleep or wake, it naught avails.

COLI-

COLINET.

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckleſs Day!
Ah luckleſs Lad! the rather might I ſay.
Unhappy Hour! when firſt, in youthful Bud,
I left the fair *Sabrina*'s Silver Flood:
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my Sheep,
Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.
Sweet are thy Banks! Oh when ſhall I once more
With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore?
When, in the Cryſtal of thy Waters, ſee
My Face, grown wan thro' Care and Miſery?
When ſhall I ſee my Hut, the ſmall Abode
My ſelf had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Sod?
Tho' ſmall it be, a mean and humble Cell,
Yet is there room for Peace and me to dwell.

THENOT.

And what the Cauſe that drew thee firſt away?
From thy lov'd Home what tempted thee to ſtray?

COLI-

COLINET.

A lewd Deſire ſtrange Lands and Swains to know:
Ah God! that ever I ſhould covet Woe!
With wand'ring Feet unbleſs'd, and fond of Fame,
I ſought I know not what, beſides a Name.

THENOT.

Or, ſooth to ſay, didſt thou not hither roam
In hopes of Wealth, thou cou'dſt not find at home?
A rolling Stone is ever bare of Moſs;
And, to their Coſt, green Years old Proverbs croſs.

COLINET.

Small Need there was, in flatt'ring Hopes of Gain,
To drive my pining Flock athwart the Plain
To diſtant *Cam*: Fine Gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to my ſelf ſuch deal of Woe!
My Sheep quite ſpent thro' Travel and ill Fare,
And, like their Keeper, ragged grow and bare:

Here, on cold Earth to make my nightly Bed,
And on a bending Willow reſt my Head.
'Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold with Pain,
And hard is Want to the unpractis'd Swain:
But neither Want, nor pinching Cold is hard,
To blaſting Storms of Calumny compar'd:
Unkind as Hail it falls, whoſe pelting Show'rs
Deſtroy the tender Herb and budding Flow'rs.

THENOT.

Slander, we Shepherds count the greateſt Wrong;
For, what wounds ſorer than an evil Tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward Lads, who Pleaſance take in Spite,
Make Mock of all the Ditties I endite.
In vain, O *Colinet*, thy Pipe, ſo ſhrill,
Charms ev'ry Vale, and gladdens ev'ry Hill:
In vain thou ſeek'ſt the Cov'rings of the Grove,
In the cool Shade to ſing the Heats of Love:
No Paſſion but rank Envy, canſt, thou move.

Sing what thou wilt, ill Nature will prevail;
And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and artleſs is my Vein,
Menalcas ſeems to like my ſimple Strain;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my Song,
That to *Menalcas* does of right belong,
Nor Night, nor Day, ſhall my rude Muſick ceaſe;
I ask no more, ſo I *Menalcas* pleaſe.

THENOT.

Menalcas, Lord of all the neighb'ring Plains,
Preſerves the Sheep, and o'er the Shepherds reigns.
For him our yearly Wakes and Feaſts we hold,
And chuſe the fatteſt Firſtling from the Fold.
He, good to all, that good deſerve, ſhall give
Thy Flock to feed, and thee at Eaſe to live;

Shall curb the Malice of unbridled Tongues,
And with due Praiſe reward thy rural Songs.

COLINET.

Firſt then ſhall lightſome Birds forget to fly,
The briny Ocean turn to Paſtures dry,
And ev'ry rapid River ceaſe to flow,
E'er I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

THENOT.

This Night thy Cares with me forget; and fold
Thy Flock with mine, to ward th' injurious Cold.
Sweet Milk and clouted Cream, ſoft Cheeſe and Curd,
With ſome remaining Fruit of laſt Year's Hoard,
Shall be our Ev'ning Fare: And for the Night,
Sweet Herbs and Moſs, that gentle Sleep invite.
And now behold the Sun's departing Ray
O'er yonder Hill, the Sign of ebbing Day.
With Songs the jovial Hinds return from Plow,
And unyoak'd Heifers, pacing homeward, low.

THE *THIRD PASTORAL.*

ALBINO.

WHEN *Virgil* thought no Shame the *Dorick* [Reed
To tune, and Flocks on *Mantuan* Plains to [feed,
With young *Auguſtus'* Name he grac'd his Song;
And *Spencer*, when amid the rural Throng
He carol'd ſweet, and graz'd along the Flood
Of gentle *Thames*, made ev'ry ſounding Wood
With good *Eliza*'s Name to ring around;
Eliza's Name on ev'ry Tree was found.
Since then, thro' *ANNA*'s Cares at Eaſe we live,
And ſee our Cattle in full Paſtures thrive;
Like them will I my ſlender Muſick raiſe,
And teach the vocal Vallies *ANNA*'s Praiſe.

Mean time on Oaten Pipe a lowly Lay,
While my Kids brouze, obſcure in Shades I play:
Yet not obſcure, while *Dorſet* thinks not Scorn
To viſit Woods, and Swains ignobly born.

Two Country Swains, both muſical, both young,
In Friendſhip's mutual Bonds united long,
Retir'd within a moſſie Cave, to ſhun
The Croud of Shepherds, and the Noon-day Sun.
A melancholy Thought poſſeſs'd their Mind;
Revolving now the ſolemn Day they find,
When young *Albino* dy'd. His Image dear
Bedews their Cheeks with many a trickling Tear;
To Tears they add the Tribute of their Verſe;
Theſe *Angelot*, thoſe *Palin* did reherſe.

ANGELOT.

Thus yearly circling by-paſt Times return;
And yearly thus *Albino*'s Fate we mourn:

Albino's

Albino's Fate was early, ſhort his Stay;
How ſweet the Roſe! How ſpeedy the Decay!

Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moan'd,
And ſympathizing Rocks in Eccho groan'd,
Preſaging future Woe; when, for our Crimes,
We loſt *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times?
The Pride of *Britain*, and the darling Joy
Of all the Plains and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.

No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were ſeen,
Nor Shepherds found upon the graſſie Green;
No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood,
No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.

In yonder gloomy Grove ſtretch'd out he lay,
His beauteous Limbs upon the dampy Clay,
The Roſes on his pallid Cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his Lips a livid Hue diſplay'd:

Bleating around him lye his penſive Sheep,
And mourning Shepherds come in Crouds to weep;
The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppreſs'd:
Ye, conſcious Trees and Fountains, can atteſt
With what ſad Accents and what moving Cries
She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies,
And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,
When in her widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath,
She claſp'd her Son. Nor did the Nymph for this
Place in her Dearling's Welfare all her Bliſs,
And teach him young the *Silvan* Crook to weild,
And rule the peaceful Empire of the Field.

As milk-white Swans on Silver Streams do ſhow,
And Silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow;
As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,
So thou to thine an Ornament was born.

Since

Since thou, delicious Youth, didſt quit the Plains,
Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitleſs Pains;
In labour'd Furrows ſow the Choice of Wheat,
And over empty Sheaves in Harveſt ſweat:
A thin Increaſe our woolly Subſtance yield,
And Thorns and Thiſtles overſpread the Field.

How all our Hopes are fled, like Morning Dew!
And we but in our Thoughts thy Manhood view.
Who now ſhall teach the pointed Spear to throw,
To whirl the Sling, and bend the ſtubborn Bow?
Nor doſt thou live to bleſs thy Mother's Days,
And ſhare the ſacred Honours of her Praiſe:
In foreign Fields to purchaſe endleſs Fame,
And add new Glories to the *Britiſh* Name.

O peaceful may thy gentle Spirit reſt!
And flow'ry Turf lye light upon thy Breaſt;

Nor

Nor ſhrieking Owl, nor Bat, fly round thy Tomb,
Nor Midnight Fairies there to revel come.

PALIN.

No more, miſtaken *Angelot*, complain;
Albino lives, and all our Tears are vain.
And now the Royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
To bleſs the Fields, and rule the ſimple Swains,
While from above propitious he looks down.
For this the golden Skies no longer frown,
The Planets ſhine indulgent on our Iſle,
And rural Pleaſures round about us ſmile.
Hills, Dales and Woods with ſhrilling Pipes reſound;
The Boys and Virgins dance with Garlands crown'd,
And hail *Albino* bleſt: The Vallies ring,
Albino bleſt. O now! if ever, bring
The Laurel green, the ſmelling Eglantine,
And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,

The

The dewy Cowſlip, that in Meadow grows,
The Fountain Violet and Garden Roſe:
Your Hamlets ſtrew, and ev'ry publick Way,
And conſecrate to Mirth *Albino*'s Day.
My ſelf will laviſh all my little Store,
And deal about the Goblet, flowing o'er:
Old *Moulin* there ſhall harp, young *Mico* ſing,
And *Cuddy* dance the Round amidſt the Ring,
And *Hobbinol* his antick Gambols play.
To thee theſe Honours yearly will we pay,
When we our ſhearing Feaſt and Harveſt keep,
To ſpeed the Plow, and bleſs our thriving Sheep.
While Mallow Kids, and Endive Lambs purſue;
While Bees love Thyme, and Locuſts ſip the Dew;
While Birds delight in Woods their Notes to ſtrain,
Thy Name and ſweet Memorial ſhall remain.

THE

THE
FOURTH PASTORAL.

MICO. ARGOL.

MICO.

THIS Place may ſeem for Shepherds Leiſure [made,
So lovingly theſe Elms unite their Shade.
Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs, to breath
Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath!
The Ground with Graſs of cheerful Green beſpread,
Thro' which the ſpringing Flow'r up-rears its Head.
Lo here the King-Cup, of a golden Hue,
Medly'd with Daiſies white, and Endive blue.
Hark how the gaudy Goldfinch, and the Thruſh,
With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Buſh!

In

In pleaſing Conſorts all the Birds combine,
And tempt us in the various Song to join.
Up, *Argol*, then; and to thy Lip apply
Thy mellow Pipe, or vocal Muſick try:
And, ſince our Ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they
Lye round and liſten, while their Lambkins play.

ARGOL.

The Place indeed gives Pleaſance to the Eye;
And Pleaſance works the Singer's Fancy high:
The Fields breath ſweet; and now the gentle Breez
Moves ev'ry Leaf, and trembles thro' the Trees.
So ſweet a Scene ill ſuits my rugged Lay,
And better fits the Muſick thou canſt play.

MICO.

No Skill of Muſick can I, ſimple Swain,
No fine Device thine Ear to entertain;
Albeit ſome deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
Sufficient to divert my Sheep and me.

Yet

Yet *Colinet* (and *Colinet* has Skill)
My Fingers guided on the tuneful Quill,
And try'd to teach me on what Sounds to dwell,
And where to ſink a Note, and where to ſwell.

ARGOL.

Ah *Mico!* half my Flock would I beſtow,
Would *Colinet* to me his Cunning ſhow.
So trim his Sonnets are, I prithee, Swain,
Now give us once a Sample of his Strain:
For, Wonders of that Lad the Shepherds ſay,
How ſweet his Pipe, how raviſhing his Lay:
The Sweetneſs of his Pipe and Lay reherſe,
And ask what Gift thou pleaſeſt for thy Verſe.

MICO.

Since then thou liſt, a mournful Song I chuſe;
A mournful Song becomes a mournful Muſe.
Faſt by the River on a Bank he ſate,
To weep a lovely Maid's untimely Fate,

Fair

Fair *Stella* hight: A lovely Maid was ſhe,
Whoſe Fate he wept; a faithful Shepherd he.

Awake my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.

O woful Day! O Day of Woe! quoth he;
And woful I, who live the Day to ſee!
That ever ſhe could die! O moſt unkind,
To go, and leave thy *Colinet* behind!
And yet, why blame I her? Full fain would ſhe,
With dying Arms, have claſp'd her ſelf to me:
I claſp'd her too; but Death was all too ſtrong,
Nor Vows, nor Tears, could fleeting Life prolong.
Teach me to grieve, with bleating Moan, my Sheep;
Teach me, thou ever-flowing Stream, to weep;
Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow Winds, to ſigh;
And let my Sorrows teach me how to die:

Nor Flock, nor Stream, nor Winds, can e'er relieve
A Wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.

Awake, my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.

Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblems of my Fair,
With Looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd Hair,
In bitter Anguiſh beat your Breaſts, and moan
Her Hour untimely, as it were your own.
Alas! the fading Glories of your Eyes
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize:
For, tho' your Beauty rule the ſilly Swain,
And in his Heart like little Queens you reign;
Yet Death will ev'n that ruling Beauty kill,
As ruthleſs Winds the tender Bloſſoms ſpill.
If either Muſick's Voice, or Beauty's Charm,
Could make him mild, and ſtay his lifted Arm;

My

My Pipe her Face, her Face my Pipe ſhould ſave,
Redeeming thus each other from the Grave.
Ah fruitleſs Wiſh! Cold Death's up-lifted Arm,
Nor Muſick can perſuade, nor Beauty charm:
For ſee (O baleful Sight!) See where ſhe lyes!
The budding Flow'r, unkindly blaſted, dies.

Awake, my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.

Unhappy *Colinet*! What boots thee now
To weave freſh Garlands for the Damſel's Brow?
Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil and Roſe;
One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compoſe,
With baneful Henbane, deadly Night-ſhade dreſt;
A Garland, that may witneſs thy Unreſt.
My Pipe, whoſe ſoothing Sound could Paſſion move,
And firſt taught *Stella*'s Virgin Heart to love,

Untun'd, ſhall hang upon this blaſted Oak,
Whence Owls their Dirges ſing, and Ravens croak:
Nor Lark, nor Linnet ſhall by Day delight,
Nor Nightingale divert my Moan by Night;
The Night and Day ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd be,
Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.

Thus ſweetly did the gentle Shepherd ſing,
And heavy Woe within ſoft Numbers bring:
And now that Sheep-hook for my Song I crave.

ARGOL.

Not this, but one much fairer ſhalt thou have,
Of ſeaſon'd Elm; where Studs of Braſs appear,
To ſpeak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year;
The Hook of poliſh'd Steel, the Handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.

O, *Colinet*, how ſweet thy Grief to hear!
How does thy Verſe ſubdue the liſt'ning Ear!
Not half ſo ſweet are Midnight Winds, that move
In drowſie Murmurs o'er the waving Grove;
Nor dropping Waters, that in Grots diſtil,
And with a tinkling Sound their Caverns fill:
So ſing the Swans, that in ſoft Numbers waſte
Their dying Breath, and warble to the laſt.
And next to thee ſhall *Mico* bear the Bell,
That can repeat thy peerleſs Verſe ſo well.

But ſee; the Hills increaſing Shadows caſt:
The Sun, I ween, is leaving us in haſte:
His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,
And blueiſh Miſts ariſe from yonder Flood.

MICO.

Then ſend our Curs to gather up the Sheep:
Good Shepherds with their Flocks betimes ſhould ſleep:

For, he that late lyes down, as late will riſe,
And, Sluggard like, 'till Noon-day ſnoring lyes;
While in their Folds his injur'd Ewes complain,
And after dewy Paſtures bleat in vain.

THE
FIFTH PASTORAL.

CUDDY.

IN Rural Strains we firſt our Muſick try,
And, baſhful, into Woods and Thickets fly,
Diſtruſtful of our Skill. Yet, if thro' Time
Our Voice improving gain a Pitch ſublime;
Thy growing Virtues, *Sackvil*, ſhall engage
My riper Verſe, and my more ſettled Age.

The Sun, now mounted to the Noon of Day,
Began to ſhoot direct his burning Ray,
When, with the Flocks, their Feeders fought the Shade,
A venerable Oak, wide-ſpreading, made.
What ſhould they do to paſs the loit'ring Time?
As Fancy led, each form'd his Tale in Rhyme:
And ſome the Joys, and ſome the Pains of Love,
And ſome to ſet out ſtrange Adventures ſtrove;
The Trade of Wizzards ſome, and *Merlin*'s Skill,
And whence to Charms ſuch Empire o'er the Will.
Then *Cuddy* laſt (who *Cuddy* can excell
In neat Device?) his Tale began to tell.

When Shepherds flouriſh'd in *Eliza*'s Reign,
There liv'd in great Eſteem a jolly Swain,
Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and ſing,
And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.

He, as his Cuſtome was, at Leiſure laid
In ſilent Shade, without a Rival plaid.
Drawn by the Magick of th' inticing Sound,
What Crouds of mute Admirers flock'd around!
The Steerlings left their Food; and Creatures, wild
By Nature form'd, inſenſibly grew mild.
He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,
And loads the neighb'ring Branches with his Song.

Among the reſt, a Nightingale of Fame,
Jealous, and fond of Praiſe, to liſten came.
She turn'd her Ear; and emulous, with Pride,
Like Eccho, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
The Shepherd heard with Wonder; and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various Strain.
To all his various Strain ſhe ſhapes her Throat,
And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.

If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,
Or brisker Motion to his Meaſures gives;
If gentle Sounds he modulates, or ſtrong,
She, not a little vain, repeats his Song:
But ſo repeats, that *Colin* half deſpis'd
His Pipe and Skill, ſo much by others priz'd.
And, ſweeteſt Songſter of the winged Kind,
What Thanks, ſaid he, what Praiſes can I find
To equal thy melodious Voice? In thee
The Rudeneſs of my rural Fife I ſee;
From thee I learn to vaunt no more my Skill.

Aloft in Air ſhe ſate, provoking ſtill
The vanquiſh'd Swain: Provok'd at laſt, he ſtrove
To ſhew the little Minſtrel of the Grove
His utmoſt Art; if ſo ſome ſmall Eſteem
He might obtain, and Credit loſt, redeem.

He draws in Breath, his riſing Breaſt to fill;
Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard to ſhrill.
From Note to Note in haſte his Fingers fly;
Still more and more his Numbers multiply;
And now they trill, and now they fall and riſe,
And ſwift and ſlow they change, with ſweet Surprize.

Attentive ſhe does ſcarce the Sounds retain,
But to her ſelf firſt conns the puzzling Strain;
And tracing careful, Note by Note, repays
The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays;
Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at length,
And adds in Sweetneſs, what ſhe wants in Strength.

Then *Colin* threw his Fife diſgrac'd aſide;
While ſhe loud Triumph ſings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty Conqueſt. What could *Colin* more?
A little Harp, of Maple Ware, he bore:

The

The Harp it ſelf was old, but newly ſtrung,
Which uſual he a-croſs his Shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful Bird, my laſt Farewel,
He ſaid; and learn from hence, thou doſt excel
No trivial Artiſt. And at that he wound
The murm'ring Strings, and order'd ev'ry Sound.
Then earneſt to his Inſtrument he bends,
And both his Hands upon the Strings extends.
The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
The lower anſw'ring ſtill to thoſe above.
His reſtleſs Fingers traverſe to and fro,
And in Purſuit of Harmony they go;
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the Strings they paſs,
Like Winds, that gently bruſh the plying Graſs,
And melting Airs ariſe at their Command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand
He ſinks into the Cords with ſolemn Pace,
And gives the ſwelling Tones a manly Grace:

Then,

Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,
While Muſick thro' the trembling Harp abounds.

The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,
And pos'd, ſhe does her troubled Spirit vex.
She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
And hits imperfect Accents, here and there.
Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing Sung.
She, with the fatal Love of Glory ſtung,
Hears all in Pain: Her Heart begins to ſwell;
In piteous Notes ſhe ſighs, in Notes that tell
Her bitter Anguiſh. He, ſtill ſinging, plies
His limber Joints: Her Sorrows higher riſe.
How ſhall ſhe bear a Conqu'ror, who before
No equal, thro' the Grove, in Muſick bore?
She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings, and moans,
And fetches from her Breaſt melodious Groans.

Oppreſs'd

Oppreſs'd with Grief at laſt, too great to quell,
Down breathleſs on the guilty Harp ſhe fell.

Then *Colin* loud lamented o'er the Dead,
And unavailing Tears profuſely ſhed,
And broke his wicked Strings, and curs'd his Skill;
And, beſt to make Atonement for the Ill,
(If for ſuch Ill Atonement might be made)
He builds her Tomb beneath a Laurel Shade:
Then adds a Verſe, and ſets with Flow'rs the Ground,
And makes a Fence of winding Oſiers round:
A Verſe and Tomb is all I now can give,
And here thy Name at leaſt, he ſaid, ſhall live.

Thus ended *Cuddy* with the ſetting Sun,
And by his Tale unenvy'd Praiſes won.

THE

THE
SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON. HOBBINOL. LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW ſtill the Sea! behold; how calm the Sky!
And how, in ſportive Chaſe, the Swallows fly!
My Goats, ſecure from Harm, no Tendance need,
While high on yonder hanging Rock they feed:
And here below, the banky Shore along,
Your Heifers graze: And I to hear your Song
Diſpos'd. As eldeſt, *Hobbinol*, begin;
And *Lanquet*'s Under-Song by Turns come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others meanly ſtake upon their Skill,
Or Kid, or Lamb, or Goat, or what they will;

For

For Praiſe we ſing, nor Wager ought beſide:
And, whoſe the Praiſe, let *Geron*'s Lips decide.

LANQUET.

To *Geron* I my Voice and Skill commend:
Unbiaſs'd he, to both is equal Friend.

GERON.

Begin then, Boys, and vary well your Song;
Nor fear, from *Geron*'s upright Sentence, Wrong.
A boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and ſweet of Sound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
I to the Victor give: No ſmall Reward,
If with our uſual Country Pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain
Deſcends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain;
Soft balmy Breezes breath along the Sky:
The bloomy Seaſon of the Year is nigh.

LAN-

LANQUET.

The Cuckoo tells aloud her painful Love;
The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove;
The Paſtures change; the warbling Linnets ſing:
Prepare to welcome in the gawdy Spring.

HOBBINOL.

When Locuſts in the fearny Buſhes cry,
When Ravens pant, and Snakes in Caverns lye;
Then graze in Woods, and quit the burning Plain;
Elſe ſhall ye preſs the ſpungy Teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When Greens to Yellow vary, and you ſee
The Ground beſtrew'd with Fruits off ev'ry Tree,
And ſtormy Winds are heard; think Winter near,
Nor truſt too far to the declining Year.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O bleſt *Eliza*! would I praiſe
Thy Maiden Rule, and *Albion*'s Golden Days.

Then

Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the Shepherds Friend:
Eternal Bleſſings on his Shade attend!

LANQUET.

Thrice happy Shepherds now: For *Dorſet* loves
The Country Muſe, and our delightful Groves;
While *ANNA* reigns. O ever may ſhe reign!
And bring on Earth a Golden Age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love in ſecret all a beauteous Maid,
And have my Love in ſecret all repaid.
This coming Night ſhe does reſerve for me.
Divine her Name; and thou the Victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the Lamb, and harmleſs as the Dove,
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.
How we in ſecret love, I ſhall not ſay.
Divine her Name; and I give up the Day.

HOB-

HOBBINOL.

Soft, on a Cowſlip Bank, my Love and I
Together lay: A Brook ran murm'ring by.
A thouſand tender things to me ſhe ſaid;
And I a thouſand tender Things repaid.

LANQUET.

In Summer Shade, beneath the cocking Hay,
What ſoft, endearing Words did ſhe not ſay?
Her Lap, with Apron deck'd, ſhe kindly ſpread,
And ſtroak'd my Cheeks, and lull'd my leaning Head.

HOBBINOL.

Breath ſoft, ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow;
Shield her, ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow;
Ye Swains, I beg you, paſs in Silence by;
My Love in yonder Vale aſleep does lye.

LANQUET.

Once *Delia* ſlept, on eaſie Moſs reclin'd;
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind:

I ſmooth'd her Coats, and ſtole a ſilent Kiſs.
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiſs.

HOBBINOL.

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſidelong Eye:
Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal Wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one ſultry Day,
Fond *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay.
The Wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

HOBBINOL.

When firſt I ſaw, would I had never ſeen,
Young *Lyſſet* lead the Dance on yonder Green;
Intent upon her Beauties as ſhe mov'd,
Poor, heedleſs Wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When *Lucy* decks with Flow'rs her ſwelling Breaſt,
And on her Elbow leans, diſſembling Reſt;
Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
Nor Sheep nor Paſture worth my Care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come *Roſalind*, O come! For, without thee,
What Pleaſure can the Country have for me?
Come *Roſalind*, O come! My brinded Kine,
My ſnowy Sheep, my Farm and all is thine.

LANQUET.

Come *Roſalind*, O come! Here ſhady Bow'rs,
Here are cool Fountains, and here ſpringing Flow'rs.
Come *Roſalind*: Here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long Time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the Seaſons of the Moon I know,
The Force of healing Herbs, and where they grow;

There

There is no Herb, no Seaſon, may remove
From my fond Heart the racking Pains of Love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in Charms have Skill,
And Ghoſts and Goblins order as I will;
Yet have, with all my Charms, no Pow'r to lay
The Sprite, that breaks my Quiet Night and Day.

HOBBINOL.

O that like *Colin* I had Skill in Rhymes:
To purchaſe Credit with ſucceeding Times!
Sweet *Colin Clout*! who never yet had Peer,
Who ſung thro' all the Seaſons of the Year.

LANQUET.

Let me like *Wrenock* ſing; his Voice had Pow'r
To free the clipſing Moon at Midnight Hour:
And, as he ſung, the Fairies, with their Queen,
In Mantles blue came tripping o'er the Green.

GERON.

Here end your pleaſing Strife. Both Victors are;
And both with *Colin* may in Rhyme compare.
A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and ſweet of Sound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
To both I give. A mizling Miſt deſcends
Adown that ſteepy Rock: And this way tends
Yon diſtant Rain. Shore-ward the Veſſels ſtrive;
And, ſee, the Boys their Flocks to Shelter drive.

THE

THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Tranſlated from the *Latin*

By Mr. *ROWE.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet *having ended the foregoing Book with the Death of* Pompey, *begins this with his* Apotheosis; *from thence, after a short Account of* Cato's *gathering up the Relicks of the Battel of* Pharsalia, *and transporting them to* Cyrene *in* Africa, *he goes on to describe* Cornelia's *Passion upon the Death of her Husband. Amongst other things, she informs his Son* Sextus *of his Father's last Commands, to continue the War in Defence of the Commonwealth.* Sextus *sets sail for* Cato's *Camp, where he meets his elder Brother* Cn. Pompeius, *and acquaints him with the Fate of their Father. Upon this Occasion the* Poet *describes the Rage of the elder* Pompey, *and the Disorders that happen'd in the Camp, both which* Cato *appeases. To prevent any future Inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon Action, and in order to that to join with* Juba. *After a Description of the* Syrts, *and their dangerous Passage by 'em, follows* Cato's Speech *to encourage the Soldiers to march through the Desarts of* Lybia; *then an Account of* Lybia, *the Desarts, and their March. In the middle of which is a beautiful Digression concerning the* Temple *of* Jupiter-Ammon, *with* Labienus's *Persuasion to* Cato *to enquire of the Oracle concerning the Event of the War, and* Cato's *famous Answer. From thence, after a warm Elogy upon* Cato, *the Author goes on to the Account of the Original of Serpents in* Africk; *and this, with the Description of their various Kinds, and the several Deaths of the Soldiers by 'em, is perhaps the most poetical Part of this whole Work. At* Leptis *he leaves* Cato, *and returns to* Cæsar, *whom he brings into* Ægypt, *after having shewn him the Ruins of* Troy, *and from thence taken an Occasion to speak well of Poetry in General, and himself in Particular.* Cæsar, *upon his Arrival on the Coast of* Ægypt, *is met by an Ambassador from* Ptolomy *with* Pompey's *Head. He receives the Present (according to* Lucan) *with a feign'd Abhorrence, and concludes the Book with Tears, and a seeming Grief for the Misfortunes of so great a Man.*

The

The Ninth BOOK of

LUCAN.

Tranſlated from the *Latin* by Mr. *ROWE.*

NOR in the dying Embers of its Pile
Slept the great Soul upon the Banks of *Nile*,
Nor longer, by the Earthly Parts reſtrain'd,
Amidſt its wretched Reliques was detain'd;
But active, and impatient of Delay,
Shot from the mould'ring Heap, and upwards urg'd its way.
Far in thoſe Azure Regions of the Air
Which border on the rowling ſtarry Sphere,
Beyond our Orb, and nearer to that height,
Where *Cinthia* drives around her Silver Light;

Their happy Seats the Demy-Gods poſſeſs,
Refin'd by Virtue, and prepar'd for Bliſs;
Of Life unblam'd, a pure and pious Race,
Worthy that lower Heav'n and Stars to grace,
Divine, and Equal to the glorious Place:
There *Pompey*'s Soul, adorn'd with heav'nly Light,
Soon ſhone among the reſt, and as the reſt was bright.
New to the bleſt Aboad, with Wonder fill'd,
The Stars and moving Planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect Day,
And under what a Cloud of Night we lay.
But when he ſaw, how on the Shoar forlorn
His headleſs Trunk was caſt for publick Scorn;
When he beheld, how envious Fortune ſtill
Took Pains to uſe a ſenſeleſs Carcaſs ill,
He ſmil'd at the vain Malice of his Foe,
And pity'd impotent Mankind below.

Then

Then lightly paſſing o'er *Æmathia*'s Plain,
His flying Navy ſcatter'd on the Main,
And cruel *Cæſar*'s Tents; he fix'd at laſt
His Reſidence in *Brutus*' ſacred Breaſt;
There brooding o'er his Country's Wrongs he ſate,
The State's Avenger, and the Tyrant's Fate;
There mournful *Rome* might ſtill her *Pompey* find,
There, and in *Cato*'s free unconquer'd Mind.

He, while in deep ſuſpence the World yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it ſhould obey,
Hatred avow'd to *Pompey*'s ſelf did bear,
Tho' his Companion in the Common War,
Tho' by the Senate's juſt Command they ſtood
Engag'd together for the Publick Good;
But dread *Pharſalia* did all Doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquiſh'd Side.

His helpleſs Country, like an Orphan left,
Friendleſs and poor, of all Support bereft,
He took and cheriſh'd with a Father's Care,
He comforted, he bad her not to fear;
And taught her feeble Hands, once more the Trade [of War.
Nor luſt of Empire did his Courage ſway,
Nor Hate, nor proud Repugnance to Obey:
Paſſions and private Int'reſt he forgot;
Not for himſelf, but Liberty he fought.
Streight to *Corcyra*'s Port his way he bent,
The ſwift advancing Victor to prevent;
Who marching ſudden on, to new Succeſs,
The ſcatter'd Legions might with eaſe oppreſs;
There, with the Ruins of *Æmathia*'s Field,
The flying Hoſt, a thouſand Ships he fill'd.

Who that from Land with Wonder had deſcry'd
The Paſſing Fleet, in all its Naval Pride,

Stretch'd

Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant Ocean spread,
Cou'd have believ'd those mighty Numbers fled?
Malea o'erpast, and the *Tænarian* Shore,
With swelling Sails he for *Cythera* bore:
Then *Crete* he saw, and with a Northern Wind
Soon left the fam'd *Dictæan* Isle behind.
Urg'd by the bold *Phycuntine*'s churlish Pride,
(Their Shores, their Haven, to his Fleet deny'd)
The Chief reveng'd the Wrong, and as he pass'd,
Laid their unhospitable City waste;
Thence wafted forward, to the Coast he came
Which took of old from *Palinure* its Name.
(Nor *Italy* this Monument alone
Can boast, since *Libia*'s *Palinure* has shown
Her peaceful Shores were to the *Trojan* known.)
From hence they soon descry, with doubtful Pain,
Another Navy on the distant Main,

Anxious

Anxious they ſtand, and now expect the Foe,
Now, their Companions in the publick Woe;
The Victor's haſte enclines 'em moſt to fear,
Each Veſſel ſeems a hoſtile Face to wear,
And ev'ry ſail they 'ſpy, they fancy *Cæſar* there.
But oh! Thoſe Ships a diff'rent Burthen bore,
A mournful Freight they wafted to the Shore:
Sorrows, that might Tears ev'n from *Cato* gain,
And teach the rigid Stoick to complain.

When long the ſad *Cornelia*'s Pray'rs, in vain,
Had try'd the flying Navy to detain,
With *Sextus* long had ſtrove, and long implor'd,
To wait the Relicks of her murder'd Lord;
The Waves, perchance, might the dear Pledge reſtore,
And waft him bleeding from the faithleſs Shore:
Still Grief and Love their various Hopes inſpire,
'Till ſhe beholds her *Pompey*'s fun'ral Fire,

'Till

'Till on the Land ſhe ſees th' ignoble Flame
Aſcend, unequal to the Hero's Name;
Then into juſt Complaints at length ſhe broke,
And thus with pious Indignation ſpoke.

Oh Fortune! doſt thou then diſdain t'afford
My Love's laſt Office to my deareſt Lord?
Am I one chaſt, one laſt Embrace deny'd?
Shall I not lay me by his Clay-cold ſide,
Nor Tears to bath his gaping Wounds provide?
Am I unworthy the ſad Torch to bear,
To light the Flame, and burn my flowing Hair?
To gather from the Shore the noble Spoil,
And place it decent on the fatal Pile?
Shall not his Bones and ſacred Duſt be born,
In this ſad Boſom, to their peaceful Urn?
Whate'er the laſt conſuming Flame ſhall leave,
Shall not this widow'd Hand by Right receive,
And to the Gods the precious Relicks give?

Perhaps, this laſt Reſpect which I ſhould ſhow,
Some vile *Egyptian* Hand does now beſtow,
Injurious to the *Roman* Shade below.
Happy, my *Craſſus*, were thy Bones, which lay
Expos'd to *Parthian* Birds and Beaſts o' Prey.
Here the laſt Rites the cruel Gods allow,
And for a Curſe my *Pompey*'s Pile beſtow.
For ever will the ſame ſad Fate return?
Still an unburied Husband muſt I mourn,
And weep my Sorrows o'er an empty Urn?
But why ſhould Tombs be built, or Urns be made?
Does Grief like mine require their feeble Aid?
Is he not lodg'd, thou Wretch, within thy Heart,
And fix'd in ev'ry deareſt vital Part?
O'er Monuments ſurviving Wives may grieve,
She ne'er will need 'em, who diſdains to live.
But oh! behold where yon malignant Flames
Caſt feebly forth their mean inglorious Beams:

From

From my lov'd Lord, his dear Remains, they riſe,
And bring my *Pompey* to my weeping Eyes;
And now they ſink, the languid Lights decay,
The cloudy Smoak all Eaſtward rolls away,
And wafts my Hero to the Riſing Day.
Me too the Winds demand, with freſhning Gales,
Envious they call, and ſtretch the ſwelling Sails.
No Land on Earth ſeems dear as *Egypt* now,
No Land that Crowns and Triumphs did beſtow,
And with new Laurels bound my *Pompey*'s Brow.
That happy *Pompey* to my Thoughts is loſt,
He that is left, lyes dead on yonder Coaſt;
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this curſed Land:
Endear'd by Crimes, for Horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the *Pharian* Shore.
Thou, *Sextus*, thou ſhalt prove the Chance of War,
And thro' the World thy Father's Enſigns bear,
Then hear his laſt Command, entruſted to my Care.

" When e'er my laſt, my fatal Hour ſhall come,
" Arm you, my Sons, for Liberty and *Rome*;
" While one ſhall of our Free-born Race remain,
" Let him prevent the Tyrant *Cæſar*'s Reign.
" From each free City round, from ev'ry Land,
" Their warlike Aid in *Pompey*'s Name demand.
" Theſe are the Parties, theſe the Friends he leaves,
" This Legacy your dying Father gives.
" If for the Sea's wide Rule your Arms you bear,
" A *Pompey* ne'er can want a Navy there,
" Heirs of my Fame, my Sons, ſhall wage my war.
" Only be bold, unconquer'd in the Fight,
" And, like your Father, ſtill defend the Right.
" To *Cato*, if for Liberty he ſtand,
" Submit, and yield you to his ruling Hand,
" Brave, Juſt, and only worthy to Command.
At length to thee, my *Pompey*, I am Juſt,
I have ſurviv'd, and well diſcharg'd my Truſt;

Thro'

Thro' Chaos now, and the dark Realms below,
To follow thee, a willing Shade I go:
If longer with a lingring Fate I ſtrive,
'Tis but to prove the Pain of b'ing alive,
'Tis to be Curs'd, for daring to ſurvive.
She, who could bear to ſee thy Wounds, and live,
New Proofs of Love and fatal Grief ſhall give.
Nor need ſhe fly for Succour to the Sword,
The ſteepy Precipice, and deadly Cord;
She from her ſelf ſhall find her own Relief,
And ſcorns to die of any Death but Grief.

So ſaid the Matron; and about her Head
Her Veil ſhe draws, her mournful Eyes to ſhade;
Reſolv'd to ſhroud in thickeſt Shades her Woe,
She ſeeks the Ship's deep darkſom Hold below,
There lonely left, at leiſure to complain,
She hugs her Sorrows, and enjoys her Pain;

Still with freſh Tears the living Grief does feed,
And fondly loves it, in her Husband's ſtead.
In vain the beating Surges rage aloud,
And ſwelling *Eurus* grumbles in the Shroud;
Her, nor the Waves beneath, nor Winds above,
Nor all the noiſie Cries of Fear can move:
In ſullen Peace compos'd for Death ſhe lyes,
And waiting, longs to hear the Tempeſt riſe;
Then hopes the Seamens Vows ſhall all be croſt,
Prays for the Storm, and wiſhes to be loſt.

Soon from the *Pharian* Coaſt the Navy bore,
And ſought thro' foamy Seas the *Cyprian* Shore;
Soft Eaſtern Gales prevailing thence alone,
To *Cato*'s Camp and *Lybia* waft 'em on.
With mournful Looks from Land, (as oft we know,
A ſad Prophetick Spirit waits on Woe,)

Pompey,

Pompey, his Brother and the Fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the Wat'ry Field:
Straight to the Beach with headlong haſte he flies,
Where is our Father, *Sextus*, where? he cries:
Do we yet Live? Stands yet the Sov'raign State?
Or does the World, with *Pompey*, yield to Fate?
Sink we at length before the Conqu'ring Foe?
And is the Mighty Head of *Rome* laid low?
He ſaid; the mournful Brother thus reply'd;
O happy Thou, whom Lands and Seas divide
From Woes, which did to theſe ſad Eyes betide.
Theſe Eyes! which of their Horror ſtill complain,
Since they beheld our Godlike Father ſlain.
Nor did his Fate an equal Death afford,
Nor ſuffer'd him to fall by *Cæſar*'s Sword.
Truſting in vain to hoſpitable Gods,
He Dy'd, oppreſs'd by vile *Egyptian* odds:

By the curs'd Monarch of *Nile*'s ſlimy Wave
He fell, a Victim to the Crown he gave.
Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody Deed;
Theſe Eyes beheld our valiant Father bleed:
Amaz'd I look'd, and ſcarce believ'd my Fear,
Nor thought th' *Egyptian* cou'd ſo greatly dare;
But ſtill I look'd, and fancy'd *Cæſar* there.
But oh! not all his Wounds ſo much did move,
Pierc'd my ſad Soul, and ſtruck my Filial Love,
As that his venerable Head they bear,
Their wanton Trophy fix'd upon a Spear;
Thro' ev'ry Town 'tis ſhown the Vulgar's Sport,
And the lewd Laughter of the Tyrant's Court.
'Tis ſaid, that *Ptolomy* preſerves this Prize,
Proof of the Deed, to glut the Victor's Eyes.
The Body, whether rent or born away,
By foul *Egyptian* Dogs, and Birds of Prey;

Whether within their greedy Maws entomb'd,
Or by thoſe wretched Flames, we ſaw, conſum'd;
Its Fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
That Crime unpuniſh'd, to the Gods we leave,
'Tis for the part preſerv'd alone we grieve.

Scarce had he ended thus, when *Pompey*, warm
With Noble Fury, calls aloud to Arm;
Nor ſeeks in Sighs and helpleſs Tears Relief,
But thus in Pious Rage expreſs'd his Grief.
Hence all aboard, and haſte to put to Sea,
Urge on againſt the Winds our adverſe way;
With me let ev'ry *Roman* Leader go,
Since Civil Wars were ne'er ſo juſt as now.
Pompey's unbury'd Relicks ask your Aid,
Call for due Rites and Honours to be paid.
Let *Egypt*'s Tyrant pour a purple Flood,
And ſooth the Ghoſt with his inglorious Blood.

Not *Alexander* ſhall his Prieſts defend,
Forc'd from his Golden Shrine he ſhall deſcend:
In *Mareotis* deep I'll plunge him down,
Deep in the ſluggiſh Waves the Royal Carcaſs drown.
From his proud Pyramid *Amaſis* torn,
With his long Dynaſties my Rage ſhall mourn,
And floating down their muddy *Nile* be born.
Each ſtately Tomb and Monumental Stone,
For Thee, unburied *Pompey*, ſhall atone.
Iſis no more ſhall draw the cheated Crowd,
Nor God *Oſiris* in his Linnen Shrowd;
Stript of their Shrines, with Scorn they ſhall be caſt,
To be by ignominious Hands defac'd:
Their Holy *Apis* of Immortal Breed,
To *Pompey*'s Duſt a Sacrifice ſhall bleed,
While burning Deities the Flame ſhall feed.

Waſte

Waſte ſhall the Land be laid, and never know
The Tiller's care, nor feel the crooked Plow;
None ſhall be left for whom the *Nile* may flow:
'Till the Gods baniſh'd, and the People gone,
Egypt to *Pompey* ſhall be left alone.

He ſaid; then haſty to Revenge he flew,
And Seaward out the ready Navy drew,
But cooler *Cato* did the Youth aſſwage,
And praiſing much, compreſt his filial Rage.

Mean time the Shores, the Seas, and Skies around,
With mournful Cries for *Pompey*'s Death reſound.
A rare Example have their Sorrows ſhown,
Yet in no Age beſide, nor People known,
How falling Pow'r did with Compaſſion meet,
And Crowds deplor'd the Ruins of the Great.

But when the ſad *Cornelia* firſt appear'd,
When on the Deck her mournful Head ſhe rear'd,
Her Locks hung rudely o'er the Matron's Face,
With all the Pomp of Grief's diſorder'd Grace;
When they beheld her waſted quite with Woe,
And ſpent with Tears that never ceas'd to flow,
Again they feel their Loſs, again complain,
And Heav'n and Earth ring with their Cries again.
Soon as ſhe landed on the friendly Strand,
Her Lord's laſt Rites employ her pious Hand;
To his dear Shade ſhe builds a fun'ral Pile,
And decks it proud with many a noble Spoil.
There ſhone his Arms with antick Gold inlaid,
There the rich Robes which ſhe her ſelf had made,
Robes thrice to Capitolian *Jove* diſplay'd:
The Relicks of his paſt victorious Days
Now this his lateſt Trophy ſerve to raiſe,
And in one common Flame together blaze.

Such

Such was the weeping Matron's pious Care:
The Soldiers, taught by her, their Fires prepare;
To every valiant Friend a Pile they build,
That fell for *Rome* in curs'd *Pharſalia*'s Field;
Stretch'd wide along the Shores, the Flames extend,
And, grateful to the wandring Shades, aſcend.
So when *Appulian* Hinds with Art renew
The wintry Paſtures to their verdant Hew,
That Flow'rs may riſe, and ſpringing Graſs return,
With ſpreading Flames the wither'd Fields they burn,
Garganus then and lofty *Vultur* blaze,
And draw the diſtant wondring Swains to gaze;
Far are the glitt'ring Fires deſcry'd by Night,
And gild the dusky Skies around with Light.

But oh! not all the Sorrows of the Croud
That ſpoke their free impatient Thoughts aloud,
That tax'd the Gods, as Authors of their Woe,
And charg'd 'em with Neglect of Things below;

Not

Not all the Marks of the wild Peoples Love,
The Hero's Soul, like *Cato*'s Praiſe, could move;
Few were his Words, but from an honeſt Heart,
Where Faction and where Favour had no part,
But Truth made up for Paſſion and for Art.

We've loſt a *Roman* Citizen (he ſaid)
One of the nobleſt of that Name is dead;
Who, tho' not equal to our Fathers found,
Nor by their ſtricteſt Rules of Juſtice bound,
Yet from his Faults this Benefit we draw,
He, for his Country's good, tranſgreſs'd her Law
To keep a bold Licentious Age in awe.
Rome held her Freedom ſtill, tho' he was great,
He ſway'd the Senate, but they rul'd the State.
When Crouds were willing to have worn his Chain,
He choſe his private Station to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.

War's

War's boundleſs Pow'r he never ſought to uſe,
Nor ask'd, but what the People might refuſe:
Much he poſſeſs'd, and wealthy was his Store,
Yet ſtill he gather'd but to give the more,
And *Rome*, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
He drew the Sword, but knew its Rage to Charm,
And lov'd Peace beſt, when he was forc'd to Arm;
Unmov'd with all the glittering Pomp of Pow'r,
He took with Joy, but laid it down with more;
His chaſter Houſhold and his frugal Board,
Nor Lewdneſs did, nor Luxury afford,
Ev'n in the higheſt Fortunes of their Lord.
His noble Name, his Country's Honour grown,
Was venerably round the Nations known,
And as *Rome*'s faireſt Light and brighteſt Glory [ſhone.
When betwixt *Marius* and fierce *Sylla* toſt,
The Commonwealth her ancient Freedom loſt,

Some

Some ſhadow yet was left, ſome ſhew of Pow'r;
Now ev'n the Name with *Pompey* is no more:
Senate and People all at once are gone,
Nor need the Tyrant bluſh to mount the Throne.
Oh happy *Pompey!* happy in thy Fate,
Happy by falling with the falling State,
Thy Death a benefit the Gods did grant,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd thoſe *Pharian* Swords to [want.
Freedom, at leaſt, thou doſt by dying gain,
Nor liv'ſt to ſee thy *Julia*'s Father Reign;
Free Death is Man's firſt Bliſs, the next is to be ſlain.
Such Mercy only, I from *Juba* crave,
(If Fortune ſhould ordain me *Juba*'s Slave)
To *Cæſar* let him ſhew, but ſhew me dead,
And keep my Carcaſe, ſo he takes my Head.

He ſaid, and pleas'd the noble Shade below,
More than a thouſand Orators could do,

Tho'

Tho' *Tully* too had lent his charming Tongue,
And *Rome*'s full *Forum* with his Praiſe had rung.

But Diſcord now infects the ſullen Croud,
And now they tell their Diſcontents aloud;
When *Tarchon* firſt his flying Enſigns bore,
Call'd out to march and haſten'd to the Shore;
Him *Cato* thus, purſuing as he mov'd,
Sternly beſpoke, and juſtly thus reprov'd.

Oh reſtleſs Author of the roving War,
Doſt thou again Piratick Arms prepare?
Pompey, thy Terror and thy Scourge, is gone,
And now thou hop'ſt to rule the Seas alone.

He ſaid, and bent his Frown upon the reſt,
Of whom one bolder thus the Chief addreſs'd,
And thus their wearineſs of War confeſs'd.

For

For *Pompey*'s ſake (nor thou diſdain to hear)
This Civil War we wage, theſe Arms we bear;
Him we preferr'd to Peace: But *(Cato)* now,
That Cauſe, that Maſter of our Arms, lyes low.
Let us no more our abſent Country mourn,
But to our Homes and Houſhold-Gods return;
To the chaſt Arms from whoſe Embrace we fled,
And the dear Pledges of the Nuptial Bed.
For oh! what Period can the War attend,
Which nor *Pharſalia*'s Field nor *Pompey*'s Death [can end?
The better Times of flying Life are paſt,
Let Death come gently on in Peace at laſt.
Let Age at length with providential Care
The neceſſary Pile and Urn prepare,
All Rites, the cruel Civil War denies,
Part ev'n of *Pompey* yet unbury'd lyes.

Tho'

Tho' vanquiſh'd, yet by no Barbarian Hand
We fear not Exile in a foreign Land,
Nor are our Necks by Fortune now beſpoke,
To bear the *Scythian* or *Armenian* Yoke;
The Victor ſtill a Citizen we own,
And yield Obedience to the *Roman* Gown.
While *Pimpey* liv'd; He bore the Sov'reign Sway,
Cæſar was next, and him we now obey;
With Reverence be the ſacred Shade ador'd,
But War has giv'n us now another Lord;
To *Cæſar* and ſuperior Chance we yield:
All was determin'd in *Emathia*'s Field.
Nor ſhall our Arms on other Leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain Hopes moleſt the State,
We follow'd *Pompey* once, but now we follow Fate.
What Terms, what Safety can we hope for now,
But what the Victor's Mercy ſhall allow?

Once

Once *Pompey*'s Preſence juſtify'd the Cauſe,
Then fought we for our Liberties and Laws;
With him the Honours of that Cauſe lye dead,
And all the Sanctity of War is fled.
If, *Cato*, thou for *Rome* theſe Arms doſt bear,
If ſtill, thy Country only, be thy Care,
Seek we the Legions where *Rome*'s Enſigns fly,
Where her proud Eagles wave her Wings on high,
No matter who to *Pompey*'s Pow'r ſucceeds,
We follow where a *Roman* Conſul leads.

Thus ſaid, he leap'd Aboard; the youthful Sort
Join in his Flight, and haſte to leave the Port;
The ſenſleſs Croud their Liberty diſdain,
And long to wear victorious *Cæſar*'s Chain;
Tyrannick Pow'r now ſudden ſeem'd to threat
The ancient Glories of *Rome*'s free-born State,
'Till *Cato* ſpoke, and thus deferr'd her Fate.

Did

Did then your Vows and ſervile Pray'rs conſpire
Nought but a haughty Maſter to deſire?
Did you, when eager for the Battel, come
The Slaves of *Pompey*, not the Friends of *Rome*?
Now, weary of the Toil, from War you fly,
And idly lay your uſeleſs Armours by;
Your Hands neglect to wield the ſhining Sword,
Nor can you fight but for a King and Lord.
Some mighty Chief you want, for whom to Sweat;
Your ſelves you know not, or at leaſt forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great;
Meanly you toil to give your ſelves away,
And die to leave the World a Tyrant's Prey.
The Gods and Fortune do at length afford
A Cauſe moſt worthy of a *Roman* Sword,
At length 'tis ſafe to conquer. *Pompey* now
Cannot by your Succeſs too Potent grow;

Yet now ignobly you with-hold your Hands,
When nearer Liberty your Aid demands.
Of three who durſt the ſovereign Pow'r invade,
Two by your Fortune's kinder Doom lye dead;
And ſhall the *Pharian* Sword and *Parthian* Bow
Do more for Liberty and *Rome*, than you?
Baſe as ye are, in vile Subjection go,
And ſcorn what *Ptolomy* did ill beſtow.
Ignobly Innocent, and meanly Good,
You durſt not ſtain your hardy Hands in Blood;
Feebly a while you fought, but ſoon did yield,
And fled the firſt from dire *Pharſalia*'s Field;
Go then ſecure, for *Cæſar* will be good,
Will pardon thoſe who are with Eaſe ſubdu'd;
The pitying Victor will in Mercy ſpare
The Wretch, who never durſt provoke his War.
Go, ſordid Slaves; one lordly Maſter gone,
Like Heirlooms go from Father to the Son,

Still

Still to enhance your ſervile Merit more,
Bear ſad *Cornelia* weeping from the Shore;
Meanly for Hire expoſe the Matron's Life,
Metellus Daughter ſell, and *Pompey*'s Wife;
Take too his Sons: Let *Cæſar* find in you
Wretches that may ev'n *Ptolomy* out-do.
But let not my devoted Life be ſpar'd,
The Tyrant greatly ſhall that Deed reward;
Such is the Price of *Cato*'s hated Head,
That all your former Wars ſhall well be paid;
Kill me, and in my Blood do *Cæſar* Right,
'Tis mean to have no other Guilt but Flight.

He ſaid, and ſtopp'd the flying Naval Pow'r;
Back they return'd repenting to the Shore.
As when the Bees their waxen Town forſake,
Careleſs in Air their wandring way they take,

No more in cluſtring Swarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain thro' the various Sky;
No more from Flow'rs they ſuck the liquid Sweet,
But all their Cares and Induſtry forget:
Then if at length the tinkling Braſs they hear,
With ſwift amaze their flight they ſoon forbear;
Sudden their flow'ry Labours they renew,
Hang on the Thyme, and ſip the balmy Dew.
Mean time, ſecure on *Hybla*'s fragrant Plain,
With Joy exults the happy Shepherd Swain;
Proud that his Art had thus preſerv'd his Store,
He ſcorns to think his homely Cottage poor.
With ſuch prevailing force did *Cato*'s Care
The fierce impatient Soldiers Minds prepare,
To learn Obedience, and endure the War.

And now their Minds, unknowing of Repoſe,
With buſie Toil to exerciſe he choſe;

Still

Still with ſucceſſive Labours are they ply'd,
And oft in long and weary Marches try'd.
Before *Cyrene*'s Walls they now ſit down;
And here the Victor's Mercy well was ſhown,
He takes no Vengeance of the Captive Town;
Patient he ſpares, and bids the Vanquiſh'd live,
Since *Cato*, who could conquer, could forgive.
Hence, *Lybian Juba*'s Realms they mean t' explore,
Juba, who borders on the ſwarthy *Moor*;
But Nature's Boundaries the Journey ſtay,
The *Syrts* are fix'd athwart the middle way;
Yet led by daring Virtue on they preſs,
Scorn Oppoſition, and ſtill hope Succeſs.

When Nature's Hand the firſt Formation try'd,
When Seas from Lands ſhe did at firſt divide,
The *Syrts*, nor quite of Sea nor Land bereft,
A mingled Maſs uncertain ſtill ſhe left;

For nor the Land with Seas is quite o'er-ſpread,
Nor ſink the Waters deep their oozy Bed,
Nor Earth defends its Shore, nor lifts aloft its Head.
The Site with neither, and with each complies,
Doubtful and inacceſſible it lyes;
Or 'tis a Sea with Shallows bank'd around,
Or 'tis a broken Land with Waters drown'd;
Here Shores advanc'd o'er *Neptune*'s Rule we find,
And there an inland Ocean lags behind.
Thus Nature's purpoſe by her ſelf deſtroy'd,
Is uſeleſs to her ſelf and unimploy'd,
And part of her Creation ſtill is void.
Perhaps when firſt the World and Time began,
Here ſwelling Tides and plenteous Waters ran,
But long confining on the burning Zone,
The ſinking Seas have felt the neighb'ring Sun;
Still by degrees we ſee how they decay,
And ſcarce reſiſt the thirſty God of Day.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, in diſtant Ages, 'twill be found,
When future Suns have run the burning round,
Theſe *Syrts* ſhall all be dry and ſolid Ground:
Small are the Depths their ſcanty Waves retain,
And Earth grows daily on the yielding Main.

And now the loaden Fleet with active Oars
Divide the liquid Plain, and leave the Shores,
When cloudy Skies a gath'ring Storm preſage,
And *Auſter* from the South began to rage,
Full from the Land the founding Tempeſt roars,
Repells the ſweling Surge, and ſweeps the Shores;
The Wind purſues, drives on the rolling Sand,
And gives new Limits to the growing Land;
'Spight of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails,
In vain with skilful Strength he hands the Sails,
In vain the cordy Cables bind 'em faſt,
At once it rips and rends 'em from the Maſt;

At once the Winds the fluttering Canvas tear,
Then whirl and whisk it thro' the ſportive Air.
Some timely for the riſing Rage prepar'd,
Furl the looſe Sheet, and laſh it to the Yard:
In vain their Care; ſudden the furious Blaſt
Snaps by the Board, and bears away the Maſt;
Of Tackling, Sails, and Maſt, at once bereft,
The Ship a naked helpleſs Hull is left.
Forc'd round and round, ſhe quits her purpos'd way,
And bounds uncertain o'er the ſwelling Sea.
But happier ſome a ſteady Courſe maintain,
Who ſtand far out, and keep the deeper Main.
Their Maſts they cut, and driving with the Tide,
Safe o'er the Surge beneath the Tempeſt ride;
In vain did from the Southern Coaſt their Foe,
All black with Clouds, old ſtormy *Auſter* blow;
Lowly ſecure amidſt the Waves they lay,
Them did old Ocean 'ſpight of Winds convey,
Heav'd his broad Back, and roll'd 'em on their way.

Some on the Shallows ſtrike, and doubtful ſtand,
Part beat by Waves, part fix'd upon the Sand.
Now pent amidſt the Shoals the Billows roar,
Daſh on the Banks, and ſcorn the new-made Shore:
Now by the Wind driv'n on in heaps they ſwell,
The ſtedfaſt Banks both Winds and Waves repel:
Still with united Force they rage in vain,
The ſandy Piles their Station fix'd maintain,
And lift their Heads ſecure amidſt the watry Plain.
There 'ſcap'd from Seas, upon the faithleſs Strand,
With weeping Eyes the Shipwrack'd Seamen ſtand,
And caſt aſhore, look vainly out for Land.
Thus ſome were loſt; but far the greater part
Preſerv'd from danger by the Pilot's Art,
Keep on their Courſe, a happier Fate partake,
And reach in ſafety the *Tritonian* Lake.
Theſe Waters to the tuneful God are dear,
Whoſe vocal Shell the Sea-green *Nereids* hear;

Theſe

Theſe *Pallas* Loves, ſo tells reporting Fame,
Here firſt from Heav'n to Earth the Goddeſs came,
(Heav'ns Neighbourhood the warmer Clime betrays,
And ſpeaks the nearer *Sun*'s immediate Rays)
Here her firſt Footſteps on the brink ſhe ſtaid,
Here in the the watry Glaſs her Form ſurvey'd,
And call'd her ſelf, from hence, the chaſte *Tritonian*
Maid.
Here *Lethe*'s Streams from ſecret Springs below,
Riſe to the Light; here heavily, and ſlow,
The ſilent dull forgetful Waters flow;
Here, by the wakeful Dragon kept of old,
Heſperian Plants grew rich with living Gold;
Long ſince the Fruit was from the Branches torn,
And now the Gardens their loſt Honours mourn:
Such was in ancient Times the Tale receiv'd,
Such by our good Forefathers was believ'd;

Nor

Nor let Enquirers the Tradition wrong,
Or dare to queſtion, now, the Poet's ſacred Song:
Then take it for a truth, the wealthy Wood
Here under golden Boughs low bending ſtood;
On ſome large Tree his Folds the Serpent wound,
The fair *Heſperian* Virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden Ground;
But great *Alcides* came to end their Care,
Strip'd the gay Grove, and left the Branches bare;
Then back returning ſought the *Argive* Shore,
And the bright Spoil to proud *Euriſtheus* bore.

Theſe famous Regions and the *Syrts* o'erpaſt,
They reach'd the *Garamantian* Coaſt at laſt;
Here under *Pompey*'s Care the Navy lyes,
The gentleſt Clime beneath the *Lybian* Skies.

But

But *Cato*'s Soul, by Dangers unreſtrain'd,
Eaſe and a dull unactive Life diſdain'd.
His daring Virtue urges to go on
Thro' Deſart Lands, and Nations yet unknown;
To march, and prove th' unhoſpitable Ground,
To ſhun the *Syrts*, and lead the Soldier round.
Since now tempeſtuous Seaſons vex the Sea,
And the declining Year forbids the watry Way;
He ſees the cloudy drizling Winter near,
And hopes kind Rains may cool the ſultry Air:
So happ'ly may they journey on ſecure,
Nor burning Heats, nor killing Froſts endure;
But while cool Winds the Winter's Breath ſupplies,
With gentle Warmth the *Lybian* Sun may riſe,
And both may join and temper well the Skies.

But e'er the toilſom March he undertook,
The Hero thus the liſtning Hoaſt beſpoke;

Fellow

Fellows in Arms! whoſe Bliſs, whoſe chiefeſt Good
Is *Rome*'s Defence, and Freedom bought with Blood;
You, who, to die with Liberty, from far
Have follow'd *Cato* in this fatal War,
Be now for Virtue's nobleſt Task prepar'd,
For Labours many, perillous and hard.
Think thro' what burning Climes, what Wilds we go,
No leafie Shades the naked Deſarts know,
Nor ſilver Streams thro' flowry Meadows flow.
But Horrors there and various Deaths abound,
And Serpents guard th' unhoſpitable Ground,
Hard is the Way; but thus our Fate demands;
Rome and her Laws we ſeek amidſt theſe Sands.
Let thoſe who glowing with their Country's Love,
Reſolve with me theſe dreadful Plains to prove,
Nor of Return nor Safety once debate,
But only dare to go, and leave the reſt to Fate.

Think

Think not I mean the Dangers to diſguiſe,
Or hide 'em from the cheated Vulgar's Eyes;
Thoſe, only thoſe, ſhall in my Fate partake,
Who love the Daring for the Danger's ſake,
Thoſe who can ſuffer all that worſt can come,
And think it what they owe themſelves and *Rome*.
If any yet ſhall doubt, or yet ſhall fear;
If Life be, more than Liberty, his Care;
Here, e'er we journey further, let him ſtay,
Inglorious let him, like a Slave, obey,
And ſeek a Maſter in ſome ſafer way.
Foremoſt, behold, I lead you to the Toil,
My Feet ſhall foremoſt print the duſty Soil:
Strike me the firſt, thou flaming God of Day,
Firſt let me feel thy fierce, thy ſcorching Ray;
Ye living Poiſons all, ye ſnaky Train,
Meet me the firſt upon the fatal Plain.

In ev'ry Pain, which you my Warriors fear,
Let me be firſt, and teach you how to bear.
Who ſees me pant for Drought, or fainting firſt,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of Thirſt.
If e'er for Shelter to the Shades I fly,
Me let him curſe, me, for the ſultry Sky.
If while the weary Soldier marches on,
Your Leader by diſtinguiſh'd Eaſe be known,
Forſake my Cauſe, and leave me there alone.
The Sands, the Serpents, Thirſt, and burning Heat,
Are dear to Patience, and to Virtue ſweet;
Virtue, that ſcorns on Cowards Terms to pleaſe,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Eaſe;
But then She joys, then ſmiles upon her State,
Then faireſt to her ſelf, then moſt compleat,
When glorious Danger makes her truly great.
So *Lybia*'s Plains alone ſhall wipe away
The foul Diſhonours of *Pharſalia*'s Day;

So

So ſhall your Courage now, tranſcend that Fear:
You fled with Glory there, to Conquer here.

He ſaid; and hardy Love of Toil inſpir'd;
And ev'ry Breaſt with Godlike Ardor fir'd.
Strait, careleſs of Return, without delay
Thro' the wide Waſte he took his pathleſs Way.
Lybia, ordain'd to be his laſt Retreat,
Receives the Hero, fearleſs of his Fate;
Here the good Gods his laſt of Labours doom,
Here ſhall his Bones and ſacred Duſt find room,
And his great Head be hid within an humble Tomb.

If this large Globe be portion'd right by Fame,
Then one third Part ſhall ſandy *Lybia* claim:
But if we count, as Suns deſcend and riſe,
If we divide by Eaſt and Weſt the Skies,

Then with fair *Europe*, *Lybia* ſhall combine,
And both to make the Weſtern Half ſhall join,
Whilſt wide-extended *Aſia* fills the reſt,
Of all from *Tanais* to *Nile* poſſeſt,
And reigns ſole Empreſs of the dawning Eaſt.
Of all the *Lybian* Soil, the kindlieſt found
Far to the Weſtern Seas extends its Bound;
Where cooling Gales, where gentle *Zephyrs* fly,
And ſetting Suns adorn the gaudy Sky:
And yet ev'n here no Liquid Fountain's vein
Wells thro' the Soil, and gurgles o'er the Plain:
But from our Northern Clime, our gentler Heav'n,
Refreſhing Dews and fruitful Rains are driv'n;
All bleak, the God, cold *Boreas*, ſpreads his Wing,
And with our Winter, gives the *Lybian* Spring.
No wicked Wealth infects the ſimple Soil,
Nor golden Ores diſcloſe their ſhining Spoil:

Pure is the Glebe, 'tis Earth, and Earth alone,
To guilty Pride and Avarice unknown:
There Citron Groves, the Native Riches, grow,
There cool Retreats and fragrant Shades beſtow,
And hoſpitably skreen their Gueſts below.
Safe by their Leafy Office, long they ſtood
A Sacred, Old, Unviolated Wood,
'Till *Roman* Luxury to *Africk* paſt,
And Foreign Axes laid their Honours waſte.
Thus utmoſt Lands are ranſack'd, to afford
The far-fetch'd Dainties, and the coſtly Board.
But rude and waſteful all thoſe Regions lye
That border on the *Syrts*, and feel too nigh
Their ſultry Summer Sun, and parching Sky.
No Harveſt, there, the ſcatter'd Grain repays,
But withering dies, and e'er it ſhoots decays:
There never loves to ſpring the Mantling Vine,
Nor wanton Ringlets round her Elm to twine:

The thirſty Duſt prevents the ſwelling Fruit,
Drinks up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root;
Thro' ſecret Veins no temp'ring Moiſtures paſs,
To bind with viſcous Force the mould'ring Maſs;
But Genial *Jove* averſe, diſdains to ſmile,
Forgets, and curſes the neglected Soil.
Thence lazy Nature droops her idle Head,
As ev'ry vegetable Senſe were dead;
Thence the wide dreary Plains one Viſage wear,
Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring appear,
Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year.
Thin Herbage here (for ſome ev'n here is found)
The *Naſamonian* Hinds collect around;
A naked Race, and barbarous of Mind,
That live upon the Loſſes of Mankind:
The *Syrts* ſupply their Wants and Barren Soil,
And ſtrow th' unhoſpitable Shores with Spoil.

Trade they have none, but ready ſtill they ſtand,
Rapacious, to invade the wealthy Strand,
And hold a Commerce, thus, with ev'ry diſtant Land.

Thro' this dire Country *Cato*'s Journey lay,
Here he purſu'd, while Virtue led the Way.
Here the bold Youth, led by his high Command,
Fearleſs of Storms and raging Winds, by Land
Repeat the Dangers of the ſwelling Main,
And ſtrive with Storms, and raging Winds again:
Here all at large, where nought reſtrains his Force,
Impetuous *Auſter* runs his rapid Courſe;
Nor Mountains here, nor ſteadfaſt Rocks reſiſt,
But free he ſweeps along the ſpacious Liſt.
No ſtable Groves of antient Oaks ariſe,
To tire his Rage, and catch him as he flies;
But wide around the naked Plains appear,
Here fierce he drives unbounded thro' the Air,
Roars, and exerts his dreadful Empire here.

The whirling Duſt, like Waves in Eddies wrought,
Riſing aloft, to the mid Heav'n is caught;
There hangs a ſullen Cloud, nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle Vapours, into Rain.
Gazing, the poor Inhabitant deſcries,
Where high above his Land and Cottage flies;
Bereft, he ſees his loſt Poſſeſſions there,
From Earth tranſported, and now fix'd in Air.
Not riſing Flames attempt a bolder Flight;
Like Smoke by riſing Flames unlifted, light
The Sands aſcend, and ſtain the Day with Night.

But now, his utmoſt Pow'r and Rage to boaſt,
The ſtormy God invades the *Roman* Hoſt;
The Soldier yields, unequal to the Shock,
And ſtaggers at the Wind's ſtupendous Stroke.
Amaz'd he ſees that Earth, which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his Feet, and torn away.

Oh *Lybia*! were thy pliant Surface bound,
And form'd a ſolid, cloſe compacted Ground;
Or hadſt thou Rocks, whoſe Hollows deep below,
Wou'd draw thoſe ranging Winds that looſely blow;
Their Fury, by thy firmer Maſs oppos'd,
Or in thoſe dark infernal Caves inclos'd,
Thy certain Ruin wou'd at once compleat,
Shake thy Foundations, and unfix thy Seat:
But well thy flitting Plains have learn'd to yield,
Thus not contending thou thy place haſt held,
Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'ſt the Field.
Helms, Spears and Shields, ſnatch'd from the warlike Hoſt,
Thro' Heaven's wide Regions far away were toſt;
While diſtant Nations, with Religious Fear,
Beheld 'em, as ſome Prodigy in Air,
And thought the Gods by them denounc'd a War.

Such

Such hap'ly was the Chance, which firſt did raiſe
The pious Tale, in Prieſtly *Numa*'s Days:
Such were thoſe Shields, and thus they came from Heav'n,
A ſacred Charge to young Patricians giv'n;
Perhaps long ſince to lawleſs Winds a Prey,
From far Barbarians were they forc'd away;
Thence thro' long airy Journies ſafe did come,
To cheat the Crowd with Miracles at *Rome*.
Thus wide o'er *Lybia* rag'd the ſtormy South,
Thus ev'ry way aſſail'd the *Latian* Youth:
Each ſev'ral Method for Defence they try,
Now wrap their Garments tight, now cloſe they lye:
Now ſinking to the Earth, with weight they preſs,
Now claſp it to 'em with a ſtrong Embrace.
Scarce in that Poſture ſafe, the driving Blaſt
Bears hard, and almoſt heaves 'em off at laſt.
Mean time a ſandy Flood comes rolling on,
And ſwelling Heaps the proſtrate Legions drown;

New to the ſudden Danger, and diſmaid,
The frighted Soldier haſty calls for Aid,
Heaves at the Hill, and ſtruggling rears his Head.
Soon ſhoots the growing Pile, and rear'd on high,
Lifts up its lofty Summit to the Sky:
High ſandy Walls, like Forts, their Paſſage ſtay,
And riſing Mountains intercept their Way:
The certain Bounds which ſhould their Journey guide,
The moving Earth and duſty Deluge hide;
So Landmarks ſink beneath the flowing Tide.
As thro' mid Seas uncertainly they move,
Led only by *Jove*'s ſacred Lights above:
Part ev'n of them the *Lybian* Clime denies,
Forbids their native Northern Stars to riſe,
And ſhades the well-known Luſtre from their Eyes.

Now near approaching to the burning Zone,
To warmer, calmer Skies they journey'd on.

The ſlackning Storms the neighb'ring Sun confeſs,
The Heat ſtrikes fiercer, and the Winds grow leſs,
Whilſt parching Thirſt and fainting Sweats increaſe.
As forward on the weary Way they went,
Panting with Drought, and all with Labour ſpent,
Amidſt the Deſart, deſolate and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling Spring to ſpy;
Proud of the Prize, he drain'd the ſcanty Store,
And in his Helmet to the Chieftain bore:
Around in Crowds the thirſty Legions ſtood,
Their Throats and clammy Jaws with Duſt beſtrew'd,
And all with wiſhful Eyes the liquid Treaſure view'd.
Around the Leader caſt his careful Look,
Sternly, the tempting envy'd Gift he took,
Held it, and thus the Giver fierce beſpoke:
And think'ſt thou then that I want Virtue moſt!
Am I the meaneſt of this *Roman* Hoſt!

Am

Am I the firſt ſoft Coward that complains !
That ſhrinks, unequal to theſe glorious Pains !
Am I in Eaſe and Infamy the firſt !
Rather be thou, Baſe as thou art, Accurs'd,
Thou that dar'ſt Drink, when all beſide thee Thirſt.
He ſaid; and wrathful ſtretching forth his Hand,
Pour'd out the precious Draught upon the Sand.
Well did the Water thus for all provide,
Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
A little thus the gen'ral Want ſupply'd.

Now to the ſacred Temple they draw near,
Whoſe only Altars *Lybian* Lands revere;
There, but unlike the *Jove* by *Rome* ador'd,
A Form uncouth, ſtands Heav'n's Almighty Lord.
No regal Enſigns grace his potent Hand,
Nor ſhakes he there the Lightning's flaming Brand;
But, ruder to behold, a Horned Ram
Belies the God, and *Ammon* is his Name;

There tho' he Reigns unrival'd and alone,
O'er the rich Neighbours of the Torrid Zone;
Tho' ſwarthy *Æthiops* are to him confin'd,
With *Araby*, the bleſt, and wealthy *Inde*;
Yet no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are ſeen,
To blaze upon his Shrines with coſtly Sheen;
But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he ſtood,
Such as, to whom our great Fore-fathers bow'd:
A God of pious Times, and Days of Old,
That keeps his Temple ſafe from *Roman* Gold.
Here, and here only, thro' wide *Lybia*'s Space,
Tall Trees, the Land, and verdant Herbage grace;
Here the looſe Sands by plenteous Springs are bound,
Knit to a Maſs, and moulded into Ground:
Here ſmiling Nature wears a fertile Dreſs,
And all Things here the preſent God confeſs.
Yet here the Sun to neither Pole declines,
But from his Zenith vertically ſhines:

Hence,

Hence, ev'n the Trees no friendly Shelter yield,
Scarce their own Trunks the leafy Branches ſhield;
The Rays deſcend direct, all round embrace,
And to a central Point the Shadow chace.
Here equally the middle Line is found,
To cut the Radiant Zodiack in its Round:
Here unoblique the *Bull* and *Scorpion* riſe,
Nor mount too ſwift, nor leave too ſoon the Skies;
Nor *Libra* do's too long the *Ram* attend,
Nor bids the *Maid* the *fiſhy* Sign deſcend.
The *Boys* and *Centaur* juſtly Time divide,
And equally their ſev'ral Seaſons guide:
Alike the *Crab* and wintry *Goat* return,
Alike the *Lyon* and the flowing *Urn*.
If any farther Nations yet are known,
Beyond the *Lybian* Fires, and ſcorching Zone;
Northward from them the Sun's bright Courſe is made,
And to the Southward ſtrikes the leaning Shade:

There

There Slow *Boötes*, with his lazy Wain
Deſcending, ſeems to reach the wat'ry Main.
Of all the Lights which high above they ſee,
No Star whate'er from *Neptune*'s Waves is free,
The whirling Axle drives 'em round, and plunges
in the Sea.

Before the Temple's Entrance, at the Gate,
Attending Crowds of Eaſtern Pilgrims wait:
Theſe from the horned God expect Relief;
But all give way before the *Latian* Chief.
His Hoſt, (as Crowds are Superſtitious ſtill)
Curious of Fate, of future Good and Ill,
And fond to prove Prophetick *Ammon*'s Skill,
Intreat their Leader to the Gods wou'd go,
And from this Oracle *Rome*'s Fortunes know:
But *Labienus* chief the Thought approv'd,
And thus the common Suit to *Cato* mov'd.

Chance,

Chance, and the Fortune of the Way, he ſaid,
Have brought *Jove*'s ſacred Counſels to our Aid;
This Greateſt of the Gods, this Mighty Chief,
In each Diſtreſs ſhall be a ſure Relief;
Shall point the diſtant Dangers from afar,
And teach the future Fortunes of the War.
To thee, Oh *Cato!* Pious! Wiſe! and Juſt!
Their dark Decrees the cautious Gods ſhall truſt;
To thee their Fore-determin'd Will ſhall tell:
Their Will has been thy Law, and thou haſt kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the Noble Thought Improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with *Jove.*
Inquire betimes, what various Chance ſhall come
To Impious *Cæſar*, and thy Native *Rome*;
Try to avert, at leaſt, thy Country's Doom.

Ask

Ask if theſe Arms our Freedom ſhall reſtore:
Or elſe, if Laws and Right ſhall be no more.
Be thy great Breaſt with Sacred Knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandring Maze of Thought:
Thou, that to Virtue ever wert enclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly Defin'd,
And leave ſome Perfect Rule to guide Mankind.

Full of the God that dwelt within his Breaſt,
The Hero thus his ſecret Mind expreſs'd,
And In-born Truths reveal'd; Truths, which might well
Become ev'n Oracles themſelves to tell.

Where wou'd thy fond, thy vain Enquiry go?
What Myſtick fate, what Secret wou'dſt thou know?
Is it a Doubt if Death ſhou'd be my Doom,
Rather than live 'till Kings and Bondage come,
Rather than ſee a Tyrant crown'd in *Rome*?

Or

Or wou'dſt thou know if, what we value here,
Life, be a Trifle hardly worth our Care?
What by Old Age and Length of Days we gain,
More than to lengthen out the Senſe of Pain?
Or if this World, with all its Forces join'd,
The univerſal Malice of Mankind,
Can ſhake or hurt the Brave and Honeſt Mind?
If ſtable Virtue can her Ground maintain,
While Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If *Good* in lazy Speculations dwell,
And barely be the *Will* of Doing well?
If *Right* be independent of Succeſs,
And Conqueſt cannot make it more nor leſs?
Are theſe, my Friend, the Secrets thou wou'dſt know,
Thoſe Doubts for which to Oracles we go?
'Tis known 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And Horned *Ammon* can no more unfold:

From

From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd,
We act the Dictates of his Mighty Mind:
And tho' the Prieſts are mute, and Temples ſtill,
God never wants a Voice to ſpeak his Will.
When firſt we from the teeming Womb were brought,
With in-born Precepts then our Souls were fraught,
And then the Maker his new Creatures taught.
Then when he form'd and gave us to be Men,
He gave us all our uſeful Knowledge, *Then.*
Can'ſt thou believe, the Vaſt Eternal Mind
Was e'er to *Syrts* and *Lybian* Sands confin'd?
That he wou'd chuſe this waſte, this barren Ground,
To teach the thin Inhabitants around,
And leave his Truth in Wilds and Deſarts drown'd?
Is there a Place that God would chuſe to love
Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon Heav'n above,
And virtuous Minds, the Nobleſt Throne for *Jove?*

Why ſeek we farther then? Behold around,
How all thou ſee'ſt do's with the God abound,
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let thoſe weak Minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling Prieſts for Oracles repair;
One certain Hour of Death to each decreed,
My fixt, my certain Soul from Doubt has freed:
The Coward, and the Brave, are doom'd to fall;
And when *Jove* told this Truth, he told us all.
So ſpoke the Hero; and to keep his word,
Nor *Ammon*, nor his Oracle explor'd;
But left the Crowd at freedom to believe,
And take ſuch Anſwers as the Prieſt ſhou'd give.

Foremoſt on foot he treads the burning Sand,
Bearing his Arms in his own patient hand;
Scorning another's weary Neck to preſs,
Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Eaſe;

The panting Soldier to his Toil ſucceeds,
Where no Command, but great Example leads.
Sparing of Sleep, ſtill for the Reſt he wakes,
And at the Fountain laſt his Thirſt he ſlakes;
Whene'er by Chance ſome living Stream is found,
He ſtands and ſees the cooling Draughts go round,
Stays 'till the laſt and meaneſt Drudge be paſt,
And 'till his Slaves have Drunk, diſdains to taſte.
If true good Men deſerve Immortal Fame,
If Virtue, tho' diſtreſs'd, be ſtill the ſame;
Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they Bravely bore, and Wiſely knew,
Their Virtues all are his, and all their Praiſe his due.
Whoe'er with Battels fortunately fought,
Whoe'er with *Roman* Blood ſuch Honours bought?
This Triumph, this on *Lybia*'s utmoſt Bound,
With Death and Deſolation compaſs'd round,

To all thy Glories, *Pompey*, I prefer,
Thy Trophies, and thy third Triumphal Car,
To *Marius'* mighty Name, and great *Jugurthine* War.
His Country's Father here, O *Rome*, behold,
Worthy thy Temples, Prieſts, and Shrines of Gold:
If e'er thou break thy lordly Maſter's Chain,
If Liberty be e'er reſtor'd again,
Him ſhalt thou place in thy divine Abodes,
Swear by his holy Name, and rank him with thy Gods.

Now to thoſe ſult'ry Regions were they paſt,
Which *Jove* to ſtop enquiring Mortals plac'd,
And as their utmoſt, Southern, Limits caſt.
Thirſty, for Springs they ſearch the Deſart round,
And only one amidſt the Sands they found;
Well ſtor'd it was, but all Acceſs was barr'd;
The Stream ten thouſand noxious Serpents guard:

Dry

Dry *Aſpicks* on the fatal Margin ſtood,
And *Dipſa's* thirſted in the middle Flood;
Back from the Stream the frighted Soldier flyes,
Tho' parch'd, and languiſhing for Drink, he dies;
The Chief beheld, and ſaid, You fear in vain,
Vainly from ſafe and healthy Draughts abſtain,
My Soldier, drink, and dread not Death or Pain.
When urg'd to rage, their Teeth the Serpents fix,
And Venom with our vital Juices mix;
The Peſt infus'd, thro' ev'ry Vein runs round,
Infects the Maſs, and Death is in the Wound,
Harmleſs and ſafe, no Poiſon here they ſhed:
He ſaid; and firſt the doubtful Draught eſſay'd;
He, who thro' all their March, their Toil, their Thirſt,
Demanded here alone to drink the firſt.

Why Plagues, like theſe, infeſt the *Lybian* Air,
Why Deaths unknown in various Shapes appear;

Why fruitful to deſtroy the curſed Land
Is temper'd thus, by Nature's ſecret hand;
Dark and obſcure the hidden Cauſe remains,
And ſtill deludes the vain Enquirer's Pains;
Unleſs a Tale for Truth may be believ'd,
And the good-natur'd World be willingly deceiv'd.

Where Weſtern Waves on fartheſt *Lybia* beat,
Warm'd with the ſetting Sun's deſcending Heat,
Dreadful *Meduſa* fix'd her horrid Seat;
No leafy Shade, with kind Protection, ſhields
The rough, the ſquallid unfrequented Fields;
No mark of Shepherds, or the Plowman's Toil,
To tend the Flocks, or turn the mellow Soil:
But rude with Rocks, the Region all around,
Its Miſtreſs, and her Potent Viſage own'd.
'Twas from this Monſter to afflict Mankind,
That Nature firſt produc'd the Snaky Kind;

On

On her at first their forky Tongues appear'd;
From her their dreadful Hissings first were heard.
Some wreath'd in Folds upon her Temples hung;
Some backwards to her Waste depended long;
Some with their rising Crests her Forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and lash her swelling Neck:
And while her Hands the curling Vipers comb,
Poison distills around, and Drops of livid Foam.

None, who beheld the Fury, could complain;
So swift their Fate, preventing Death and Pain:
E'er they had Time to fear, the Change came on,
And Motion, Sense and Life were lost in Stone:
The Soul it self, from sudden Flight debar'd,
Congealing, in the Body's fortune shar'd.
The Dire *Eumenides* could rage inspire,
But could no more; the tuneful *Thracian* Lyre

Infernal *Cerberus* did ſoon aſſwage,
Lull'd him to Reſt, and ſooth'd his triple Rage;
Hydra's ſev'n Heads the bold *Alcides* view'd,
Safely he ſaw, and what he ſaw ſubdu'd:
Of theſe in various Terrors each excell'd;
But all to this Superior Fury yield.
Phorcus and *Ceto*, next to *Neptune* he,
Immortal both, and Rulers of the Sea,
This Monſter's Parents did their Offspring dread,
And from her ſight her Siſter *Gorgons* fled.
Old Ocean's Waters, and the liquid Air,
The univerſal World her Pow'r might fear:
All Nature's beauteous Works ſhe cou'd invade,
Thro' every Part a lazy Numneſs ſhed,
And over all a ſtony Surface ſpread.
Birds in their flight were ſtopt, and pond'rous grown,
Forgot their Pinions, and fell ſenſleſs down.
Beaſts to the Rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were Tribes of Stone and Marble Nations found.

No living Eyes ſo fell a Sight could bear,
Her Snakes themſelves, all deadly tho' they were,
Shot backward from her Face, and ſhrunk away
for fear.
By her a Rock *Titanian Atlas* grew,
And Heav'n by her the Gyants did ſubdue;
Hard was the Fight, and *Jove* was half diſmay'd,
'Till *Pallas* brought the *Gorgon* to his Aid:
The heav'nly Nation laid aſide their Fear,
For ſoon ſhe finiſh'd the Prodigious War;
To Mountains turn'd, the Monſter Race remains
The Trophies of her Pow'r on the *Phlegræan* Plains.

To ſeek this Monſter, and her Fate to prove,
The Son of *Danaë* and golden *Jove*,
Attempts a Flight thro' airy Ways above.
The Youth *Cyllenian Hermes* Aid implor'd;
The God aſſiſted with his Wings and Sword,

His

His Sword, which late made watchful *Argos* bleed,
And *Iö* from her cruel Keeper freed;
Unwedded *Pallas* lent a Siſter's Aid;
But ask'd, for recompence, *Meduſa*'s Head.
Eaſtward ſhe warns her Brother bend his flight,
And from the *Gorgon* Realms avert his Sight;
Then arms his Left with her refulgent Shield,
And ſhews how there the Foe might be beheld.
Deep Slumbers had the drowzy Fiend poſſeſt,
Such as drew on, and well might ſeem her laſt:
And yet ſhe ſlept not whole; one half her Snakes
Watchful, to guard their horrid Miſtreſs, wakes;
The reſt diſhevel'd, looſely, round her Head,
And o'er her drowzy Lids and Face were ſpread.
Backward the Youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a Stroke:
His falt'ring Hand the Virgin Goddeſs guides,
And from the Monſter's Neck her ſnaky Head divides.

But

But oh! what Art, what Numbers can expreſs
The Terrors of the dying *Gorgon*'s Face!
What Clouds of Poiſon from her Lips ariſe!
What Death, what vaſt Deſtruction threaten'd in her [Eyes!
'Twas ſomewhat that immortal Gods might fear,
More than the warlike Maid her ſelf could bear.
The victor *Perſeus* ſtill had been ſubdu'd,
Tho' wary ſtill, with Eyes averſe he ſtood;
Had not his heav'nly Siſter's timely Care
Veil'd the dread Viſage with the hiſſing Hair;
Seis'd of his Prey, Heav'nwards, uplifted light,
On *Hermes* nimble Wings, he took his flight.
Now thoughtful of his Courſe, he hung in Air,
And meant, thro' *Europe*'s happy Clime to ſteer;
'Till pitying *Pallas* warn'd him not to blaſt
Her fruitful Fields, nor lay her Cities waſte.
For who would not have upwards caſt their Sight,
Curious to gaze at ſuch a wond'rous Flight?

There-

Therefore by Gales of gentle *Zephirs* born,
To *Lybia*'s Coaſt the Heroe minds to turn.
Beneath the ſult'ry Line, expos'd it lies
To deadly Planets, and malignant Skies.
Still with his fiery Steeds, the God of Day
Drives thro' that Heav'n, and marks his burning Way;
No Land more high erects its lofty head,
The ſilver Moon in dim Eclipſe to ſhade;
If thro' the Summer Signs direct She run,
Nor bends obliquely, North or South, to ſhun
The envious Earth that hides her from the Sun.
Yet cou'd this Soil accurſt, this barren Field,
Increaſe of Deaths, and pois'nous Harveſts yield.
Where-e'er Sublime in Air the Victor flew,
The Monſter's Head diſtill'd a deadly Dew;
The Earth receiv'd the Seed, and pregnant grew.
Still as the putrid Gore dropt on the Sand,
'Twas temper'd up by Nature's forming hand;

The

The glowing Climate makes the Work compleat,
And broods upon the Maſs, and lends it genial Heat.

Firſt of thoſe Plagues the drowzy *Aſp* appear'd,
Then firſt her Creſt and ſwelling Neck ſhe rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing Blood
Diſtinguiſh'd her amidſt the deadly Brood.
Of all the Serpent Race are none ſo fell,
None with ſo many Deaths, ſuch plenteous Venom ſwell;
Chill in themſelves, our colder Climes they ſhun,
And chuſe to bask in *Afric*'s warmer Sun;
But *Nile* no more confines 'em now: What Bound
Can for inſatiate Avarice be found!
Freighted with *Lybian* Deaths our Merchants come,
And pois'nous *Aſps* are things of Price at *Rome*.

Her

Her ſcaly Folds th' *Hæmorrhois* unbends,
And her vaſt length along the Sands extends;
Where-e'er ſhe wounds, from ev'ry Part the Blood
Guſhes reſiſtleſs in a Crimſon flood.

Amphibious ſome do in the *Syrts* abound,
And now on Land, in Waters now are found.

Slimy *Chelyder*'s the parch'd Earth diſtain,
And trace a reeking Furrow on the Plain.

The ſpotted *Cenchris*, rich in various Dyes,
Shoots in a line, and forth directly flyes;
Not *Theban* Marbles are ſo gayly dreſs'd,
Nor with ſuch party-colour'd Beauties grac'd.

Safe

Safe in his earthy Hue, and dusky Skin,
Th' *Ammodytes* lurks in the Sands unseen.
The * *Swimmer* there the cryſtal Stream pollutes;
And ſwift, thro' Air, the flying * *Javelin* ſhoots.
The *Scytale*, e'er yet the Spring returns,
There caſts her Coat; and there the *Dipſas* burns;
The *Amphisbæna* doubly arm'd appears,
At either end a threat'ning Head ſhe rears.
Rais'd on his active Tail the *Pareas* ſtands,
And as he paſſes, furrows up the Sands.
The *Preſter* by his foaming Jaws is known;
The *Seps* invades the Fleſh and firmer Bone,
Diſſolves the Maſs of Man, and melts his Fabrick down.
The *Baſilisk*, with dreadful hiſſings heard,
And from afar by ev'ry Serpent fear'd,

* *Names of Serpents*, Natrix, Jaculum.

To

To diſtance drives the Vulgar, and remains
The lonely Monarch of the deſart Plains.

And you, ye Dragons of the ſcaly Race,
Whom glittering Gold and ſhining Armours grace,
In other Nations harmleſs are you found,
Their guardian *Genii* and Protectors own'd;
In *Afric* only are you fatal; There,
On wide-expanded Wings, ſublime you rear
Your dreadful Forms, and drive the yielding Air.
The lowing Kine in droves you chace, and cull
Some Maſter of the Herd, ſome mighty Bull:
Around his ſtubborn Sides your Tails you twiſt,
By force compreſs, and burſt his brawny Cheſt.
Not Elephants are by their larger ſize
Secure, but with the reſt become your prize.
Reſiſtleſs in your Might, you all invade,
And for Deſtruction need not Poiſon's Aid.

Thus

Thus, thro' a thouſand Plagues around 'em ſpread,
A weary March the hardy Soldiers tread,
Thro' Thirſt, thro' Toil and Death, by *Cato* led.
Their Chief, with pious Grief and deep Regret,
Each moment mourns his Friends untimely Fate;
Wond'ring, he ſees ſome ſmall, ſome trivial Wound
Extend a valiant *Roman* on the Ground.
Aulus, a noble Youth of *Tyrrhene* Blood,
Who bore the Standard, on a *Dipſas* trode;
Backward the wrathful Serpent bent her Head,
And, fell with Rage, th' unheeded wrong repay'd.
Scarce did ſome little mark of Hurt remain,
And ſcarce he found ſome little ſenſe of Pain;
Nor cou'd he yet the Danger doubt, nor fear
That Death, with all its Terrors threaten'd there.
When lo! unſeen, the ſecret Venom ſpreads,
And ev'ry nobler Part at once invades;

Swift Flames conſume the Marrow and the Brain,
And the ſcorch'd Entrails rage with burning Pain;
Upon his Heart the thirſty Poiſons prey,
And drain the ſacred Juice of Life away;
No kindly floods of Moiſture bathe his Tongue,
But cleaving to the parching Roof it hung;
No trick'ling Drops diſtil, no dewy Sweat,
To eaſe his weary Limbs, and cool the raging Heat.
Nor cou'd he weep; ev'n Grief cou'd not ſupply
Streams for the mournful office of his Eye,
The never failing ſource of Tears was dry.
Frantick he flyes, and with a careleſs Hand
Hurls the neglected *Eagle* on the Sand;
Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying Chief's Command:
For Springs he ſeeks, he digs, he proves the Ground,
For Springs, in vain, explores the Deſart round,
For cooling Draughts, which might their Aid impart,
And quench the burning Venom in his Heart.

Plung'd

Plung'd in the *Tanais*, the *Rhône*, or *Po*,
Or *Nile*, whoſe wand'ring Streams o'er *Egypt* flow,
Still wou'd he rage, ſtill with the Feaver glow.
The ſcorching Climate to his Fate conſpires,
And *Lybia*'s Sun aſſiſts the *Dipſa*'s Fires.
Now ev'ry where for Drink, in vain, he pries,
Now to the *Syrts* and briny Seas he flies;
The briny Seas delight, but ſeem not to ſuffice:
Nor yet he knows what ſecret Plague he nurs'd,
Nor found the Poiſon, but believ'd it Thirſt.
Of Thirſt, and Thirſt alone, he ſtill complains,
Raving for Thirſt, he tears his ſwelling Veins;
From ev'ry Veſſel drains a Crimſon Flood,
And quaffs in greedy Draughts his vital Blood.

This *Cato* ſaw, and ſtraight without delay,
Commands the Legions on to urge their way;

Nor give th' enquiring Soldier time to know
What deadly Deeds a fatal Thirſt cou'd do.

But ſoon a Fate more ſad, with new ſurprize,
From the firſt Object turns their wond'ring Eyes.
Wretched *Sabellus* by a *Seps* was ſtung,
Fix'd to his Leg, with deadly Teeth, it hung:
Sudden the Soldier ſhook it from the Wound,
Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren Ground.
Of all the dire deſtructive Serpent race,
None have ſo much of Death, tho' none are leſs.
For ſtraight around the Part the Skin withdrew,
The Fleſh and ſhrinking Sinews backward flew,
And left the naked Bones expos'd to view.
The ſpreading Poiſons all the Parts confound,
And the whole Body ſinks within the Wound:
The brawny Thighs no more their Muſcles boaſt,
But melting, all in liquid filth are loſt;

The well knit Groin above, and Ham below,
Mixt in one putrid Stream, together flow;
The firm *Peritonæum* rent in twain,
No more the preſſing Entrails cou'd ſuſtain,
It yields, and forth they fall, at once they guſh [amain.
Small Reliques of the mould'ring Maſs were left,
At once of Subſtance, as of Form bereft;
Diſſolv'd the whole in liquid Poiſon ran,
And to a nauſeous puddle ſhrunk the Man.
Then burſt the rigid Nerves, the manly Breaſt,
And all the texture of the heaving Cheſt;
Reſiſtleſs way the conqu'ring Venom made,
And ſecret Nature was at once diſplay'd;
Her ſacred Privacies all open lye
To each prophane enquiring Vulgar Eye.
Then the broad Shoulders did the Peſt invade,
Then o'er the valiant Arms and Neck it ſpread,
Laſt ſunk, the Mind's imperial Seat, the Head.

So Snows diſſolv'd by Southern Breezes run,
So melts the Wax before the Noon-day Sun.
Nor ends the Wonder here; tho' Flames are known
To waſte the Fleſh, yet ſtill they ſpare the Bone:
Here none were left, no leaſt Remains were ſeen;
No marks to ſhew, that once the Man had been.
Of all the Plagues which curſe the *Lybian* Land,
(If Death and Miſchief may a Crown demand)
Serpent, the Palm is thine. Tho' others may
Boaſt of their Pow'r to force the Soul away,
Yet Soul and Body both become thy Prey.

A Fate of different kind *Naſidius* found,
A burning *Preſter* gave the deadly Wound;
And ſtraight a ſudden Flame began to ſpread,
And paint his Viſage with a glowing Red.
With ſwift Expanſion ſwells the bloated Skin,
Nought but an undiſtinguiſh'd Maſs is ſeen,
While the fair human Form lyes loſt within.

The puffy Poiſon ſpreads, and heaves around,
'Till all the Man is in the Monſter drown'd.
No more the ſteely Plate his Breaſt can ſtay,
But yields, and gives the burſting Poiſon way.
Not Waters ſo, when Fire the Rage ſupplies,
Bubbling on heaps, in boiling Cauldrons riſe.
Nor ſwells the ſtretching Canvaſs half to faſt,
When the Sails gather all the driving blaſt,
Strain the tough Yards, and bow the lofty Maſt.
The various Parts no longer now are known,
One headleſs formleſs heap remains alone;
The feather'd Kind avoid the fatal Feaſt,
And leave it deadly to ſome hungry Beaſt;
With horror ſeiz'd, his ſad Companions too,
In haſte from the unbury'd Carcaſs flew;
Look'd back, but fled again, for ſtill the Monſter grew.

But fertile *Lybia* ſtill new Plagues ſupplies,
And to more horrid Monſters turns their Eyes;
Deeply the fierce *Hæmorrhois* impreſt
Her fatal Teeth on *Tullus'* valiant Breaſt.
The noble Youth, with Virtue's Love inſpir'd,
Her, in her *Cato*, follow'd and admir'd;
Mov'd by his great Example, vow'd to ſhare
With him, each Chance of that diſaſtrous War.
And as when mighty *Rome*'s Spectators meet
In the full Theatre's capacious Seat,
At once by ſecret Pipes and Channels fed,
Rich Tinctures guſh from ev'ry Antique Head;
At once ten thouſand ſaffron Currents flow,
And rain their Odours on the Croud below;
So the warm Blood at once from ev'ry Part
Ran Purple Poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting Heart.

Blood

Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face
The ruddy Drops their tainted Paſſage trace:
Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a way,
There ſtreams of Blood, there crimſon Rivers ſtray;
His Mouth and guſhing Noſtrils pour a Flood,
And ev'n the Pores ooze out the trickling Blood;
In the red Deluge all the Parts lye drown'd,
And the whole Body ſeems one bleeding Wound.

Levus, a Colder *Aſpick* bit, and ſtrait
His Blood forgot to flow, his Heart to beat;
Thick Shades upon his Eye-lids ſeem'd to creep,
And lock him faſt in Everlaſting Sleep:
No ſenſe of Pain, no Torment did he know,
But ſunk in Slumbers to the Shades below.

Not ſwifter Deaths attend the noxious Juice,
Which dire *Sabæan Aconites* produce.

Well

Well may their crafty Prieſts divine, and well
The Fate, which they themſelves can cauſe, foretel.

Fierce from afar a darting *Javelin* ſhot,
(For ſuch, the Serpent's Name has *Africk* taught)
And thro' unhappy *Paulus'* Temples flew,
Nor Poiſon, but a Wound, the Soldier ſlew;
No flight ſo ſwift, ſo rapid none we know,
Stones from the ſounding Sling, compar'd, are ſlow,
And the Shaft loiters from the *Scythian* Bow.

A *Baſilisk* bold *Murrus* kill'd in vain,
And nail'd it dying to the Sandy Plain;
Along the Spear the ſliding Venom ran,
And ſudden, from the Weapon, ſeiz'd the Man:
His Hand firſt touch'd, e'er it his Arm invade,
Soon he divides it with his ſhining Blade:
The Serpent's force by ſad Example taught,
With his loſt Hand, his ranſom'd Life he bought.

Who that the Scorpion's Inſect Form ſurveys,
Wou'd think that ready Death his Call obeys?
Threat'ning, he rears his knotty Tail on high;
The vaſt *Orion* thus he doom'd to dy,
And fix'd him, his proud Trophy, in the Sky.

Or cou'd we the *Salpuga*'s Anger dread,
Or fear upon her little Cave to tread?
Yet ſhe the fatal Threads of Life commands,
And quickens oft the *Stygian* Siſter's hands.

Purſu'd by Dangers, thus they paſs'd away
The reſtleſs Night, and thus the chearleſs Day;
Ev'n Earth it ſelf they fear'd, the common Bed,
Where each lay down to reſt his weary Head:
There no kind Trees their leafy Couches ſtrow,
The Sands no Turf nor moſſy Beds beſtow;
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious Toil,
Expos'd they ſleep upon the fatal Soil.

With vital Heat they brood upon the Ground,
And breathe a kind attractive Vapour round.
While chill, with colder Night's ungentle Air,
To Man's warm Breaſt his ſnaky Foes repair,
And find, ungrateful Gueſts, a Shelter there.
Thence freſh Supplies of pois'nous Rage return,
And fiercely with recruited Deaths they burn.

Reſtore, thus ſadly oft the Soldier ſaid,
Reſtore *Emathia*'s Plains, from whence we fled;
This Grace, at leaſt, ye cruel Gods afford,
That we may fall beneath the hoſtile Sword.
The *Dipſa's* here in *Cæſar*'s Triumph ſhare,
And fell *Ceraſtæ* wage his Civil War.
Or let us haſte away, preſs farther on,
Urge our bold Paſſage to the Burning Zone,
And Die by thoſe Ætherial Flames alone.

Africk,

Africk, thy Deſarts we accuſe no more,
Nor blame, oh Nature, thy Creating Pow'r;
From Man thou wiſely didſt theſe Wilds divide,
And for thy Monſters here alone provide;
A Region waſte, and void of all beſide.
Thy prudent Care forbad the barren Field,
The yellow Harveſt's ripe Increaſe to yield;
Man and his Labours well thou didſt deny,
And bad'ſt him from the Land of Poiſons fly.
We, Impious we, the bold Irruption made;
We, this the Serpent's World did firſt invade;
Take then our Lives a Forfeit for the Crime,
Whoe'er thou art, that rul'ſt this curſed Clime;
What God ſoe'er, that lonely lov'ſt to Reign,
And do'ſt the Commerce of Mankind diſdain;
Who, to ſecure thy horrid Empire's Bound,
Haſt fix'd the *Syrts*, and Torrid Realms around;

Here

Here the wild Waves, there the Flames ſcorching Breath,
And fill'd the dreadful middle Space with Death.
Behold, to thy Retreats our Arms we bear,
And with *Rome's* civil Rage prophane thee Here;
Ev'n to thy inmoſt Seats we ſtrive to go,
And ſeek the Limits of the World to know.
Perhaps more dire Events attend us yet;
New Deaths, new Monſters, ſtill we go to meet.
Perhaps to thoſe far Seas our Journey bends,
Where to the Waves the burning Sun deſcends;
Where, ruſhing headlong down Heav'ns Azure Steep,
All red he plunges in the hiſſing Deep.
Low ſinks the Pole, declining from its Height,
And ſeems to yield beneath the rapid Weight.

Nor farther Lands from Fame her ſelf are known,
But *Mauritanian Juba*'s Realms alone.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, while, raſhly daring, on we paſs,
Fate may diſcover ſome more dreadful Place;
'Till, late repenting, we may wiſh in vain
To ſee theſe Serpents, and theſe Sands again.
One Joy at leaſt do theſe ſad Regions give,
Ev'n here we know 'tis poſſible to Live;
That, by the Native Plagues, we may perceive.
Nor ask we now for *Aſia*'s gentler Day,
Nor now for *Europæan* Suns we pray;
Thee, *Africk*, now, thy Abſence we deplore,
And ſadly think we ne'er ſhall ſee thee more:
Say, in what Part, what Climate art thou loſt?
Where have we left *Cyrene*'s happy Froſt?
Cold Skies we felt, and froſty Winter there,
While more than Summer Suns are raging here,
And break the Laws of the well-order'd Year.
Southward, beyond Earths Limits, are we paſs'd,
And *Rome*, at length, beneath our Feet is plac'd.

Grant

Grant us, ye Gods, one Pleaſure e'er we dye,
Add to our harder Fate this only Joy,
That *Cæſar* may purſue, and follow where we fly.

Impatient, thus the Soldier oft complains,
And ſeems, by telling, to relieve his Pains;
But moſt the Virtues of their matchleſs Chief
Inſpire new Strength, to bear with ev'ry Grief;
All Night, with careful Thoughts and watchful Eyes,
On the bare Sands expos'd, the Hero lyes;
In ev'ry Place alike, in ev'ry Hour,
Dares his ill Fortune, and defies her Pow'r.
Unweary'd ſtill, his common Care attends
On ev'ry Fate, and chears his dying Friends:
With ready haſte at each ſad Call he flies,
And more than Health, or Life it ſelf, ſupplies;
With Virtue's nobleſt Precepts arms their Souls,
And ev'n their Sorrows, like his own, controuls:

Where-

Where-e'er he comes, no ſigns of Grief are ſhown;
Grief, an unmanly Weakneſs, they diſown,
And ſcorn to ſigh, or breathe one parting Groan.
Still urging on his Pious Cares, he ſtrove
The ſenſe of outward Evils to remove,
And by his Preſence, taught 'em to diſdain
The feeble Rage and Impotence of Pain.

But now, ſo many Toils and Dangers paſt,
Fortune grew kind, and brought Relief at laſt;
Of all who ſcorching *Africk*'s Sun endure,
None like the ſwarthy *Pſyllians* are ſecure.
Skill'd in the Lore of pow'rful Herbs and Charms,
Them, nor the Serpent's Tooth, nor Poiſon harms:
Nor do they thus in Arts alone excell,
But Nature too their Blood has temper'd well,
And taught, with vital Force, the Venom to repell.

With healing Gifts and Privileges grac'd,
Well in the Land of Serpents were they plac'd;
Truce with the Dreadful Tyrant, Death, they have,
And border ſafely on his Realm, the Grave.
Such is their Confidence in true-born Blood,
That oft with Aſps they prove their doubtful Brood;
When wanton Wives their jealous Rage inflame,
The New-born Infant clears or damns the Dame:
If ſubject to the wrathful Serpent's Wound,
The Mother's Shame is by the Danger found;
But if unhurt, the fearleſs Infant laugh;
The Wife is honeſt, and the Husband ſafe.
So when *Jove*'s Bird on ſome tall Cedar's head,
Has a new Race of gen'rous Eaglets bred,
While yet unplum'd, within the Neſt they lye,
Wary ſhe turns them to the Eaſtern Sky:
Then if unequal to the God of Day,
Abaſh'd they ſhrink, and ſhun the Potent Ray,
She ſpurns 'em forth, and caſts 'em quite away.

But if with daring Eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withſtand the Light, and bear the Golden Blaze;
Tender ſhe broods 'em, with a Parent's Love,
The future Servants of her Maſter *Jove*.
Nor ſafe themſelves, Alone, the *Pſyllians* are,
But to their Gueſts extend their friendly Care.
Firſt, where the *Roman* Camp is mark'd, around
Circling they paſs; then Chanting, Charm the Ground,
And chace the Serpents with the Myſtick Sound.
Beyond the fartheſt Tents rich Fires they build,
That healthy Medicinal Odours yield;
There foreign *Galbanum* diſſolving fries,
And crackling Flames from humble *Wall-wort* riſe.
There *Tamariſk*, whom no green Leaf adorns,
And there the ſpicy *Syrian Coſtos* burns;
There *Centory* ſupplies the wholſom Flame,
That from *Theſſalian Chiron* takes its Name.

The Gummy *Larch-Tree*, and the *Thapſos* there,
Wound-wort and *Maiden-weed*, perfume the Air.
There the large Branches of the Long-liv'd Hart,
With *Southern-wood*, their Odours ſtrong impart.
The Monſters of the Land, the Serpents fell,
Fly far away, and ſhun the Hoſtile Smell.
Securely thus they paſs the Nights away;
And if they chance to meet a Wound by day,
The *Pſyllian* Artiſts ſtrait their Skill diſplay.
Then ſtrives the *Leach* the pow'r of Charms to ſhow,
And bravely combats with the deadly Foe;
With Spittle, firſt he marks the Part around,
And keeps the Poiſon Pris'ner in the Wound;
Then ſudden he begins the Magick Song,
And rolls the Numbers haſty o'er his Tongue.
Swift he runs on; nor pauſes once for Breath,
To ſtop the Progreſs of approaching Death:

He fears the Cure might ſuffer, by Delay,
And Life be loſt, but for a Moment's ſtay.
Thus oft, tho' deep within the Veins it lyes,
By Magick Numbers chac'd, the Miſchief flyes:
But if it hear too ſlow, if ſtill it ſtay,
And ſcorn the Potent Charmer to obey;
With forceful Lips he faſtens on the Wound,
Drains out, and ſpits the Venom to the Ground:
Thus by long Uſe and oft Experience taught,
He knows from whence his Hurt the Patient got;
He proves the Part thro' which the Poiſon paſt,
And knows each various Serpent, by the taſte.

The Warriors thus reliev'd, amidſt their Pains,
Held on their Paſſage thro' the Deſart Plains:
And now the ſilver Empreſs of the Night
Had loſt, and twice regain'd her borrow'd Light,

While *Cato*, wandring o'er the waſteful Field,
Patient in all his Labours, ſhe beheld;
At length condens'd in Clods the Sands appear,
And ſhew a better Soil and Country near:
Now from afar thin Tufts of Trees ariſe,
And ſcattering Cottages delight their Eyes.
But, when the Soldier once beheld again
The raging Lion ſhake his horrid Mane,
What hopes of better Lands his Soul poſſeſt!
What Joys he felt, to view the Dreadful Beaſt!
Leptis at laſt they reach'd, that neareſt lay,
There free from Storms, and the Sun's parching Ray,
At Eaſe they paſs'd the Wintry Year away.

When fated with the Joys which Slaughters yield,
Retiring *Cæſar* left *Emathia*'s Field;
His other Cares laid by, he ſought alone
To trace the Footſteps of his flying Son.

Led

Led by the Guidance of Reporting Fame,
Firſt to the *Thracian Helleſpont* he came.
Here Young *Leander* periſh'd in the Flood,
And here the Tow'r of mournful *Hero* ſtood:
Here, with a narrow Stream, the flowing Tide,
Europe, from wealthy *Aſia*, do's divide.
From hence the Curious Victor paſſing o'er,
Admiring ſought the fam'd *Sigæan* Shore.
There might he Tombs of *Græcian* Chiefs behold,
Renown'd in Sacred Verſe by Bards of Old.
There the long Ruins of the Walls appear'd,
Once by great *Neptune*, and *Apollo*, rear'd:
There ſtood Old *Troy*, a venerable Name;
For ever Conſecrate to Deathleſs Fame.
Now blaſted moſſy Trunks with Branches ſear,
Brambles and Weeds, a loathſom Foreſt rear;
Where once in Palaces of Regal State,
Old *Priam*, and the *Trojan* Princes, ſate.

Where Temples once, on lofty Columns born,
Majeſtick did the wealthy Town adorn,
All rude, all waſte and deſolate is lay'd,
And ev'n the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.
Here *Cæſar* did each Story'd Place ſurvey,
Here ſaw the Rock, where, *Neptune* to obey,
Heſione was bound the Monſter's Prey.
Here, in the Covert of a ſecret Grove,
The bleſt *Anchiſes* claſp'd the Queen of Love.
Here fair *Oenone* play'd, Here ſtood the Cave
Where *Paris* once the fatal Judgment gave;
Here lovely *Ganymede* to Heav'n was born;
Each Rock, and ev'ry Tree, recording Tales adorn.
Here all that does of *Xanthus'* Stream remain,
Creeps a ſmall Brook along the duſty Plain.
Whilſt careleſs and ſecurely on they paſs,
The *Phrygian* Guide forbids to preſs the Graſs;

This

This Place, he ſaid, for ever Sacred keep,
For here the Sacred Bones of *Hector* ſleep.
Then warns him to obſerve, where, rudely caſt,
Disjointed Stones lay broken and defac'd:
Here his laſt Fate, he crys, did *Priam* prove;
Here, on this Altar of *Hercean Jove.*

O Poeſy Divine! Oh ſacred Song!
To thee, Bright Fame, and length of Days belong;
Thou, Goddeſs! Thou Eternity can'ſt give,
And bid ſecure the Mortal Hero live.
Nor, *Cæſar*, thou diſdain, that I rehearſe
Thee, and thy Wars, in no Ignoble Verſe;
Since, if in ought the *Latian* Muſe excel,
My Name, and thine Immortal, I foretel;
Eternity our Labours ſhall reward,
And *Lucan* flouriſh, like the *Grecian* Bard;

My Numbers ſhall to lateſt Times convey
The Tyrant *Cæſar*, and *Pharſalia*'s Day.

When long the Chief his wondring Eyes had caſt,
On Antient Monuments of Ages paſt;
Of living Turf an Altar ſtrait he made,
Then on the Fire rich Gums and Incenſe laid,
And thus, ſucceſsful in his Vows, he pray'd.
Ye Shades Divine, who keep this ſacred Place,
And thou, *Æneas*, Author of my Race,
Ye Pow'rs, whoe'er from burning *Troy* did come,
Domeſtick Gods of *Alba*, and of *Rome*,
Who ſtill preſerve your ruin'd Country's Name,
And on your Altars guard the *Phrygian* Flame:
And thou, Bright Maid, who art to Men deny'd;
Pallas, who do'ſt thy Sacred Pledge confide
To *Rome*, and in her inmoſt Temple hide;

Hear,

Hear, and auſpicious to my Vows incline,
To me, the Greateſt of the *Julian* Line:
Proſper my future Ways; and lo! I vow
Your Ancient State and Honours to beſtow;
Auſonian Hands ſhall *Phrygian* Walls reſtore,
And *Rome* repay, what *Troy* conferr'd before.
He ſaid; and haſted to his Fleet away,
Swift to repair the Loſs of this Delay.
Up ſprung the Wind, and with a freſh'ning Gale,
The kind North-Weſt fill'd ev'ry ſwelling Sail;
Light o'er the foamy Waves the Navy flew,
'Till *Aſia*'s Shores and *Rhodes* no more they view.
Six times the Night her Sable Round had made,
The Seventh now paſſing on, the Chief ſurvey'd
High *Pharos* ſhining through the gloomy Shade;
The Coaſt deſcry'd, he waits the riſing Day,
Then ſafely to the Port directs his Way.

There wide with Crouds o'er-ſpread he ſees the Shoar,
And Eccoing, hears the loud tumultuous Roar.
Diſtruſtful of his Fate, he gives Command
To ſtand Aloof, nor truſt the Doubted Land;
When lo! a Meſſenger appears, to bring
A fatal Pledge of Peace from *Egypt*'s King:
Hid in a Veil, and cloſely cover'd o'er,
Pompey's pale Viſage in his Hand he bore.
An Impious Orator the Tyrant ſends,
Who thus, with fitting Words, the Monſtrous Gift commends.

Hail, Firſt and Greateſt of the *Roman* Name;
In Pow'r moſt Mighty, moſt Renown'd in Fame:
Hail, rightly now the World's unrival'd Lord;
That Benefit thy *Pharian* Friends afford.
My King beſtows the Prize thy Arms have fought,
For which *Pharſalia*'s Field, in vain, was fought.

No Task remains for future Labours now;
Thy Civil Wars are finiſh'd at a Blow.
To heal *Theſſalia*'s Ruins, *Pompey* fled
To us for Succour, and by us lyes Dead.
Thee, *Cæſar*, with this Coſtly Pledge we buy,
Thee to our Friendſhip, with this Victim tye.
Egypt's proud Scepter freely then receive,
Whate'er the fertile flowing *Nile* can give:
Accept the Treaſures which this Deed has ſpar'd;
Accept the Benefit, without Reward.
Deign, *Cæſar!* Deign to think my Royal Lord
Worthy the Aid of thy Victorious Sword.
In the firſt Rank of Greatneſs ſhall he ſtand;
He, who could *Pompey*'s Deſtiny command:
Nor frown diſdainful on the proffer'd Spoil,
Becauſe not dearly bought with Blood and Toil;
But think, oh think, what Sacred Ties were broke,
How Friendſhip pleaded, and how Nature ſpoke;

That

That *Pompey*, who reſtor'd *Aulete*'s Crown,
The Father's antient Gueſt, was murder'd by the Son.
Then judge thy ſelf, or ask the World and Fame,
If Services, like theſe, deſerve a Name.
If Gods and Men the daring Deed abhor;
Think, for that Reaſon, *Cæſar* owes the more;
This Blood *for thee*, tho' not *by thee*, was ſpilt;
Thou haſt the Benefit, and we the Guilt.

He ſaid, and ſtrait the horrid Gift unveil'd,
And ſtedfaſt to the gazing Victor held;
Chang'd was the Face, deform'd with Death all o'er,
Pale, ghaſtly, wan, and ſtain'd with clotted Gore,
Unlike the *Pompey*, *Cæſar* knew before;
He, nor at firſt diſdain'd the fatal Boon,
Nor ſtarted from the dreadful Sight too ſoon;
A while his Eyes the murd'rous Scene endure,
Doubting they view, but ſhun it, when ſecure.

At

At length he ſtood convinc'd; the Deed was done;
He ſaw 'twas ſafe to mourn his lifeleſs Son:
And ſtrait the ready Tears, that ſtay'd 'till now,
Swift at Command with Pious Semblance flow,
As if Deteſting, from the Sight he turns,
And groaning, with a Heart triumphant mourns.
He fears his Impious Thought ſhould be deſcry'd,
And ſeeks in Tears the ſwelling Joy to hide.
Thus the curſt *Pharian* Tyrant's Hopes were croſt,
Thus all the Merit of his Gift was loſt;
Thus for the Murder *Cæſar*'s Thanks were ſpar'd,
He choſe to mourn it, rather than Reward.
He who, relentleſs, thro' *Pharſalia* rode,
And on the Senate's mangled Fathers trode;
He who, without one pitying Sigh, beheld
The Blood and Slaughter of that woful Field;
Thee, murder'd *Pompey*, could not Ruthleſs ſee,
But pay'd the Tribute of his Grief to thee.

Oh

Oh Miſtery of Fortune, and of Fate!
Oh ill conſorted Piety and Hate!
And can'ſt thou, *Cæſar*, then thy Tears afford,
To the dire Object of thy vengeful Sword?
Didſt thou, for this, devote his Hoſtile Head,
Purſue him Living, to bewail him Dead?
Cou'd not the gentle Ties of Kindred move?
Wert thou not touch'd with thy ſad *Julia*'s Love?
And weep'ſt thou now? Doſt thou theſe Tears provide
To win the Friends of *Pompey* to thy Side?
Perhaps, with ſecret Rage thou do'ſt repine,
That he ſhould fall by any Hand but thine.
Thence fall thy Tears, that *Ptolomy* has done
A Murder, due to *Cæſar*'s hand alone.
What ſecret Springs ſoe'er theſe Currents know,
They ne'er by Piety were taught to flow.
Or didſt thou kindly, like a careful Friend,
Purſue him Flying, only to Defend?

Well

Well was his Fate deny'd to thy Command!
Well was he ſnatch'd by Fortune from thy Hand!
Fortune with-held this Glory from thy Name,
Forbad thy Pow'r to Save, and ſpar'd the *Roman*
Shame.

Still he goes on to vent his Griefs aloud;
And artful, thus, deceives the eaſie Crowd.

Hence from my Sight, nor let me ſee thee more;
Haſte, to thy King his fatal Gift reſtore.
At *Cæſar* have you aim'd the deadly Blow,
And wounded *Cæſar* worſe than *Pompey* Now;
The Cruel hands by which this Deed was done,
Have torn away the Wreaths my Sword had won;
That Nobleſt Prize this Civil War cou'd give,
The Victor's Right to bid the Vanquiſh'd live.

Then tell your King, his Gift ſhould be repay'd;
I would have ſent him *Cleopatra*'s Head;
But that he wiſhes to behold her Dead.
How has he dar'd, this *Egypt*'s petty Lord,
To join his Murders to the *Roman* Sword?
Did I, for this, in heat of War, diſtain
With Nobleſt Blood *Emathia*'s purple Plain,
To licence *Ptolomy*'s pernicious Reign?
Did I with *Pompey* ſcorn the World to ſhare?
And can I an *Egyptian* Partner bear?
In vain the warlike Trumpet's dreadful Sound
Has rouz'd to War the Univerſe around;
Vain was the Shock of Nations, if they own,
Now, any Pow'r on Earth but mine alone.
If hither to your Impious Shores I came,
'Twas to aſſert, at once, my Power and Fame;
Leſt the Pale Fury *Envy* ſhould have ſaid,
Your Crimes I damn'd not, or your Arms I fled:

Nor

Nor think to fawn before me, and deceive;
I know the Welcome you prepare to give.
Theſſalia's Field preſerves me from your Hate,
And guards the Victor's Head from *Pompey*'s Fate.
What Ruin, Gods! attended on my Arms,
What Dangers unforeſeen! What waiting Harms!
Pompey, and *Rome*, and Exile, were my Fear;
See yet a Fourth, ſee *Ptolomy* appear;
The Boy-King's Vengeance loiters in the Rear:
But we forgive his Youth, and bid him know
Pardon and Life's the moſt we can beſtow:
For you, the meaner Herd with Rites divine,
And pious Cares, the Warrior's Head inſhrine:
Atone with Penitence the injur'd Shade,
And let his Aſhes in their Urn be laid;
Pleas'd, let his Ghoſt lamenting *Cæſar* know,
And feel my Preſence here, ev'n in the Realms below.

Oh, what a Day of Joy was loſt to *Rome*,
When hapleſs *Pompey* did to *Egypt* come!
When, to a Father and a Friend unjuſt,
He rather choſe the *Pharian* Boy to truſt:
The wretched World that Loſs of Peace ſhall rue,
Of Peace, which from our Friendſhip might enſue:
But thus the Gods their hard Decrees have made;
In vain, for Peace, and for Repoſe I pray'd;
In vain implor'd, that Wars and Rage might end,
That, Suppliant-like, I might to *Pompey* bend,
Beg him to Live, and once more be my Friend.
Then had my Labours met their juſt Reward,
And, *Pompey*, thou in all my Glories ſhar'd;
Ther, Jars and Enmities all paſt and gone,
In Pleaſure had the peaceful Years roll'd on;
All ſhould forgive, to make the Joy compleat;
Thou ſhou'dſt thy harder Fate, and *Rome* my Wars forget.

Faſt falling ſtill the Tears, thus ſpoke the Chief,
But found no Partner in the ſpecious Grief.
Oh! Glorious Liberty! when all ſhall dare
A Face, unlike their mighty Lord, to wear!
Each in his Breaſt the riſing Sorrow kept,
And thought it ſafe to laugh, tho' *Cæſar* wept.

PARAPHRASE
UPON
PSALM CIV.

By Mr. *J. TRAPP.*

BEgin, my Lyre, the great Creator's Praiſe,
Who, crown'd with Glory and Immortal Rays,
Majeſtick ſhines; unutterably bright,
With dazling Robes of uncreated Light:
Who ſpacious Sheets of *Æther* ſpreads on high,
And, like a Curtain ſmooth'd, unfolds the Sky.
Vapours condens'd, and fleecy Miſts, ſupport
The ample Floor of his Aëreal Court:
Who, born in Triumph o'er the Heav'nly Plains,
Rides on the Clouds, and holds a Storm in Reins;

Flyes

Flyes on the Wings of the Sonorous Wind, [behind.
While Light'ning glares before, and Thunder roars
That no incumbring Fleſh may clog the Flight
Of his fleet Meſſengers, or quell their Might,
Them pure unbody'd Eſſences He frames,
Swift of Diſpatch, more active than the Flames.
He fix'd the ſteady Baſis of the Earth,
And with a fruitful Word gave Nature Birth.
Then circling Waters o'er the Globe He ſpread,
And the dull Maſs with pregnant Moiſture fed:
Above the Rocks th' aſpiring Surges ſwell'd,
And Floods the talleſt Mountain-Tops conceal'd.
But when th' Almighty's Voice rebuk'd the Tide,
And in loud Thunder bid the Waves ſubſide;
The ebbing Deluge did its Troops recall,
Drew off its Forces, and diſclos'd the Ball.
They at th' Eternal's Signal march'd away,
To fill th' unfathom'd Channel of the Sea;

Where, roaring, they in endleſs Wars engage,
And beat againſt thoſe Shores that bound their Rage.

Hence ſtraggling Waters unperceiv'd got looſe,
And genial Moiſture thro' the Globe diffuſe;
Purling thro' porous Earth, where Way there lyes,
They run, and on high Hills in Fountains riſe:
Or bubling out in Springs, they gently ſlide
Down by the craggy Mountain's ſloping ſide,
And o'er the verdant Turf along the Valleys glide.
'Till tir'd with various Errors, back they come
To their appointed univerſal Home;
Which God has deſtin'd for the Muſtring-place
And gen'ral Rendezvous of all the watry Race.

For tho' th' Almighty checks the Ocean's Pride,
And in due Bounds confines the raging Tide;
That it may ne'er again with Licence roll
O'er all the Univerſe, and drown the Ball;

Yet nought reſtrains its kinder Influence,
Nor ſtops thoſe Bleſſings which its Streams diſpenſe.
By ſubterraneous Sluices He conveys
The Rivers out, which, in an endleſs Maze,
Thro' Oozy Channels draw a winding Train,
To roll back large Additions to the Main;
Or branching into Brooks, and murm'ring Rills,
Creep thro' the Vales, and ſhine between the Hills.
Whither the Savage Beaſts which roam abroad,
Owning no Maſter, and no fix'd Abode;
And thoſe which under galling Harneſs bow,
Inur'd to Pains, and patient of the Plough;
Repair, when ſcorch'd with Summer's ſcalding Beams,
To ſlake their Thirſt, and drink the cooling Streams.
Near which the Poplar, and green Willows grow,
Adorn the Banks, and ſhade the Brooks below.
Perch'd on their Boughs, the Birds their Voices raiſe,
And in ſoft Muſick ſing their Maker's Praiſe.

Who

Who from his airy Chambers Rain diſtills,
And with new Verdure cloaths th' unſightly Hills:
The thirſty Glebe, refreſh'd with ſoft'ning Drops,
Rewards the painful Hind with plenteous Crops.
The teeming Earth luxuriant Herbage breeds,
And Flocks and Herds with graſſy Fodder feeds.
At his Command, the Spring, for Human Uſe,
The Birth of Herbs and healing Plants renews.
Then rip'ning Fruits, and waving Ears of Corn,
In Summer's Heat the fertile Fields adorn.
Succeeding Autumn, from the cluſtring Vine
Gives luſcious Juice, and glads the World with Wine:
Which with its brisk reviving Flavour cheers
The drooping Spirit, and diſpels its Cares.
Then the fat Olive, in a richer Soil,
Yields the Year's Product, and reſigns its Oil;
Which adds a Luſtre, and a ſmoother Grace,
To wrinkled Skin, and ſleeks the ſhining Face.

With circulating Sap the Trees are fed;
Refreſh'd with which, the Cedar rears its Head,
And lofty Firs their thriving Branches ſpread:
Which, moiſten'd with invigorating Juice,
A fragrant Scent thro' *Lebanon* diffuſe.
Theſe to the Birds convenient Manſions yield,
Which in th' intangling Boughs their tow'ring [build. Houſes
The ſtately Stork here plants her Neſt on high,
Diſdains the lower Air, and ſeeks the Sky.
The ſhaggy Goats a hilly Refuge love,
Clamber the Cliffs, and o'er bleak Mountains rove.
O'er ſtony Rocks the ſportive Conies play,
And on the ragged Flints their tender Offspring lay.

Appointed by his Providential Care,
The changing Moon divides the circling Year;
Diſtinguiſhes the Seaſons, rules the Night,
And fills her dusky Orb with borrow'd Light.

The Sun with Glory, fearleſs of Decay,
Rolls regular, and gives alternate Day.
By turns He, entring, gilds the roſie Eaſt;
By turns, with ſetting Rays, He paints the Weſt:
Then gloomy Night involves the Hemiſphere,
And ſpreads dark Horrors o'er the dewy Air.
Then the wild Tenants of the deſart Woods
Begin to move, and quit their warm Abodes:
For Prey the yawning Bears forſake their Holds,
And prouling Wolves explore th' unguarded Folds,
With raging Hunger pinch'd, the Lions roar,
Expand their Jaws, and range the Foreſt o'er:
Dreadfully ſuppliant, for their Meat they pray
To Heav'n, and Savage Adoration pay.
But ſoon as Streaks of Light the Eaſt adorn,
And flying Miſts confeſs the dawning Morn;
Back to their Dens the rav'nous Hunters ſpeed
With their raw Booty, and at Leiſure feed.

But when the Lion to his Reſt repairs,
Laborious Mortals wake, and riſe from theirs;
To Care and Buſ'neſs they themſelves addreſs,
Begin with Morning, and with Ev'ning ceaſe.

How various, Lord, are all thy Works, which raiſe
Our Admiration, and tranſcend our Praiſe!
Wiſely the World's great Fabrick was deſign'd,
And boundleſs Wiſdom ev'ry Atom join'd.
With thy rich Bounty fill'd, the Earth appears,
Which Food, and Phyſick, on its Surface bears;
And in its Bowels hides a wealthier Store;
Bright Veins of Gold, and Cakes of ſilver Ore.

Profuſe of Bleſſings, with a laviſh Hand,
Thou pour'ſt thy Gifts on Sea, as well as Land.
The vaſt unmeaſur'd Kingdoms of the Main,
Copious Materials for thy Praiſe contain.

There

There ſcaly Monſters of enormous Size
Flounce in the Waves, and daſh with Foam the Skies.
While Shoals innumerable, and the Fry
Of ſmaller Fiſh, glide unregarded by.
Others, enchas'd in ſhelly Armour, creep
Upon the Rocks, or ſeek the ſlimy Deep.
Here big with War, or Traffick, Veſſels ride,
Driv'n by the Winds, and bound along the Tide.
There huge *Leviathan*, of cumb'rous Form,
Embroils the Sea in Sport, and breaths a Storm:
He ſucks the briny Ocean at his Gills,
And his vaſt Maw with finny Nations fills;
Then laves the Clouds with ſalt, aſcending Rain,
And with his ſpouting Trunk refunds the Main.

Theſe all dependent on his Bounty live,
And from his Providence their Meat receive.

His open'd Hand profuſely ſcatters Food,
Which pleas'd they gather, and are fill'd with Good.
But when his Hand is ſhut, the Creatures mourn,
'Till his withdrawn Beneficence return.
When his Command puts out their Vital Flame,
They moulder to the Duſt, from whence they came;
Then to repair the Loſs ſuſtain'd by Death,
He gives new Life, with his inſpiring Breath,
To Forms, which from the vaſt Material Maſs
Are ſtill wrought off, and ſo renews the Race.
Thus a ſucceſſive Offspring He ſupplies,
And th' undecaying Species never dies.

No Bounds th' Eternal's Glory can reſtrain,
Nor Time's Dimenſions terminate his Reign.
From his bright Regions of celeſtial Day,
He with Complacence ſhall his Works ſurvey.

At his Reproof convulſive Nature ſhakes,
And ſhuddring Earth from its Foundation quakes:
His awful Touch the quiv'ring Mountains rends,
And curling Smoke in ſpiry Clouds aſcends.
For me, while unextinguiſh'd Life maintains
Heat in my Blood, and Pulſes in my Veins,
His wond'rous Works ſhall animate my Song,
Exalt my Thoughts, and dwell upon my Tongue.
While on Rebellious Foes his Vengeance hurl'd,
Confounds their Pride, and ſweeps them from the [World;
His Glory ſhall my raviſh'd Soul inſpire,
And to the gay Creation tune my Lyre;
That imitates, in various-ſounding Lays,
Th' harmonious Diſcord which it ſtrives to praiſe.

JANUARY and *MAY*;

OR, THE

Merchant's Tale:

FROM

CHAUCER.

By Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE.*

THERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as Authors write,
In Days of old, a wise and worthy Knight;
Of gentle Manners, as of gen'rous Race,
Blest with much Sense, more Riches, and some Grace.
Yet led astray by *Venus* soft Delights,
He cou'd not rule his Carnal Appetites;
For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
Weak, sinful Laymen were but Flesh and Blood.

But in due Time, when Sixty Years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead that Vicious Life no more.
Whether pure Holineſs inſpir'd his Mind,
Or Dotage turn'd his Brain, is hard to find;
But his high Courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the Pleaſures of a lawful Bed.
This was his nightly Dream, his daily Care,
And to the Heav'nly Pow'rs his conſtant Pray'r,
Once, e'er he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful Life
Of a kind Husband, and a loving Wife.

Theſe Thoughts he fortify'd with Reaſons ſtill,
(For none want Reaſons to confirm their Will)
Grave Authors ſay, and witty Poets ſing,
That honeſt Wedlock is a glorious Thing:
But Depth of Judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer Years.

Then

Then let him chuſe a Damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his Age, and bring a worthy Heir;
To ſooth his Cares, and free from Noiſe and Strife
Conduct him gently to the Verge of Life.
Let ſinful Batchelors their Woes deplore;
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by Precepts, Human or Divine,
Like Birds and Beaſts, promiſcuouſly they join:
Nor know to make the preſent Bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future, or eſteem the paſt;
But vainly boaſt the Joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the Secrets they wou'd hide.
The marry'd Man may bear his Yoke with Eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and Heav'n to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive Hours away,
In Bliſs all Night, and Innocence all Day:
Tho' Fortune change, his conſtant Spouſe remains,
Augments his Joys, or mitigates his Pains.

But what ſo pure, which envious Tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair:
With matchleſs Impudence they ſtile a Wife
The dear-bought Curſe and lawful Plague of Life:
A Boſome Serpent, a Domeſtick Evil,
A Night-Invaſion, and a Mid-day Devil.
Let not the Wife theſe ſlandrous Words regard,
But curſe the Bones of ev'ry lying Bard.

All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n,
A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n:
Vain Fortune's Favours, never at a Stay,
Like flitting Shadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid Comfort, our Eternal Wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our Life:
This Bleſſing laſts, (if thoſe who try, ſay true)
As long as Heart can wiſh —— and longer too.

Our

Our Grandſire *Adam*, e'er of *Eve* poſſeſt,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe, unbleſt,
With mournful Looks the bliſsful Scenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary Shade:
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt Reſerve of God.

A Wife! ah gentle Deities, can he
That has a Wife, e'er feel Adverſity?
Wou'd Men but follow what the Sex adviſe,
All things wou'd proſper, all the World grow wiſe.
'Twas by *Rebecca*'s Aid that *Jacob* won
His Father's Bleſſing from an Elder Son:
Abuſive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit Life
To the wiſe Conduct of a prudent Wife:
Heroick *Judeth*, as the Scriptures ſhow,
Preſerv'd the *Jews*, and ſlew th' *Aſſyrian* Foe:

At *Heſter's* Suit, the Perſecuting Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Iſrael* liv'd to bleſs the Lord.

Theſe weighty Motives *January* the Sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper Age;
And charm'd with virtuous Joys, and ſober Life,
Wou'd try that Chriſtian Comfort, call'd a Wife:
His Friends were ſummon'd, on a Point ſo nice,
To paſs their Judgment, and to give Advice;
But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he,
(As Men that ask Advice are wont to be.)

My Friends, he cry'd, (and caſt a mournful Look
Around the Room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke:)
Beneath the Weight of threeſcore Years I bend,
And worn with Cares, am haſtning to my End;
How I have liv'd, alas you know too well,
In worldly Follies, which I bluſh to tell;

But

But gracious Heav'n has op'd my Eyes at laſt,
With due Regret I view my Vices paſt,
And as the Precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a Wife, and live in Holy Eaſe.
But ſince by Counſel all things ſhou'd be done,
And many Heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my Deſire's approv'd by your Conſent.

One Caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your Choice; This Wife muſt not be old:
There goes a Saying, and 'twas wiſely ſaid,
Old Fiſh at Table, but young Fleſh in Bed.
My Soul abhors the taſtleſs, dry Embrace,
Of a ſtale Virgin with a Winter Face;
In that cold Seaſon Love but treats his Gueſt
With Beanſtraw, and tough Forage, at the beſt.

No crafty Widows ſhall approach my Bed,
Thoſe are too wiſe for Batchelors to wed;
As ſubtle Clerks by many Schools are made,
Twice-marry'd Dames are Miſtreſſes o' th' Trade:
But young and tender Virgins, rul'd with Eaſe,
We form like Wax, and mold them as we pleaſe.

Conceive me Sirs, nor take my Senſe amiſs,
'Tis what concerns my Soul's Eternal Bliſs;
Since if I found no Pleaſure in my Spouſe,
As Fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhou'd I live in lewd Adultery,
And ſink downright to *Satan* when I die.
Or were I curſt with an unfruitful Bed,
The righteous End were loſt for which I wed,
To raiſe up Seed t' adore the Pow'rs above,
And not for Pleaſure only, or for Love.

Think

Think not I dote; 'tis Time to take a Wife,
When vig'rous Blood forbids a chaſter Life:
Thoſe that are bleſt with Store of Grace Divine
May live like Saints, by Heav'ns Conſent, and mine.

And ſince I ſpeak of Wedlock, let me ſay,
As, thank my Stars, in modeſt Truth I may,
My Limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at Heart,
And a new Vigour ſprings in ev'ry Part.
Think not my Virtue loſt, tho' Time has ſhed
Theſe rev'rend Honours on my Hoary Head;
Thus Trees are crown'd with Bloſſoms white as Snow,
The Vital Sap then riſing from below:
Old as I am, my luſty Limbs appear
Like Winter Greens, that flouriſh all the Year.
Now Sirs you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry Friend with Freedom ſpeak his Mind.

He

He ſaid; the reſt in diff'rent Parts divide,
The knotty Point was urg'd on ev'ry Side;
Marriage, the Theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with Wit, and ſome with Reaſon blam'd.
'Till, what with Proofs, Objections, and Replies,
Each wond'rous poſitive, and wondrous wiſe;
There fell betwixt his Brothers a Debate,
Placebo This was call'd, and *Juſtin* That.

Firſt to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun,
(Mild were his Looks, and pleaſing was his Tone)
Such Prudence, Sir, in all your Words appears,
As plainly proves, Experience dwells with Years:
Yet you purſue ſage *Solomon*'s Advice,
To work by Counſel when Affairs are nice:

But,

But, with the Wiſeman's Leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my Soul arrive at Eaſe and Reſt,
As ſtill I hold your own Advice the beſt.

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my Days,
And ſtudy'd Men, their Manners, and their Ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful Maxim ſtill,
To let my Betters always have their Will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that Black was White,
My Word was this; *Your Honour's in the right.*
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe
As his miſtaken Patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous Thought;
A Noble Fool was never in a Fault.
This Sir affects not you, whoſe ev'ry Word
Is weigh'd with Judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your Will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhou'd be ſo to Man;

At

At leaſt, your Courage all the World muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining Days.
Indulge the Vigour of your mounting Blood,
And let grey Fools be Indolently good;
Who paſt all Pleaſure, damn the Joys of Senſe,
With rev'rend Dulneſs, and grave Impotence.

Juſtin, who ſilent ſate, and heard the Man,
Thus, with a Philoſophick Frown, began.

A Heathen Author, of the firſt Degree,
(Who, tho' not *Faith*, had *Senſe* as well as We)
Bid us be certain our Concerns to truſt
To thoſe of gen'rous Principles, and juſt.
The Venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your Perſon than your Goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your Reſt,
Firſt learn your Lady's Qualities at leaſt:

Whe-

Whether ſhe's chaſt or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a Saint, or haughty as the Devil;
Whether an eaſie, fond, inſipid *Fool*,
Or ſuch a *Wit* as no Man e'er can rule?
'Tis true, Perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this World, much leſs in Womankind;
But if her Virtues prove the larger Share,
Bleſs the kind Fates, and think your Fortune rare.
Ah gentle Sir, take Warning of a Friend,
Who knows too well the State you thus commend;
And, ſpight of all its Praiſes, muſt declare,
All he can find is Bondage, Coſt, and Care.
Heav'n knows, I ſhed full many a private Tear,
And ſigh in Silence, leſt the World ſhou'd hear:
While all my Friends applaud my bliſsful Life,
And ſwear no Mortal's happier in a Wife;
Demure and chaſt as any Veſtal Nun,
The meekeſt Creature that beholds the Sun!

But,

But, by th' Immortal Pow'rs, I feel the Pain,
And he that ſmarts has Reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for Wiſdom is in Age:
But, at theſe Years, to venture on the Fair!
By him, who made the Ocean, Earth, and Air,
To pleaſe a Wife when her Occaſions call,
Wou'd buſie the moſt Vig'rous of us all.
And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will ask Obſervance, and exact her Dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious Sermon here is at an End.

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Moſt worthy Kinſman, faith, you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are Fools; and muſt reſign the Cauſe
To heathniſh Authors, Proverbs, and old Saws.

He ſpoke; and turn'd, with Scorn, another way—
What does my Friend, my dear *Placebo* ſay?

I ſay, quoth he, by Heav'n the Man's to blame,
Who ventures Sacred Marriage to defame.
At this, the Council broke without Delay;
Each, in his own Opinion, went his Way;
With full Conſent, that all Diſputes appeas'd,
The Knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but *January* exults with Joy?
The Charms of Wedlock all his Soul imploy:
Each Nymph by turns his wav'ring Mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd Tyrant of his Breaſt;
While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively Part,
And each bright Image wander'd in his Heart.
Thus, in ſome publick *Forum* fix'd on high,
A Mirrour ſhows the Figures moving by;

Still

Still one by one, in ſwift Succeſſion, paſs
The gliding Shadows o'er the poliſh'd Glaſs.
This Lady's Charms the Niceſt cou'd not blame,
But vile Suſpicions had aſpers'd her Fame;
That was with Senſe, but not with Virtue bleſt;
And one had Grace, yet wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what Nymph he ſhou'd obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful *May*.
Her Faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry Charm revolv'd within his Mind:
Her tender Age, her Form divinely Fair,
Her eaſie Motion, her attractive Air,
Her ſweet Behaviour, her enchanting Face,
Her moving Softneſs, and majeſtick Grace.

Much in his Prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no Mortal cou'd diſpute this Choice:

Once

Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry Friend,
And told them all, their Pains were at an End.
Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a Conſort worthy of my Bed;
Let none oppoſe th' Election, ſince on this
Depends my Quiet, and my future Bliſs.

A Dame there is, the Darling of my Eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent and wiſe;
Chaſte tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
Of honeſt Parents, and may ſerve my Turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n ſo pleaſe;
To paſs my Age in Sanctity and Eaſe:
And thank the Pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely Prize, and ſhare my Bliſs with none!
If you, my Friends, this Virgin can procure,
My Joys are full, my Happineſs is ſure.

One only Doubt remains; Full oft I've heard
By Caſuiſts grave, and deep Divines averr'd;
That 'tis too much for Human Race to know
The Bliſs of Heav'n above, and Earth below.
Now ſhou'd the Nuptial Pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the Bleſſings of the future State,
Thoſe endleſs Joys were ill exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this Doubt, and ſet my Mind at eaſe.

This *Juſtin* heard, nor cou'd his Spleen controul,
Touch'd to the Quick, and tickl'd at the Soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your Doubt whene'er you wed,
And to my fervent Pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That e'er the Rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heav'n no doubt the nuptial State approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.

Then

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to Deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the Fair,
One, that may do your Buſineſs to a Hair;
Not ev'n in Wiſh, your Happineſs delay,
But prove the Scourge to laſh you on your Way:
Then to the Skies your mounting Soul ſhall go,
Swift as an Arrow ſoaring from the Bow!
Provided ſtill, you moderate your Joy,
Nor in your Pleaſures all your Might imploy,
Let Reaſon's Rule your ſtrong Deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle Mate.
Old Wives there are, of Judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe Queſtions beyond all Diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better Chear;
Marry, do Penance, and diſmiſs your Fear.

So ſaid they roſe, nor more the Work delay'd;
The Match was offer'd, the Propoſals made:

The Parents, you may think, wou'd ſoon comply;
The Old have Int'reſt ever in their Eye:
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's Mind;
When Fortune favours ſtill the Fair are kind.

I paſs each previous Settlement and Deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint Impertinence diſplay
The Pomp, the Pageantry, the proud Array.
The Time approach'd, to Church the Parties went,
At once with carnal and devout Intent:
Forth came the Prieſt, and bade th' obedient Wife
Like *Sarah* and *Rebecca* lead her Life:
Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful Bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with Holineſs.

And now the Palace Gates are open'd wide,
The Gueſts appear in Order, Side by Side,
And, plac'd in State, the Bridegroom and the Bride.

Expenſive Dainties load the plenteous Boards,
The beſt Luxurious *Italy* affords:
The breathing Flute's ſoft Notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill Trumpets mix their Silver Sound;
The vaulted Roofs with ecchoing Muſick ring,
Theſe touch the vocal Stops, and thoſe the trembling
Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling Lyre, [String.
Nor *Joab* the ſounding Clarion cou'd inſpire,
Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whoſe ſprightly Strain
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to Rage, and fire the Martial Train.

Bacchus himſelf, the Nuptial Feaſt to grace,
(So Poets ſing) was preſent on the Place;
And lovely *Venus*, Goddeſs of Delight,
Shook high her flaming Torch, in open Sight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on ev'ry Knight:
Pleas'd her beſt Servant wou'd his Courage try,
No leſs in Wedlock than in Liberty.

Full many an Age old *Hymen* had not ſpy'd
So kind a Bridegroom, or ſo bright a Bride.
Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful Throng
For gentle Lays, and joyous Nuptial Song;
Think not your ſofteſt Numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs Glories of this bliſsful Day;
The Joys are ſuch as far tranſcend your Rage,
When tender Youth has wedded ſtooping Age.

The beauteous Dame ſate ſmiling at the Board,
And darted am'rous Glances at her Lord;
Not *Heſter*'s ſelf, whoſe Charms the *Hebrews* ſing,
E're look'd ſo lovely on her *Perſian* King:
Bright as the riſing Sun, in Summer's Day,
And freſh and blooming as the Month of *May*!
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his Side,
Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* Bride:

Still

Still as his Mind revolv'd with vaſt Delight
Th' entrancing Raptures of th' approaching Night;
Reſtleſs he ſate, invoking ev'ry Pow'r
To ſpeed his Bliſs, and haſte the happy Hour.
Mean time the vig'rous Dancers beat the Ground,
And Songs were ſung, and Healths went nimbly round;
With od'rous Spices they perfum'd the Place,
And Mirth and Pleaſure ſhone in ev'ry Face.

Damian alone, of all the Menial Train,
Sad in the midſt of Triumphs, ſigh'd for Pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious Squire,
Conſum'd at Heart, and fed a ſecret Fire.
His lovely Miſtreſs all his Soul poſſeſt,
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and cou'd find no Reſt;
His Task perform'd, he ſadly went his Way,
Fell on his Bed, and loath'd the Light of Day.

There let him lye, 'till the relenting Dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal Flame.

The weary Sun, as Learned Poets write,
Forſook th' *Horizon*, and roll'd down the Light;
While glitt'ring Stars his abſent Beams ſupply,
And Night's dark Mantle overſpread the Sky.
Then roſe the Gueſts; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his Thanks, and decently retir'd.

The Foe once gone, our Knight wou'd ſtrait [undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' Aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot *Eringo's* ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the boiling Blood,
Whoſe Uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious Rhymes,
And Criticks learn'd explain to Modern Times.

By

By this the Sheets were ſpread, the Bride undreſt,
The Room was ſprinkled, and the Bed was bleſt.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd 'till the dawning Day,
Then briskly ſprung from Bed, with Heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by Night;
And ſupt his Cordial as he ſate upright:
He kiſs'd his balmy Spouſe, with wanton Play,
And feebly ſung a luſty Roundelay:
Then on the Couch his weary Limbs he caſt;
For ev'ry Labour muſt have Reſt at laſt.

But anxious Cares the penſive Squire oppreſt,
Sleep fled his Eyes, and Peace forſook his Breaſt;
The raging Flames that in his Boſome dwell,
He wanted Art to hide. and Means to tell.

Yet

Yet hoping Time th' Occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a Sonnet to the lovely *May*;
Which writ and folded, with the niceſt Art,
He wrapt in Silk, and laid upon his Heart.

When now the fourth revolving Day was run,
('Twas *June*, and *Cancer* had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her Chamber came the beauteous Bride,
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her Side.
High Maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the Hall;
The Servants round ſtood ready at their Call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the Board,
And much his Sickneſs griev'd his worthy Lord,
Who pray'd his Spouſe, attended by her Train,
To viſit *Damian*, and divert his Pain.
Th' obliging Dames obey'd with one Conſent;
They left the Hall, and to his Lodging went;

The Female Tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſate the gentle *May*:
Where, as ſhe try'd his Pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A ſpeaking Sigh, and caſt a mournful View;
Then gave his Bill, and brib'd the Pow'rs Divine
With ſecret Vows, to favour his Deſign.

Who ſtudies now but diſcontented *May*?
On her ſoft Couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh Husband ſnor'd away the Night,
Till Coughs awak'd him near the Morning Light.
What then he did, I not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought her ſelf in Heav'n or Hell.
Honeſt and dull, in Nuptial Bed they lay,
Till the Bell toll'd, and All aroſe to Pray.

Were it by forceful Deſtiny decreed,
Or did from Chance, or Nature's Pow'r proceed,

Or

Or that ſome Star, with Aſpect kind to Love,
Shed its ſelecteſt Influence from above;
Whatever was the Cauſe, the tender Dame
Felt the firſt Motions of an infant Flame;
She took th' Impreſſions of the Love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft, infectious Fire.

Ye Fair draw near, let *May*'s Example move
Your gentle Minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce Tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor Adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But ſhe, your Sexes Mirrour, free from Pride,
Was much too meek to prove a Homicide.

But to my Tale: Some Sages have defin'd
Pleaſure the Sov'reign Bliſs of Humankind:
Our Knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd this high Philoſophy from Thoſe;

For,

For, like a Prince, he bore the vaſt Expence
Of laviſh Pomp, and proud Magnificence:
His Houſe was ſtately, his Retinue gay,
Large was his Train, and gorgeous his Array.
His ſpacious Garden, made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with Walls of ſolid Stone;
Priapus cou'd not half deſcribe the Grace
(Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming Place:
A Place to tire the rambling Wits of *France*
In long Deſcriptions, and exceed *Romance*;
Enough to ſhame the boldeſt Bard that ſings
Of painted Meadows, and of purling Springs.

Full in the Center of this Spot of Ground,
A Cryſtal Fountain ſpread its Streams around,
Its fruitful Banks with verdant Lawrels crown'd:
About this Spring (if ancient Fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their Moonlight Sports purſue;

Their

Their Pigmy King, and little Fairy Queen,
In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,
While tuneful Sprights a merry Conſort made,
And Airy Muſick warbled thro' the Shade.

Hither the Noble Lord wou'd oft repair
(His Scene of Pleaſure, and peculiar Care)
For this, he kept it lock'd, and always bore
The Silver Key that op'd the Garden Door.
To this ſweet Place, in Summer's ſultry Heat,
He us'd from Noiſe and Buſineſs to retreat;
And here in Dalliance ſpend the livelong Day,
Solus cum Sola, with his ſprightly *May*.
For whate'er Work was undiſcharg'd a-bed,
In this fair Garden he perform'd and ſped.

Thus many a Day, with Eaſe and Plenty bleſt,
Our gen'rous Knight his gentle Dame poſſeſt:

But

But ah! what Mortal lives of Bliſs ſecure,
How ſhort a Space our Worldly Joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous Kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the Wind!
O painted Monſter form'd Mankind to cheat
With pleaſing Poiſon, and with ſoft Deceit!
This aged *January*, this worthy Knight,
Amidſt his Eaſe, Enjoyment and Delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his Days to Grief,
And calls on Death, the Wretches laſt Relief.

The Rage of Jealouſie then ſeiz'd his Mind,
For much he fear'd the Faith of Womankind.
His Wife, not ſuffer'd from his Side to ſtray,
Was Captive kept; he watch'd her Night and Day,
Abridg'd her Pleaſures, and confin'd her Sway.
Full oft in Tears did hapleſs *May* complain,
And ſigh'd for Woe, but ſigh'd and wept in vain;

She

She look'd on *Damian* with a Lover's Eye,
For oh, 'twas fix'd, ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs Impatience vex'd her Am'rous Squire,
Wild with Delay, and burning with Deſire.
Watch'd as ſhe was, yet cou'd not He refrain
By ſecret Writing to diſcloſe his Pain,
The Dame by Signs reveal'd her kind Intent,
'Till both were conſcious what each other meant.

Ah gentle Knight, what wou'd thy Eyes avail,
Tho' they cou'd ſee as far as Ships can ſail?
'Tis better ſure, when Blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a Man can ſee!

Argus himſelf, ſo cautious and ſo wiſe,
Was overwatch'd, for all his hundred Eyes:
So many an honeſt Husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wiſely, never thinks the Caſe his own.

The

The Dame at laſt, by Diligence and Care,
Procur'd the Key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the Wards in Wax before the Fire,
And gave th' Impreſſion to the truſty Squire.
By means of this, ſome Wonder ſhall appear,
Which in due Place and Seaſon, you may hear.

Well ſung ſweet *Ovid*, in the Days of yore,
What Sleight is that, which Love will not explore?
And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly ſhow
The Feats, true Lovers when they liſt, can do:
Tho' watch'd, and captive, yet in ſpight of all,
They found the Art of Kiſſing thro' a Wall.

But now no longer from our Tale to ſtray;
It happ'd, that once upon a Summer's Day,
Our noble Knight was urg'd to Am'rous Play:

He rais'd his Spouſe e'er Matin Bell was rung,
And thus his Morning Canticle he ſung.

Awake my Love, diſcloſe thy radiant Eyes;
Ariſe my Wife, my beauteous Lady riſe!
Hear how the Doves with penſive Notes complain,
And in ſoft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain;
The Winter's paſt, the Clouds and Tempeſts fly,
The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky.
Fair without Spot, whoſe ev'ry charming Part
My Boſome wounds, and captivates my Heart,
Come, and in mutual Pleaſures let's engage,
Joy of my Life, and Comfort of my Age!

This heard, to *Damian* ſtrait a Sign ſhe made
To haſte before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undeſcry'd, he took his Way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an Arbour lay.

It was not long e'er *January* came,
And Hand in Hand, with him, his lovely Dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting All was ſure,
He turn'd the Key, and made the Gate ſecure.

Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of Pleaſures to the World unknown:
So may my Soul have Joy, as thou, my Wife,
Art far the deareſt Solace of my Life;
And rather wou'd I chuſe, by Heav'n above,
To die this Inſtant, than to loſe thy Love.
Reflect what Truth was in my Paſſion ſhown,
When Un-endow'd, I took thee for my own,
And ſought no Treaſure but thy Heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of Sight,
While thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor Age, nor Blindneſs, rob me of Delight.

Each other Loſs with Patience I can bear,
The Loſs of thee is what I only fear.

Conſider then, my Lady and my Wife,
The ſolid Comforts of a virtuous Life.
As firſt, the Love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own Honour undefil'd maintain;
And laſtly that which ſure your Mind muſt move,
My whole Eſtate ſhall gratifie your Love:
Make your own Terms; and e'er to Morrow's Sun
Diſplays his Light, by Heav'ns it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the Contract with a holy Kiſs,
And will perform, by this—my Dear, and this.—
Have Comfort, Spouſe, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis Love, not Jealouſie, that fires my Mind.
For when thy Beauty does my Thoughts engage,
And join'd to that, my own unequal Age;

From

From thy dear Side I have no Pow'r to part,
Such ſecret Tranſports warm my melting Heart.
For who that once poſſeſt thoſe Heav'nly Charms,
Cou'd live one Moment, abſent from thy Arms?

He ceas'd, and *May* with ſober Grace reply'd;
Weak was her Voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd.
Heav'n knows, (with that a tender Sigh ſhe drew)
I have a Soul to ſave as well as You;
And, what no leſs you to my Charge commend,
My deareſt Honour, will to Death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my Hand,
And join'd my Heart, in Wedlock's ſacred Band:
Yet after this, if you diſtruſt my Care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear.

Firſt may the yawning Earth her Boſome rend,
And let me hence to Hell alive deſcend;

Or die the Death I dread no leſs than Hell,
Sow'd in a Sack, and plung'd into a Well:
E'er I my Fame by one lewd Act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the Honour of my Race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle Blood I came,
I loath a Whore, and ſtartle at the Name.
But jealous Men on their own Crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their Ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs Cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe Doubts and Fears of Female Conſtancy?
This Chime ſtill rings in ev'ry Lady's Ear,
The only Strain a Wife muſt hope to hear.

Thus while ſhe ſpoke, a ſidelong Glance ſhe caſt,
Where *Damian* kneeling, rev'renc'd as ſhe paſt.
She ſaw him watch the Motions of her Eye,
And ſingled out a Pear-Tree planted nigh:

'Twas

'Twas charg'd with Fruit that made a goodly Show,
And hung with dangling Pears was ev'ry Bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his Pace,
And climbing, in the Summit took his Place:
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in View,
Where let us leave them, and our Tale purſue.

'Twas now the Seaſon when the glorious Sun
His Heav'nly Progreſs thro' the *Twins* had run;
And *Jove*, Exalted, his mild Influence yields,
To glad the Glebe, and paint the flow'ry Fields.
Clear was the Day, and *Phœbus* riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the Azure Firmament with Light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring Clouds with golden Streams,
And warm'd the Womb of Earth with Genial Beams.

It ſo befel, in that fair Morning-tide,
The Fairies ſported on the Garden's Side,
And, in the midſt, the Monarch and his Bride.

So featly tripp'd the light-foot Ladies round,
The Knights ſo nimbly o'er the Greenſword bound,
That ſcarce they bent the Flow'rs, or touch'd the Ground.
The Dances ended, all the Fairy Train
For Pinks and Daiſies ſearch'd the flow'ry Plain;
While on a Bank reclin'd of riſing Green,
Thus, with a Frown, the King beſpoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The Treachery you Women uſe to Man:
A thouſand Authors have this Truth made out,
And ſad Experience leaves no room for Doubt.

Heav'n reſt thy Spirit, noble *Solomon*,
A wiſer Monarch never ſaw the Sun:
All Wealth, all Honours, the ſupreme Degree
Of Earthly Bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!

For ſagely haſt thou ſaid; Of all Mankind,
One only juſt, and righteous, hope to find:
But ſhoud'ſt thou ſearch the ſpacious World around,
Yet one good Woman were not to be found.

Thus ſays the King who knew your Wickedneſs;
The Son of *Sirach* teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome Wildfire on your Bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring Plague conſume you all,
As well you view the Leacher in the Tree,
And well this Honourable Knight you ſee:
But ſince he's blind and old, (a helpleſs Caſe)
His Squire ſhall cuckold him before your Face.

Now, by my own dread Majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful Scepter which I bear,
No impious Wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long,
That in my Preſence offers ſuch a Wrong.

I will this Inſtant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very Act, reſtore his Sight:
And ſet the Strumpet here in open View,
A Warning to theſe Ladies, and to You,
And all the faithleſs Sex, for ever to be true.

And will you ſo, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my Mother's Soul, it is decreed,
She ſhall not want an Anſwer at her Need.
For her, and for her Daughters I'll ingage,
And all the Sex in each ſucceeding Age,
None ſhall want Arts to varniſh an Offence,
And fortify their Crimes with Confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict Embrace,
Seen with both Eyes, and ſeiz'd upon the Place,
They need no more but to proteſt, and ſwear,
Breath a ſoft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear;
'Till their wiſe Husbands, gull'd by Arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as Geeſe.

What tho' this ſland'rous *Jew*, this *Solomon*,
Call'd Women Fools, and knew full many a one?
The wiſer Wits of later Times declare
How virtuous, chaſt, and conſtant, Women are.
Witneſs the Martyrs, who reſign'd their Breath,
Serene in Torments, unconcern'd in Death;
And witneſs next what *Roman* Authors tell,
How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.

But ſince the Sacred Leaves to All are free,
And Men interpret *Texts*, why ſhou'd not We?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That Sovereign Goodneſs dwells in *Him* alone
Who only *Is*, and is but only *One*.
But grant the worſt; ſhall Women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry Word that *Solomon* has ſaid?

What

What tho' this King (as *Hebrew* Story boaſts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol Gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh Praiſes you confer
On a rank Leacher, and Idolater,
Whoſe Reign Indulgent God, ſays Holy Writ,
Did but for *David*'s Righteous Sake permit;
David, the Monarch after Heav'ns own Mind,
Who lov'd our Sex, and honour'd all our Kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence wou'd ſwell me, and my Heart wou'd break.
Know then, I ſcorn your dull Authorities,
Your idle Wits, and all their Learned Lies.
By Heav'n, thoſe Authors are our Sexe's Foes,
Whom, in our Right, I muſt, and will oppoſe.

Nay

Nay, (quoth the King) dear Madam be not wroth;
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my Oath,
That this much-injur'd Knight again ſhou'd ſee;
It muſt be done—I am a King, ſaid he,
And one, whoſe Faith has ever ſacred been.

And ſo has mine, (ſhe ſaid)—I am a Queen!
Her Anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an End of all Diſpute I make:
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our Sex to break our Word.

We leave them here in this Heroick Strain,
And to the Knight our Story turns again,
That in the Garden, with his lovely *May*,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:

This

This was his Song; Oh kind and conſtant be,
Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.

Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew
By eaſie Steps, to where the Pear-Tree grew:
The longing Dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her Love
Full fairly perch'd among the Boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing, Oh good Gods, ſhe cry'd,
What Pangs, what ſudden Shoots diſtend my Side?
O for that tempting Fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the Love of Heav'ns immortal Queen!
Help deareſt Lord, and ſave at once the Life
Of thy poor Infant, and thy longing Wife!

Sore ſigh'd the Knight, to hear his Lady's Cry,
But cou'd not climb, and had no Servant nigh,
Old as he was, and void of Eye-ſight too,
What cou'd, alas, the helpleſs Husband do?

And

And muſt I languiſh then (ſhe ſaid) and die,
Yet view the lovely Fruit before my Eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for Charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the Bole between your Arms to take;
Then from your Back I might aſcend the Tree;
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me.

With all my Soul, he thus reply'd again;
I'd ſpend my deareſt Blood to eaſe thy Pain.
This ſaid, his Back againſt the Trunk he bent;
She ſeiz'd a Twig, and up the Tree ſhe went.

Now prove your Patience, gentle Ladies all,
Nor let on me your heavy Anger fall:
'Tis Truth I tell, tho' not in Phraſe refin'd;
Tho' blunt my Tale, yet honeſt is my Mind.
What Feats the Lady in the Tree might do,
I paſs, as Gambols never known to you:

But ſure it was a merrier Fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her Life ſhe ever felt before.

In that nice Moment, lo! the wondring Knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden Sight.
Strait on the Tree his eager Eyes he bent,
As one whoſe Thoughts were on his Spouſe intent;
But when he ſaw his Boſome-Wife ſo dreſt,
His Rage was ſuch, as cannot be expreſt:
Not frantick Mothers when their Infants die,
With ſuch loud Clamours rend the vaulted Skie:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he rag'd, he tore his Hair;
Death! Hell! and Furies! what doſt Thou do there?

What ails my Lord? the trembling Dame reply'd;
I thought your Patience had been better try'd:
Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my Reward, for having cur'd the Blind?

Why was I taught to make my Husband ſee,
By Strugling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the Pow'r of Magick prove?
Unhappy Wife, whoſe Crime was too much Love!

If this be Strugling, by this holy Light,
'Tis Strugling with a Vengeance, (quoth the Knight:)
So Heav'n preſerve the Sight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe Eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my Slave---Perfidious Wretch! may Hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well.

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle *May*,
Pray Heav'n, this Magick work the proper Way:
Alas, my Lord, 'tis certain, cou'd you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing Words to me.
So help me Fates, as 'tis no perfect Sight,
But ſome faint Glimm'ring of a doubtful Light.

What I have ſaid, quoth he, I muſt maintain;
For, by th'Immortal Pow'rs, it *ſeem'd* too plain—
By all thoſe Pow'rs, ſome Frenzy ſeiz'd your Mind,
(Reply'd the Dame:) Are theſe the Thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo Kind!
She ſaid; a riſing Sigh expreſs'd her Woe,
The ready Tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell, ſhe wip'd from either Eye
The Drops, (for Women when they liſt, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd, and in his Looks appear'd
Signs of Remorſe, while thus his Spouſe he chear'd:
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort Anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender Heart no more:
Excuſe me, Dear, if ought amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my Soul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:
Let my Repentance your Forgiveneſs draw,
By Heav'n, I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw.

Ah my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare *Suſpicion* thus to treat your Bride;
But 'till your Sight's eſtabliſh'd, for a while,
Imperfect Objects may your Senſe beguile:
Thus when from Sleep we firſt our Eyes diſplay,
The Balls ſeem wounded with the piercing Ray,
And dusky Vapors riſe, and intercept the Day:
So juſt recov'ring from the Shades of Night,
Your ſwimming Eyes are drunk with ſudden Light,
Strange Phantoms dance around, and skim before your Sight.

Then Sir be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows, how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your Reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find,
'Twas You were jealous, not your Wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke Oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.

With that, ſhe leap'd into her Lord's Embrace,
With well-diſſembl'd Virtue in her Face:
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with Doubts and Jealouſies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bleſt, renew'd their mutual Vows,
A fruitful Wife, and a believing Spouſe.

Thus ends our Tale, whoſe Moral next to make,
Let all wiſe Husbands hence Example take;
And pray, to crown the Pleaſures of their Lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their Wives.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

Between Two

SHEPHERDESSES.

By the Author of the POEM on the SPLEEN.

SILVIA.

PRetty Nymph, within this Shade,
Whilſt the Flocks to Reſt are lay'd,
Whilſt the World diſſolves in Heat,
Take this cool, and flow'ry Seat;
And with pleaſing Talk, a while,
Let us two the Time beguile:

Tho' thou here no Shepherd ſee,
To encline his humble Knee;
Or, with Melancholy Layes,
Sing thy dangerous Beauty's Praiſe.

DORINDA.

Nymph, with thee, I here wou'd ſtay;
But have heard, that on this Day,
Near thoſe Beeches, ſcarce in view,
All the Swains ſome Mirth purſue,
To whoſe Meeting now I haſte:
Solitude does Life but waſte.

SILVIA.

Prithee, but a Moment ſtay.

DORINDA.

No, my Chaplet wou'd decay;
Ev'ry drooping Flow'r wou'd mourn,
And wrong the Face they ſhou'd adorn.

SILVIA.

I can tell thee, tho' ſo fair,
And dreſs'd with all that Rural Care;
Moſt of the admiring Swains
Will be abſent from the Plains;
Gay *Sylvander*, in the Dance,
Met laſt Night a ſhrewd Miſchance;
To his Cabin now confin'd
By *Mopſus*, who the Strain did bind;
Damon through the Woods does ſtray,
Where his Kidds have loſt their way;
Young *Narciſſus*' Iv'ry Brow,
Rac'd by a malicious Bough,
Keeps the girliſh Boy from ſight,
'Till Time ſhall do his Beauty right.

DORINDA.

Where's *Alexis*?——

SILVIA.

——— He, alas!
Lyes extended on the Graſs,
Tears his Garland, raves, deſpairs,
Mirth and Harmony forſwears;
Since he was this Morning ſhown,
That *Delia* muſt not be his own.

DORINDA

Fooliſh Swain, ſuch Love to place

SILVIA.

On any, but *Dorinda*'s Face.

DORINDA.

Haſty Nymph! I ſaid not ſo:

SILVIA.

No; but I thy Meaning know.
Ev'ry Shepherd thou wou'dſt have,
Not thy Lover, but thy Slave;

To encreaſe thy captive Train,
Never to be lov'd again;
But ſince all are now away,
Prithee but a moment ſtay.

DORINDA.

No, the Strangers from the Vale,
Sure, will not this Meeting fail:
Graceful one, the other fair,
He too, with the Penſive Air,
Told me, e'er he came this way,
He was wont to look more gay.

SILVIA.

See! how Pride thy Heart enclines,
To think for thee, that Shepherd pines,
When thoſe Words, that reach'd thy Ear,
Cloe was deſign'd to hear;
Cloe, who did near thee ſtand,
And his more ſpeaking Looks command.

DORINDA.

Now thy Envy makes me ſmile,
That! indeed, were worth his while:
Cloe, next thy ſelf, decay'd,
And no more a Courted-Maid.

SILVIA.

Next my ſelf! Young Nymph, forbear,
Still the Swains allow me Fair;
Though, not what I was, that Day
When *Colon* bore the Prize away.
When——

DORINDA.

—Oh, hold! that Tale will laſt
'Till all the Evening Sports are paſs'd,
'Till no ſtreak of Light is ſeen,
Nor Foot-ſtep prints the flow'ry Green;

What

What thou wert, I need not know;
What I am, muſt haſte to ſhow:
Only this I now diſcern,
From the things thou'dſt have me learn,
That Woman-kind's peculiar Joys
From paſt, or preſent Beauties riſe.

ADAM

ADAM Pos'd.

By the ſame Hand.

COu'd our firſt Father, at his toilſome Plough,
Thorns in his Path, and Labour on his Brow,
Cloath'd only in a rude, unpoliſh'd Skin;
Cou'd he, a vain, fantaſtick Nymph have ſeen,
In all her Airs, in all her Antick Graces;
Her various Faſhions, and more various Faces;
How had it pos'd that Skill, which late Aſſign'd
Juſt Appellations to each ſev'ral Kind,
A right Idea of the Sight to frame,
To gueſs from what new Element ſhe came,
To hit the wavering Form, or give the Thing a [Name.

ALCI.

ALCIDOR.

By the ſame Hand.

WHILE Monarchs in ſtern Battel ſtrove
For proud Imperial Sway,
Abandon'd to his Milder Love,
Within a ſilent peaceful Grove,
Alcidor careleſs lay.

Some term'd it cold unmanly Fear;
Some, Nicety of Senſe;
That Drums and Trumpets cou'd not hear,
The ſullying Blaſts of Powder bear,
Or with foul Camps diſpence.

A patient Martyr to their Scorn,
And each ill-faſhion'd Jeſt,

The Youth, who but for Love was born,
Remain'd, and thought it vaſt Return,
To reign in *Cloria*'s Breaſt.

But oh! a ruffling Soldier came,
In all the Pomp of War;
The Gazettes long had ſpoke his Fame,
Now Hautboys his Approach proclaim;
And draw in Crouds from far.

Cloria unhappily wou'd gaze;
And as he nearer drew,
The Man of Feather, and of Lace,
Stopp'd ſhort, and with profound Amaze,
Took all her Charms to view.

A Bow, which from Campaigns he brought,
And to his Holſters low,

Her

Her ſelf, and the Spectators taught,
That Her the faireſt Nymph he thought,
Of all that form'd the Row.

Next day, e'er *Phœbus* cou'd be ſeen,
Or any Gate unbarr'd,
At hers, upon th'adjoining Green,
From Ranks, with waving Flags between,
Were ſoften'd Trumpets heard.

The Noon does following Treats provide,
In the Pavillion's Shade;
The Neighbourhood, and all beſide,
That will attend the amorous Pride,
Are Wellcom'd, with the Maid.

Poor *Alcidor*, thy Hopes are croſs'd,
Go periſh on the Ground;

Thy Sighs by ſtronger Notes are toſs'd,
Drove back, or in the Paſſage loſt,
Rich Wines thy Tears have drown'd.

In Womens hearts, the ſofteſt Things
Which Nature cou'd deviſe,
Are yet ſome harſh and jarring Strings,
That when loud Fame, or Profit rings,
Will anſwer to the Noiſe.

Poor *Alcidor*, go Fight, or Dye,
Let thy fond Notions ceaſe;
Man was not made in Shades to lye,
Or his full Bliſs at Eaſe enjoy,
To Live, or Love, in Peace.

Baucis and *Philemon*:

Imitated from *OVID.*

IN antient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And ſtrole about, but hide their Quality,
To try good Peoples Hoſpitality.

It happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write;
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their Tour in Maſquerade;
Diſguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a ſmall Village down in *Kent*;

Where, in the Strolers canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry Tone, might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let 'em in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate,
Having thro' all the Village paſs'd,
To a ſmall Cottage came at laſt,
Where dwelt a good old honeſt Yeoman,
Call'd, in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon.*
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his poor Hutt to paſs the Night;
And then the hoſpitable Sire
Bid *Goody Baucis* mend the Fire;
While he from out the Chimny took
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook;

And freely from the fatteſt Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd:
Then ſtept aſide to fetch 'em Drink,
Fill'd a large Jugg up to the Brink;
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had toucht a Drop.
The good old Couple was amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And juſt began to cry;—What art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide, to view
Whether the Light were burning blue.
The gentle Pilgrims ſoon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant:
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but Saints, the Hermits ſaid;

No hurt ſhall come to You or Yours;
But, for that Pack of Churliſh Boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian Ground,
They and their Houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt You ſhall ſee your Cottage riſe,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

They ſcarce had ſpoke, when, fair and ſoft,
The Roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd ſlowly after.

The Chimney widen'd, and grew high'r,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

The Kettle to the Top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſt'ned to a Joiſt:

But with the Upſide down, to ſhow
Its Inclination for Below;
In vain; for a Superior Force
Apply'd at bottom, ſtops its Courſe,
Doom'd ever in Suſpenſe to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A wooden Jack, which had almoſt
Loſt, by diſuſe, the Art to roaſt,
A ſudden Alteration feels,
Encreas'd by new Inteſtine Wheels:
And, what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion ſlow'r:
The Flyar, tho' 't had leaden Feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick you ſcarce could ſee't;
But ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret Pow'r,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.

The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each others ſide;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack would not be left alone,
But up againſt the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and ſtill adher'd:
And ſtill its Love to Houſhold Cares
By a ſhrill Voice at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-maid not to burn
That Roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.

The Groaning Chair began to crawl
Like a huge Snail along the Wall;
There ſtuck aloft in Publick View,
And, with ſmall Change, a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,

To a leſs noble Subſtance chang'd,
Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.

The Ballads paſted on the Wall,
Of *Joan* of *France*, and *Engliſh Moll*,
Fair *Roſamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The little Children in the Wood;
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
And high in Order plac'd, deſcribe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedſted of the Antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Anceſtors did uſe,
Was Metamorphos'd into Pews,
Which ſtill their antient Nature keep;
By lodging Folks diſpos'd to Sleep.

The Cottage, by ſuch Feats as theſe,
Grown to a Church by juſt Degrees,
The Hermits then deſir'd their Hoſt
To ask for what he fancy'd moſt:
Philemon having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Style;
Then ſaid; My Houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks I ſtill would call it mine:
I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe,
Make me the Parſon, if you pleaſe.

He ſpoke, and preſently he feels
His Graſiers Coat fall down his Heels;
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding-ſleeve.
His Waſtcoat to a Caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable Hue;

But

But being old, continu'd juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of Duſt.
His Talk was now of Tythes and Dues,
Could ſmoak his Pipe, and read the News;
Knew how to Preach old Sermons next,
Vampt in the Preface and the Text.
At Chriſtnings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart;
Wiſh'd Women might have Children faſt,
And thought whoſe Sow had farrow'd laſt:
Againſt Diſſenters would repine,
And ſtood up firm for Right Divine.
Found his Head fill'd with many a Syſtem,
But Claſſick Authors—he ne'er miſs'd 'em.

Thus having furbiſht up a Parſon,
Dame *Bauçis* next they play'd their Farce on;

Inſtead of home-ſpun Coif, were ſeen
Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen:
Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
Became black Sattin flounc'd with Lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down,
'Twas Madam in her Grogram Gown.
Philemon was in great Surprize,
And hardly could believe his Eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee Her look ſo prim,
And ſhe admir'd as much at Him.

Thus, happy in their Change of Life
Were ſeveral Years this Man and Wife;
When on a Day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old Stories paſt,
They went by chance, amidſt their Talk,
To the Church-yard, to take a Walk;

When

When *Baucis* haſtily cry'd out;
My Dear; I ſee your Forehead ſprout:
Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me Jealous:
But yet methinks I feel it true;
And truly, yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot ſtir my Foot:
It feels as if 'twere taking Root.——

Deſcription would but tire my Muſe:
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to Yews.
Old Good-man *Dobſon* of the Green
Remembers he the Trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from Noon 'till Night,
And goes with Folks to ſhew the Sight:
On Sundays after Ev'ning Pray'r,
He gathers all the Pariſh there;

Points

Points out the Place of either Yew;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew:
'Till once, a Parſon of our Town,
To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other Tree was griev'd:
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So, the next Parſon ſtub'd and burnt it.

ON

ON

Mrs. *BIDDY FLOYD.*

WHen *Cupid* did his Grandſire *Jove* intreat,
To form ſome Beauty by a new Receit,
Jove ſent and found far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, good Nature, Look ſerene,
From which Ingredients firſt, the dextrous Boy
Pickt the Demure, the Awkward, and the Coy;
The Graces from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride,
Theſe *Venus* cleans'd from every ſpurious Grain
Of Nice, Coquett, Affected, Pert, and Vain.
Jove mixt up all, and his beſt Clay imploy'd,
Then call'd the Happy Compoſition, FLOYD.

IN

A Tranſlation of

The foregoing VERSES.

By Another Hand.

In LYDIAM.

ORabat precibus Cupido blandis,
Ut tandem omnipotens pater deorum
Formoſam lege conderet recenti.
Arridens citò, ruris ad receſſum
Almus miſit avus, Fidemque nudam
Illic repperit, Innocentiamque,
Et vultum placidum, Indolemque ſuavem:
Dextrâ, quæ, facili Puer peritus
Oris a nimio pudore purgat,
Et morum ruditate ineleganti,
Ac nimis timidâ fugacitate.
Sacræ Pierides parant deinde
Ex aulâ ingenuam Inſtitutionem, Acumen-

Acumenque acre, Gratiamque formæ,
Cum ſe non nimis efferente Faſtu.
Ab his flava Venus removit omnem
Procul mollitiem, & malas doloſæ
Mentis Illecebras, Ineptiaſque
Bonum pravè imitantium, leveſque
Motus, Gloriolæque Inanitatem.
Miſcet omnia Jupiter, lutoque
Temperat meliore, Lydiamque
Inde appellat opus, ſtupens, ſuperbum.

Tranſlations of the *Sortes Virgilianæ.*

King *CHARLES* the Firſt's.

At bello, &c.

BUT vex'd with Rebels, and a ſtubborn Race,
His Country baniſh'd, and his Sons embrace,
Some foreign Prince for fruitleſs Succours try,
And ſee his Friends inglorioufly die. Nor

Nor when he ſhall to Faithleſs Terms ſubmit,
His Throne enjoy, nor comfortable Light;
But immature a Shameful Death receive,
And on the Ground th' unbury'd Body leave.

The Lord *FALKLAND*'s.

Non hæc O Palla, &c.

O *Pallas*, this was not thy promis'd Vow,
To curb thy Fire, and ſhun the cruel Foe.
Thy Father fear'd thy forward Youthful Flame,
The ſweet Deſire of Praiſe and warlike Fame.
O hapleſs Fruits of Youth! ah fatal Coſt
Of Neighbour Wars! Ah Vows to Heav'n loſt!

To

To my Friend, Mr. *POPE*, ON HIS PASTORALS.

By Mr. *WYCHERLEY*.

IN theſe more dull as more cenſorious Days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit Praiſe;
A Muſe ſincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to Friendſhip and Deſert is due.
Young, yet Judicious; in your Verſe are found
Art ſtrengthning Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound:
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe Numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the Song;
Laborioufly enervate they appear,
And write not to the Head, but to the Ear:

Our Minds unmov'd and unconcern'd, they lull,
And are, at beſt, moſt Muſically dull.
So purling Streams with even Murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy Hearers into Sleep.
As ſmootheſt Speech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt Numbers oft are empty Sound,
And leave our lab'ring Fancy quite a-ground.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your Strains are Regularly Bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd Care, and unaffected Eaſe,
With proper Thoughts, and lively *Images*:
Such, as by Nature to the Ancients ſhown,
Fancy improves, and Judgment makes your own;
For great Men's Faſhions to be follow'd are,
Altho' diſgraceful 'tis their Clothes to wear.
Some in a poliſh'd Stile write Paſtoral,
Arcadia ſpeaks the Language of the *Mall*,

Like

Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the *Sylvan* Muſe,
Deck't in thoſe Flowr's her native Fields produce,
With modeſt Charms wou'd in plain Neatneſs pleaſe;
But ſeems a Dowdy in the Courtly Dreſs,
Whoſe aukward Finery allures us leſs.
But the true Meaſure of the Shepherd's Wit
Shou'd, like his Garb, be for the Country fit;
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected Thought
More nicely than the common Swain's be wrought.
So, with becoming Art, the Players dreſs
In Silks, the Shepherd and the Shepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the Form and Mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely Ruſſet of the Swain.
Your Rural Muſe appears, to Juſtify
The long-loſt Graces of Simplicity;
So Rural Beauties captivate our Senſe,
With Virgin Charms, and Nature's Excellence.

Yet long her Modeſty thoſe Charms conceal'd,
'Till by Men's Envy to the World reveal'd;
For Wits Induſtrious to their Trouble ſeem,
And needs will Envy what they muſt Eſteem.

Live, and enjoy their Spite! nor mourn that Fate
Which wou'd, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in Plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher Flight;
So Larks which firſt from lowly Fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the Skies.

TO

TO Mr. POPE.

By Another Hand.

IN *Tempe*'s Shades, thus, to the liſt'ning Throng
Thy own *Apollo* taught the Rural Song;
That rough *Deucalion*-Race he cou'd aſſwage
With Verſe like thine, and ſooth their ſavage Rage;
The Uſe of Reaſon Verſe cou'd firſt Inſpire,
Firſt ſtrike their flinty Breaſts, and light th' Etherial [Fire;
Their ſtupid Souls to Senſe and Thought improve,
To Pity ſoften'd, and refin'd to Love.
The melting Sounds convey'd Love's gentle Dart,
Thus Arm'd, the God ſubdu'd each ſtubborn Heart,
And fix'd his Empire by the Poet's Art.

And as the Pow'r of Verſe did Love infuſe,
To nobler Flights Love wing'd the Infant Muſe;
Soon in fierce Strife the Tuneful Swains were found,
The Victor's Brow with Rural Honours crown'd;
Each grateful Nymph her Shepherd's Wreath prepar'd,
And Beauty was the Theam, and the Reward.
Hearts then were pair'd by Love, the mutual Flame
Bright, and unchang'd, to Age and Death the ſame.

Thus happy Mortals liv'd, e'er Vice had Birth,
When good Old *Saturn* rul'd the peaceful Earth:
E'er the hoarſe Drum had kindl'd fierce Debate,
Or tuneful Trumpets ſooth'd 'em into Fate:
The guiltleſs Lawrel then from Blood was free,
Nor *Mars* uſurp'd the *Muſes* ſacred Tree;
While Verſe, and Love, their equal Empire ſway'd,
E'er Int'reſt had debas'd 'em to a Trade:

Celeſtial

Celeſtial Beauties did to Groves repair,
And Gods deſcending found *Elizium* there.

Such firſt were Poets, ſuch the Ancient Wit;
Thus *Maro*, and the ſoft *Sicilian* writ;
Thy early Guides, who tun'd thy Infant Voice,
Refin'd thy Numbers firſt, and fix'd thy Choice.
With Art like theirs, thy humble Subject's wrought,
So ſmooth the flowing Verſe, ſo turn'd the beauteous [Thought.
Where eaſie Nature every Grace affords,
And charms without an empty Pomp of Words:
Where the juſt Thoughts the *Sylvan* Muſe ſupplies,
Sink without creeping, without ſoaring Riſe.
So form'd the Whole, ſo well diſpos'd each Part,
Nor *Greece* nor *Rome* can boaſt a nobler Art:
Each *Age* and *Paſſion*, ev'ry *Rural Care*,
Attend the *Seaſons* of the various Year;

The Spring of Youth Life's opening Sweets does prove,
Gay Hopes, and ſoft Deſires, the Bloom of Love:
'Till ripen'd Man his ſcorching Summer mourns,
And kindl'd into Pain, more fiercely burns:
The glowing Flame, damp'd with Autumnal Storms,
Dark Images of Death and Horrour forms,
Or, when declin'd to Friendſhip, faintly warms:
A Train of Woes, cold Age like Winter bears,
Loſt Hopes, departed Love, and endleſs Tears!

The *Sylvan* Song your firſt Eſſay you chuſe,
The hardeſt, the leaſt known, moſt moving Muſe:
But ſoon on Wing, above your Native Plains,
You mount aloft in *Homer*'s Godlike Strains;
While you Divine *Sarpedon*'s Fate deplore,
Sublime with *Grecian* Energy you Soar:
So juſt an Art in each Extream you prove,
Or ſing with Shepherds, or lament with *Jove*.

Thus

Thus thy bright God with equal Glory gilds
Majeſtick Palaces, and humble Fields:
Thus warm in Spring his Youthful Beams appear,
Create the Seaſons, and adorn the Year;
To Flow'rs their Bloom, to Stars their Light ſupply,
Paint all the Vales, and Brighten all the Sky.

HORACE

HORACE,

ODE III. Book III.

Auguſtus *had a Deſign to Rebuild* Troy, *and make it the Metropolis of the* Roman *Empire; having Cloſetted ſeveral Senators on the Project*, Horace *is ſuppos'd to have Written the following Ode on this Occaſion.*

THE Man reſolv'd and ſteady to his Truſt,
Inflexible to Ill, and obſtinately Juſt,
May the rude Rabbles Inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs Clamours and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern Brow, and the harſh Voice defies,
And with Superior Greatneſs ſmiles.

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,

The

The ſtubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the Red Arm of Angry *Jove*,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Shou'd the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confuſion hurl'd,
He, Unconcern'd, wou'd hear the mighty Crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling World.

Such were the Godlike Arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the bleſt Abodes;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a Place among the Gods.
Where now *Auguſtus*, mix'd with Heroes, lies;
And to his Lips the Nectar Bowl applies;
His ruddy Lips the Purple Tincture ſhow,
And with immortal Stains divinely glow.

By

By Arts like theſe did young *Lyæus* riſe:
His Tigers drew him to the Skies,
Wild from the Deſart and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their Eyes with Fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the Laſh, and bent 'em to the Yoke.

Such were the Paths that *Rome*'s great Founder [trod,
When in a Whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook off dull Mortality,
And loſt the Monarch in the God.
Bright *Juno* then her awful Silence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled Deities beſpoke.

Troy, ſays the Goddeſs, perjur'd *Troy* has felt
The dire Effects of her proud Tyrant's Guilt;
The tow'ring Pile and ſoft Abodes,
Wall'd by the Hand of ſervile Gods,

Now

Now ſpreads its Ruins all around,
And lyes inglorious on the Ground.
An Umpire, partial and unjuſt,
And a lewd Woman's impious Luſt,
Lay heavy on her Head, and ſunk her to the Duſt.

Since falſe *Laomedon*'s Tyrannick Sway,
That durſt defraud th' Immortals of their Pay,
Her Guardian Gods renounc'd their Patronage,
Nor wou'd the fierce invading Foe repell;
To my Reſentments, and *Minerva*'s Rage,
The guilty King and the whole People fell.

And now the long protracted Wars are o'er,
The ſoft Adult'rer ſhines no more;
No more do's *Hector*'s Force the *Trojans* ſhield,
That drove whole Armies back, and ſingly clear'd
the Field.

My

My Vengeance ſated, I at length reſign
To *Mars* his Offspring of the *Trojan* Line:
Advanc'd to God-head let him riſe,
And take his Station in the Skies;
There entertain his raviſh'd Sight
With Scenes of Glory, Fields of Light;
Quaff with the Gods Immortal Wine,
And ſee adoring Nations crowd his Shrine:

The thin Remains of *Troy*'s afflicted Hoſt,
In diſtant Realms may Seats unenvy'd find,
And flouriſh on a Foreign Coaſt;
But far be *Rome* from *Troy* disjoin'd,
Remov'd by Seas, from the diſaſtrous Shore,
May endleſs Billows riſe between, and Storms unnumber'd roar.

Still

Still let the curſt deteſted Place,
Where *Priam* lyes, and *Priam*'s faithleſs Race,
Be cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Graſs.
There let the wanton Flocks unguarded ſtray;
Or, while the lonely Shepherd ſings,
Amidſt the mighty Ruins play,
And friſk upon the Tombs of Kings.

May Tygers there, and all the Savage kind,
Sad ſolitary Haunts, and ſilent Deſarts find;
In gloomy Vaults, and nooks of Palaces,
May th' unmoleſted Lyoneſs
Her Brinded Whelps ſecurely lay,
Or coucht, in dreadful Slumbers waſte the Day.

While *Troy* in Heaps of Ruins lyes,
Rome and the *Roman* Capitol ſhall riſe;

Th' Il-

Th' Illuſtrious Exiles unconfin'd
Shall Triumph far and near, and rule Mankind.

In vain the Sea's intruding Tide
Europe from *Affric* ſhall divide,
And part the ſever'd World in two:
Through *Affric*'s Sands their Triumphs they ſhall [ſpread,
And the long Train of Victories purſue
To *Nile*'s yet undiſcover'd Head.

Riches the hardy Soldier ſhall deſpiſe,
And look on Gold with un-deſiring Eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd Earth explore
In Search of the forbidden Ore;
Thoſe Glitt'ring Ills conceal'd within the Mine,
Shall lye untouch'd, and Innocently ſhine.
To the laſt Bounds that Nature ſets,
The piercing Colds and ſult'ry Heats,

The

The Godlike Race ſhall ſpread their Arms;
Now fill the Polar Circle with Alarms,
'Till Storms and Tempeſts their Purſuits confine,
Now ſweat for Conqueſt underneath the Line.

This only Law the Victor ſhall reſtrain,
On theſe Conditions ſhall he Reign;
If none his Guilty Hand employ,
To build again a Second *Troy*;
If none the raſh Deſign purſue,
Nor tempt the Vengeance of the Gods anew.

A Curſe there cleaves to the Devoted Place,
That ſhall the New Foundations raſe:
Greece ſhall in mutual Leagues conſpire
To ſtorm the Riſing Town with Fire,
And at their Armies Head my ſelf will ſhow
What *Juno*, urg'd to all her Rage, can do.

Thrice ſhou'd *Apollo*'s ſelf the City raiſe,
And line it round with Walls of Braſs,
Thrice ſhou'd my fav'rite *Greeks* his Works confound,
And hew the ſhining Fabrick to the Ground;
Thrice ſhou'd her captive Dames to *Greece* return,
And their dead Sons and ſlaughter'd Husbands mourn.

But hold, my Muſe, forbear thy tow'ring Flight,
Nor bring the Secrets of the Gods to Light:
In vain wou'd thy preſumptuous Verſe
Th' Immortal Rhetoric reherſe;
The mighty Strains, in Lyric Numbers bound,
Forget their Majeſty, and loſe their Sound.

THE

THE Story of *ERMINIA*,

Tranſlated from

Taſſo's Jeruſalem, BOOK VII.

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the

Lady Viſcounteſs *WEYMOUTH*.

Erminia, by the Centinels ſurpriz'd,
Fled all the Night, in burniſh'd Arms diſguis'd;
And all the Day thro' pathleſs Woods ſhe ſtray'd,
Of ev'ry whiſp'ring Breath of Wind afraid:
But now the Sun his ſhining Progreſs ends,
Deſerts the Skies, and to the Sea deſcends;
The Nymph arrives where wealthy *Jordan* flows,
And on his flow'ry Borders ſeeks Repoſe;

Soft Sleep, that wiſh'd Relief to Mortals brings,
Spreads o'er the beauteous Maid his downy Wings;
But reſtleſs Love his Empire ſtill maintains,
And o'er her Dreams in airy Triumph reigns.
At laſt, the Birds ſalute the riſing Light,
And wanton Winds the roſie Morn invite;
They curl the Streams, and dance along the Waves,
Glide thro' the Woods, and whiſper in the Leaves:
Each painted Bloſſom opens to the Day,
With them, *Erminia*'s Eyes their Charms diſplay:
With penſive Looks, the Proſpect round ſhe view'd,
The Shepherds Tents, and Rural Solitude;
Each ruſsling Noiſe awakes her former Fears,
'Till thro' the Boughs a tuneful Note ſhe hears:
The Fields and Floods the chearful Sound retain,
And ſportive Eccho's mock the Jovial Swain;
Who careleſs near the Banks of *Jordan* ſate,
Nor fear'd the Stars, nor curs'd relentleſs Fate:

Pleas'd with his honeſt Art, he Baskets wove;
Three ſprightly Boys to imitate him ſtrove.
The Princeſs nearer drew, with wild Affright
The Children fled the unaccuſtom'd Sight,
'Till the bright Helmet from her Head ſhe took,
Reveal'd a Female Face, and modeſt Look;
The golden Treſſes o'er her Shoulders fell,
And all their Fears her Charming Eyes diſpel:
Her Face no more a Martial Terror boaſts,
When thus the wond'ring Shepherd ſhe accoſts.

Thrice happy Man! the Gods peculiar Care
Protect thee from the waſteful Rage of War:
I come not here to offer hoſtile Wrongs,
To interrupt thy Labours, nor thy Songs:
But by what Methods haſt thou found Defence,
Againſt the Sword's impartial Violence;

While claſhing Arms, and the ſhrill Trumpets Sound,
With endleſs Jars, perplex the Regions round?

My humble State, fair Maid, the Swain replies,
Beneath the Turns of changing Fortune lies:
While Light'ning blaſts the Mountain's lofty Brow,
The humble Valley ſmiles ſecure below.
From all the Tumults, which diſtract the Great,
We live Exempt, in this obſcure Retreat;
The Gods themſelves the Rural Life approve,
And kindly guard the Innocence they love:
In Groves we ſleep, from Spoil and Rapine free,
Content with Little, bleſt in Poverty.
This Life (which yet Ambitious Men deſpiſe)
Before a Court's licentious Joys, I prize;
Nor Pride, nor ſordid Avarice, moleſt
The ſoft Tranquility within my Breaſt.

Unartful Meats ſupply my frugal Board,
And Drink, the pure untainted Springs afford;
No Poiſons thro' their Channels are convey'd,
Nor are we here in golden Cups betray'd:
Theſe Youths, my Sons, to Labour us'd, like me,
Attend my Flocks with chearful Induſtry.
Nor think theſe Shades can no Delights afford;
With Various harmleſs Beaſts the Woods are ſtor'd,
Among the Boughs melodious Birds reſide,
And ſcaly Fiſh along the Rivers glide.

Yet other Motives did my Youth engage,
And wild Ambition fir'd my blooming Age;
I ſcorn'd the Peaſant's Care and humble Toils,
And left my Native Shores, for Foreign Soils;
And in th' *Egyptian* Court my Suit preferr'd:
My Suit the condeſcending Noble heard.

The Royal Gardens ſoon were made my Care;
I learn'd the fatal Snares of Greatneſs there,
Its Impious Methods, and Unconſtant State;
But learn'd, alas! the dear Miſtake too late:
My Prime was paſt, my airy Wiſhes croſs'd,
And all my Dreams of riſing Fortune loſt.
With weeping Eyes, the Country Scenes I view'd,
And bleſs'd my once Inglorious Solitude;
The ſmooth Tranquility, the gay Content,
In which my former happy Days were ſpent.
Reſolv'd again thoſe Pleaſures to purſue,
With juſt Remorſe, I bid the Court Adieu.
The Day was doubly fortunate for me,
Which ſet me from its gawdy Bondage free.

His wiſe Diſcourſe th' attentive Princeſs pleas'd,
And half the Tempeſt of her Soul appeas'd;

She now reſolves to try, far from the Striſe
Of factious Courts, an unambitious Life.
She paus'd—and thus, with gentle Words, began
T' addreſs the hoary venerable Man.

If, by the Diſappointments thou haſt prov'd,
Thy kind Relief and Pity may be mov'd,
Conduct me to ſome Hoſpitable Cell,
And let me in theſe calm Receſſes dwell:
There quiet Shades, perhaps, will eaſe my Grief,
And give my reſtleſs Paſſions ſome Relief.
By thy Example taught, I ſhall grow Wiſe;
With that, a Tear grac'd her prevailing Eyes:
Some pitying Drops the careful Shepherd ſhed,
And to his Cottage the fair Stranger led.
A Father's kind Indulgence fills his Breaſt;
His Wife, with Joy, receives the Royal Gueſt;

Who now her nodding Helmet lays aſide,
Her gilded Arms, and ornamental Pride;
Then in a *Sylvan* Dreſs, the graceful Maid,
All Negligent, her decent Limbs array'd;
But nothing Ruſtick in her careleſs Meen,
The Princeſs ſtill thro' all Diſguiſe was ſeen:
Majeſtick Beauty lighten'd in her Face,
She mov'd, and ſpoke, with an Unvulgar Grace;
And Air of Grandeur, not to be ſuppreſs'd,
Her noble Mind and high Deſcent confeſs'd.
Yet to the Fold her bleating Flocks ſhe drove,
And with her Native Delicacy ſtrove:
Sometimes along the freſh enamel'd Meads,
Her harmleſs Charge, with gentle Pace ſhe leads;
And, oft beneath ſome Lawrel's Shade reclin'd,
With *Tancred*'s Name, ſhe wounds the tender Rind:
Each Tree that flouriſh'd in the conſcious Grove,
The Records bore of her ſucceſsleſs Love.

And

And when the Tragick Story ſhe review'd,
The ſad Deſcription all her Grief renew'd;
With Love and melting Sorrow in her Eyes,
Ye verdant Plants, the penſive Charmer cries,
Ye Pines, and ſpreading Lawrels, as ye grow,
Retain the deep Inſcriptions of my Woe;
Some wretched Maid, undone by Love, like me,
Shall mourn my injur'd Faith, and partial Deſtiny.

But if my Charming Hero here ſhould ſtray,
As grant, ye Bleſt Propitious Powers, he may!
And wand'ring, find in ev'ry Shade his Name,
My ſecret Care, and undiſcover'd Flame,
Long after Death has clos'd my wretched Eyes,
And in the Grave this Mortal Relick lyes;
Some tender Sigh, ſome grateful Tear, may prove
The late Succeſs of my Unblemiſh'd Love.

My

My hov'ring Ghoſt, pleas'd with that ſoft Return,
The Rigour of my Fate no more ſhould mourn.

With theſe Complaints, ſhe ſooths her fond Deſires,
And vainly to the Fields and Shades retires;
The Fields and Shades indulge her fatal Fires:
While *Tancred*, yet a Stranger to her Charms,
Among the Toils of War, and fierce Alarms,
Purſues a nobler Fate in Military Arms.

SONG.

SONG.

THEN never let me ſee her more!
In vain I ſigh, in vain adore.
In ſome lonely Deſart Place,
Far from Sight of Human Race;
In ſome unfrequented Cell,
Where neither Joy nor Sorrow dwell,
Oh! let me' endeavour to forget
At once my ſelf, and *Amoret*.

SONG.

By the ſame Hand.

I.

WHY we Love, and why we Hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random Chance, or wilful Fate,
Guides the Shaft from *Cupid*'s Bow.

II.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
'Tis Madneſs all in me to grieve:
Since her Will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſie live?

III.

If I for *Zelinda* dye,
Deaf to poor *Mizella*'s Cries;
Ask not me the Reaſon why:
Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

ANACREON, ODE 34.

By the ſame Hand.

WHY ſo Coy, my lovely Maid?
Why of Age ſo much afraid?
Your Cheeks, like Roſes, to the Sight;
And my Hair, as Lillies white;

In

In Love's Garland, we'll ſuppoſe
Me the Lilly, you the Roſe.

ANACREONTIQUE.

By the ſame Hand.

BEneath the Covert of a Grove,
The conſcious Scene of all my Love,
Careleſs, and ſupinely lay'd,
I took my Lute, and Sung and Play'd.
Of Love's ſoft Paſſion did I ſing,
And *Cupid*, Love's almighty King;
When lo! a String, that would have ſpoke,
Beneath my Finger, ſighing broke;
It broke, and ſaid, methoughts, to me,
Think on thy own Mortality.—

In Answer to the Question,

What is THOUGHT?

By the same Hand.

THE Hermit's Solace in his Cell;
The Fire, that warms the Poet's Brain;
The Lover's Heaven, or his Hell;
The Mad Man's Sport, the Wise Man's Pain.

Half Masking her Self when she Smil'd.

By the same Hand.

SO, when the Sun, with his Meridian Light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble Sight;
We thank th' officious Cloud, by whose kind Aid
We view his Glory, lessen'd in a Shade.

Lying

Lying at her Feet.

By the ſame Hand

THIS Poſture, and theſe Tears, that Heav'n [might move,
In vain I uſe in Favour of my Love:
And while thus proſtrate at her Feet I lye,
Like ſome fair Rock ſhe ſtands, that tow'ring high,
Seems deaf to thoſe ſad Murmurs, which below
The plaintive Waters utter, as they flow.

Reading Mr. *WALLER.*

By the ſame Hand.

INhuman *Sacchariſſa!* not to love
The Man, whoſe Verſe might Rocks to Pity move.
Yet, ſince *Amphion* Sung, they Senſe retain;
And Verſe may ſoften all Things, but Diſdain.

As he the fatal Glories of your Eyes,
His eaſie Wit, and courtly Pen, I prize.
In vain, like him, I ſigh, in vain I mourn;
For, *Waller*'s Muſe has *Sacchariſſa*'s Scorn.

Occaſion'd by the early Singing of a LARK.

By the ſame Hand.

ATtend, my Soul! The early Birds inſpire
My groveling Thoughts with pure, celeſtial Fire.
They from their temp'rate Sleep awake, and pay
Their thankful Anthems for the New-born Day.
See, how the tuneful Lark is mounted high!
And, Poet-like, ſalutes the Eaſtern Sky.
He warbles thro' the fragrant Air his Layes,
And ſeems the Beauties of the Morn to praiſe.

But

But Man, more void of Gratitude, awakes,
And gives no Thanks for that ſweet Reſt he takes:
Looks on the glorious Sun's new-kindled Flame,
Without one Thought of Him, from whom it came.
The Wretch, unhallow'd, does the Day begin;
Shakes off his Sleep, but ſhakes not off his Sin.

A Midnight Thought.

By the ſame Hand.

WHEN Gameſome Youth, and Love's unruly Fire,
Are quell'd by Age, that deadens all Deſire;
When Chearful Days and Jovial Nights are fled,
And drooping Health inclines her ſickly Head;
When downy Sleep, tho' courted long, denies
To bleſs my Bed, and cloſe my weary Eyes;

When Nature ſickens, and with fainting Breath,
Struggles beneath the bitter Pangs of Death;
When helpleſs Art no hopes of Life can give,
Nor Pray'r, nor Tears, the ſentenc'd Wretch reprieve;
When all our Friends, then few, make heavy Moan;
And heighten all our Sorrows by their own:
Amid the Terrors of this ſolemn Woe,
The fleeting Soul begins her ſelf to know;
Turns o'er the Regiſter of Life in haſte,
Weighs all her Thoughts, her Words and Actions paſt.
Then, if no frightful Images appear,
No ghaſtly Ills awake her conſcious Fear;
Gently ſhe lays her down in Peace to reſt,
As Infants ſleep upon their Mother's Breaſt.

AN

ODE,

FOR

St. *Cecilia*'s Day, 1699.

I.

BLeſt *Cecilia* ! Charming Maid !
Where ſhall Mortals ſeek for Aid
Thee to Sing ? Whoſe tuneful Layes
Shall thy Skill in Muſick praiſe ?
Inſpir'd by Thee, thy Sons their Duty ſhow,
And imitate below,
With pious Love,
What Angels ſing Above.
With Breath the ſpacious Organ fill ;
With vital Breath the Trumpet ſwell ;

Inſpire the ſoft'ning Flute with Skill;
And let *Cecilia*, Goddeſs of our Song,
In melting Accents ever dwell
On ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue.

II.

For ever Sacred be the Day,
Beyond all others Bright and Fair,
Ever Joyous, ever Gay,
When firſt Divine *Cecilia* found
The Magick Art to quicken the long ſilent Air
With all the Energy of Sound.
Up to the Skies
On new fledg'd Wings,
From Earth celeſtial Muſick flies,
And joins in Concert with the Cherub's Strings.
Down from their bliſsful Bow'rs they came;
Came down to liſten, and admire
The mighty animated Frame,
It ſelf a Quire.

III.

III.

She ſmil'd,
Cecilia ſmil'd, to ſee
The Cherubs mild,
With hov'ring Wings deſcending from on High.
Like nimble Lightning, ſwift and gay,
O'er all the Keys her wanton Fingers play;
The ready Notes obey her Touch:
Diſſolv'd in Extaſie
Th' immortal Beings lye;
Divine *Cecilia* charms too much.

IV.

Her ſprightly Treble, warbling ſweet,
Glides thro' the Veins
On Even Feet,
And binds the Soul in Silken Chains:
The yielding Soul with Softneſs, it diſarms,
And, like a Woman, Charms.

With manly Grace the Baſs ſtalks high,
Array'd in awful Majeſty:
Its haughty Bound
And pompous Sound
The Spirits warm,
The Soul alarm,
And ſhake the trembling Air around.
Between the two Extreams the Tenor flows
In gentle Streams, perſuading Union as it goes.
And now in perfect Harmony
The blended Parts agree,
And glut the liſt'ning Ear with Melody.

V.

The Trebble ſtarts;
On ſwift Diviſion leads the Chaſe,
And quite out-ſtrips the loit'ring Parts.
The rumbling Baſs
With clumzy Pace

Purſues the fleeting Fugitive,
And all in Triumph does her backward drive:
But ſee!
The Friendly Tenor, all for Unity,
Does mildly interpoſe,
And joins them in a full compounded Cloſe.

VI.

She paus'd awhile;
For Silence has in Muſick Place.
The raviſh'd Cherubs, with a ſilent Smile,
Diſcloſe Amazement on each Face.
Again ſhe plies the loud Machine;
Again intranc'd the Cherubs lye;
Immortal, yet in Pleaſures almoſt die.
Thrice the lovely Maid
Paus'd; and thrice ſhe play'd;
And thrice ſhe ſhew'd the Pow'r Divine

And wond'rous Force of modulated Sound,
That like a mighty Torrent flows,
Victorious as it goes,
And Sweeps away the ſtrongeſt Mound.

CHORUS.

With Breath the ſpacious Organ fill;
With vital Breath the Trumpet ſwell;
Inſpire the ſoft'ning Flute with Skill;
And let Cecilia, *Goddeſs of our Song,*
In melting Accents ever dwell,
In ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue.

SONG.

To the Fickle SYLVIA.

I.

TAKE Pity, *Sylvia*, charming Fair,
No more my Fate ſuſpend;
But ſolve my Doubts, and eaſe my Care,
Or bid me Hope, or elſe Deſpair;
And thus my Sufferings end.

II.

A tedious Month I've been confin'd,
(Which is an Age in Love:)
Nor will you e'er diſcloſe your Mind;
One while you're Coy, and then you're Kind;
Sometimes you neither prove.
Ah! cruel Charmer, let me know my Fate;
Whiſper your Love, or thunder out your Hate.

Written

Written by the

E. of *MULGRAVE*,

NOW

Marqueſs of *Normanby*.

SAfely, perhaps, dull Crouds admire;
But I, alas, am all on Fire.

I durſt have ſworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the Danger o'er;
(Like him who thought in Childhood paſt
That dire Diſeaſe, which kill'd at laſt)
Had felt the Pangs of jealous Pain,
And born the Blaſts of cold Diſdain;
Then, reap'd at length the mighty Gains,
That full Reward of all our Pains!

But

But what was all ſuch Grief, or Joy,
That did my heedleſs Years employ?
Meer Dreams of feign'd fantaſtick Pow'rs;
But the Diſeaſe of idle Hours;
Amuſement, Humour, Affectation,
Compar'd with this ſublimer Paſſion,
Whoſe Raptures, bright as thoſe Above,
Out-ſhine the Flames of Zeal, or Love.

Yet think not, Faireſt, what I ſing
Does from a Love Platonick ſpring;
That formal Softneſs, falſe and vain,
Not of the Heart, but of the Brain.
Thou art indeed above all Nature;
But I, a Wretched Human Creature,
Wanting thy gentle, generous Aid,
Of Husband, Rivals, Friends afraid;

Amidſt

Amidſt all this Seraphic Fire,
Am almoſt dying with Deſire;
With eager Wiſhes, ardent Thoughts,
Prone to commit Love's wildeſt Faults.
And, as we are on Sundays told
The luſty Patriarch did of Old,
Would force a Bleſſing from thoſe Charms,
And graſp an Angel in my Arms.

THE

THE EPISODE OF SARPEDON,

Translated from the

Twelfth and *Sixteenth* BOOKS OF *HOMER's ILIADS.*

By Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Sarpedon, *the Son of* Jupiter, *commanded the* Lycians *who came to the Aid of* Troy. *In the first Battel when* Diomed *had put the* Trojans *to flight, he incourag'd* Hector *to rally, and signaliz'd himself by the Death of* Tlepolemus. *Afterwards when the* Greeks *had rais'd a Fortification to cover their*

Fleet, which the Trojans *endeavour'd to overthrow, this Prince was the Occaſion of effecting it. He incites* Glaucus *to ſecond him in this Action by an admirable Speech, which has been render'd in Engliſh by Sir* John Denham; *after whom the Tranſlator had not the Vanity to attempt it for any other reaſon, than that the Epiſode muſt have been very imperfect without ſo Noble a part of it.*

THus *Hector*, great in Arms, contends in vain
To fix the Fortune of the fatal Plain,
Nor *Troy* cou'd conquer, nor the *Greeks* wou'd yield,
'Till bold *Sarpedon* ruſh'd into the Field;
For Mighty *Jove* inſpir'd with Martial Flame
His God-like Son, and urg'd him on to Fame.
In Arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample Shield in Air,
Within whoſe Orb the thick Bull-hides were roll'd,
Pondrous with Braſs, and bound with ductile Gold;
And while two pointed Jav'lins arm his Hands,
Majeſtick moves along, and leads his *Lycian* Bands.

So

So preſt with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow,
Deſcends a Lion on the Flocks below;
So ſtalks the Lordly Savage o'er the Plain,
In ſullen Majeſty, and ſtern Diſdain:
In vain loud Maſtives bay him from afar,
And Shepherds gaul him with an Iron War;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting Prey.

Reſolv'd alike, Divine *Sarpedon* glows
With gen'rous Rage, that drives him on the Foes.
He views the Tow'rs, and meditates their Fall;
To ſure Deſtruction dooms the *Grecian* Wall;
Then caſting on his Friend an ardent Look,
Fir'd with the Thirſt of Glory, thus he ſpoke.

Why boaſt we, *Glaucus*, our extended Reign,
Where *Xanthus'* Streams enrich the *Lycian* Plain?
Our num'rous Herds that range each fruitful Field,
And Hills where Vines their Purple Harveſt yield?
Our foaming Bowls with gen'rous *Nectar* crown'd,
Our Feaſts enhanc'd with Muſick's ſprightly Sound?
Why on thoſe Shores are we with Joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as Heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unleſs great Acts ſuperior Merit prove,
And Vindicate the bounteous Pow'rs above:
'Tis ours, the Dignity They give, to grace;
The firſt in Valour, as the firſt in Place:
That while with wondring Eyes our Martial Bands
Behold our Deeds tranſcending our Commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the Sov'reign State,
Whom thoſe that Envy dare not Imitate!

Cou'd

Cou'd all our Care elude the greedy Grave,
Which claims no leſs the Fearful than the Brave,
For Luſt of Fame I ſhou'd not vainly dare
In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War.
But ſince, alas, ignoble Age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and Death's inexorable Doom;
The Life which others pay, let Us beſtow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
Brave, tho' we fall; and honour'd, if we live;
Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give!

He ſaid, his Words the liſt'ning Chief inſpire
With equal Warmth, and rouze the Warrior's Fire;
The Troops purſue their Leaders with Delight,
Ruſh to the Foe, and claim the promis'd Fight.
Meneſtheus from on high the Storm beheld,
Threat'ning the Fort, and black'ning in the Field;

Around the Walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What Aid appear'd t'avert th' approaching War,
And ſaw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* ſtood,
Inſatiate of the Fight, and prodigal of Blood.
In vain he calls, the Din of Helms and Shields
Rings to the Skies, and ecchoes thro' the Fields,
The Gates reſound, the Brazen Hinges fly,
While each is bent to conquer or to die.
Then thus to *Thoos*;—Hence with ſpeed (he ſaid)
And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our Aid;
Their Strength united beſt may help to bear
The bloody Labours of the doubtful War:
Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their Courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the *Trojan* Force.
But if too fiercely, there, the Foes contend,
Let *Telamon* at leaſt our Tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haſte, with his unerring Bow,
To ſhare the Danger, and repel the Foe.

Swift

Swift as the Word, the Herald ſpeeds along
The lofty Ramparts, through the Warlike Throng,
And finds the Heroes, bath'd in Sweat and Gore,
Oppos'd in Combate on the duſty Shore.
Strait to the Fort great *Ajax* turn'd his Care,
And thus beſpoke his Brothers of the War:
Now valiant *Lycomede*, exert your Might,
And brave *Oïleus*, prove your Force in Fight:
To you I truſt the Fortune of the Field,
'Till by this Arm the Foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to compleat the Day:
Then, with his Sev'nfold Shield, he ſtrode away.
With equal Steps bold *Teucer* preſt the Shore,
Whoſe fatal Bow the ſtrong *Pandion* bore.
High on the Walls appear'd the *Lycian* Pow'rs,
Like ſome black Tempeſt gath'ring round the Tow'rs;

The *Greeks* oppreſs'd, their utmoſt Force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal Fight;
The War begins; mix'd Shouts and Groans ariſe;
Tumultuous Clamour mounts, and thickens in the [Skies.
Fierce *Ajax* firſt th' advancing Hoſt invades,
And ſends the brave *Epicles* to the Shades,
Sarpedon's Friend; Acroſs the Warrior's Way,
Rent from the Walls, a Rocky Fragment lay;
In modern Ages not the ſtrongeſt Swain
Cou'd heave th' unwieldy Burthen from the Plain:
He poiz'd, and ſwung it round; then toſt on high,
It flew with Force, and labour'd up the Sky;
Full on the *Lycian*'s Helmet thundring down,
The pondrous Ruin cruſh'd his batter'd Crown.
As skilful Divers from ſome Airy Steep
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the Deep,
So falls *Epicles*; then in Groans expires,
And murm'ring from the Corps th' unwilling Soul [retires.

While

While to the Ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew,
From *Teucer*'s Hand a winged Arrow flew,
The bearded Shaft the deſtin'd Paſſage found,
And on his naked Arm inflicts a Wound.
The Chief who fear'd ſome Foe's inſulting Boaſt
Might ſtop the Progreſs of his warlike Hoſt,
Conceal'd the Wound, and leaping from his Height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd Fight.
Divine *Sarpedon* with Regret beheld
Diſabl'd *Glaucus* ſlowly quit the Field;
His beating Breaſt with gen'rous Ardour glows,
He ſprings to Fight, and flies upon the Foes.
Alcmaon firſt was doom'd his Force to feel,
Deep in his Breaſt he plung'd the pointed Steel,
Then from the yawning Wound with Fury tore
The Spear, purſu'd by guſhing Streams of Gore;
Down ſinks the Warrior, with a thundring Sound,
His Brazen Armour rings againſt the Ground.

Swift

Swift to the Battlement the Victor flies,
Tugs with full Force, and ev'ry Nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the pondrous Stones disjoynted yield;
The rowling Ruins ſmoak along the Field.
A mighty Breach appears, the Walls lye bare,
And like a Deluge ruſhes in the War.
At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging Bow,
And *Ajax* ſends his Jav'lin at the Foe;
Fix'd in his Belt the feather'd Weapon ſtood,
And thro' his Buckler drove the trembling Wood;
But *Jove* was preſent in the dire Debate,
To ſhield his Off-ſpring, and avert his Fate.
The Prince gave back; not meditating Flight,
But urging Vengeance and ſeverer Fight;
Then rais'd with Hope, and fir'd with Glory's Charms,
His fainting Squadrons to new Fury warms.

O where, ye *Lycians*, is the Strength you boaſt,
Your former Fame, and ancient Virtue loſt?
The Breach lyes open, but your Chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded Paſs to gain:
Unite, and ſoon that Hoſtile Fleet ſhall fall,
The Force of pow'rful Union conquers All.

This juſt Rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* Crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' Aſſault renew;
Unmov'd, th' embody'd *Greeks* their Fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the Weight of all the War:
Nor cou'd the *Greeks* repell the *Lycian* Pow'rs,
Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* Tow'rs.
As on the Confines of adjoyning Grounds,
Two ſtubborn Swains with Blows diſpute their [Bounds;
They tugg, they ſweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One Foot, one Inch, of the contended Field:

Thus

Thus obſtinate to Death, they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win the Wall:
Their Manly Breaſts are pierc'd with many a Wound,
Loud Strokes are heard, and ratling Arms reſound,
The copious Slaughter covers all the Shore,
And the high Ramparts drop with Human Gore.

As when two Scales are charg'd with doubtful Loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling Balance nods,
'Till poiz'd aloft, the reſting Beam ſuſpends
Each equal Weight, nor this, nor that deſcends.
So Conqueſt loth for either to declare,
Levels her Wings, and hov'ring hangs in Air.
'Till *Hector* came, to whoſe Superior Might
Jove ow'd the Glory of the deſtin'd Fight.
Fierce as a Whirlwind, up the Walls he flies,
And fires his Hoſt with loud repeated Cries:

Advance

Advance ye *Trojans*, lend your valiant Hands,
Haſte to the Fleet, and toſs the blazing Brands!
They hear, they run, and gath'ring at his Call,
Raiſe ſcaling Engines, and aſcend the Wall:
Around the Works a Wood of glitt'ring Spears
Shoots up, and All the riſing Hoſt appears.
A ponderous Stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
Not two ſtrong Men th' enormous Weight cou'd raiſe,
Such Men as live in theſe degen'rate Days.
Yet this, as eaſie as a Swain wou'd bear
The ſnowy Fleece; he toſt, and ſhook in Air:
For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of its Load
Th' unwieldy Rock, the Labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded Gates he came,
Of maſſy Subſtance and ſtupendous Frame,
With Iron Bars and brazen Hinges ſtrong,
On lofty Beams of ſolid Timber hung.

Then

Then thundring thro' the Planks, with forceful Sway,
Drives the ſharp Rock; the ſolid Beams give way,
The Folds are ſhatter'd, from the crackling Door
Leap the reſounding Bars, the flying Hinges roar.
Now ruſhing in the furious Chief appears,
Gloomy as Night, and ſhakes two ſhining Spears;
A dreadful Gleam from his bright Armour came,
And from his Eye-balls flaſh'd the living Flame:
He moves a God, reſiſtleſs in his Courſe,
And ſeems a Match for more than Mortal Force.
Then pouring after, thro' the gaping Space
A Tide of *Trojans* flows, and fills the Place;
The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly,
The Shore is heap'd with Death, and Tumult rends
the Sky.

Connection

Connection of the foregoing with the following Part.

The Wall being forc'd by Hector, *an obſtinate Battel was fought before the Ships, one of which was ſet on fire by the* Trojans. Patroclus *thereupon obtaining of* Achilles *to lead out the* Myrmidons *to the Aſſiſtance of the* Greeks, *made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, 'till he was oppos'd by* Sarpedon. *The Combate betwixt theſe Two, and the Death of the latter, with the Grief of* Jupiter *for his Son, are deſcrib'd in the enſuing Tranſlation, from the Sixteenth Book of the* Iliads.

WHEN now the Chief his valiant Friends [beheld
Grov'ling in Duſt, and gaſping on the Field,
With this Reproach his flying Hoſt he warms,
Oh Stain to Honour! oh Diſgrace of Arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended Plain;
This Hand unaided ſhall the War ſuſtain:
The Task be mine the Hero's Strength to try, [fly.
Who mows whole Troops, and makes whole Armies

He

He ſaid; and leap'd from off his lofty Car;
Patroclus lights, and ſternly waits the War.
As when two Vulturs on the Mountain's Height
Stoop with their ſounding Pinions to the Fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming Cry;
The Deſart ecchoes, and the Rocks reply:
The Warriors thus oppos'd in Arms engage,
With equal Valour, and with equal Rage.

Jove view'd the Combate, whoſe Event foreſeen;
He thus beſpoke his Siſter and his Queen.
The Hour draws on; the Deſtinies ordain,
My God-like Son ſhall preſs the *Phrygian* Plain:
Already on the Verge of Death he ſtands,
His Life is ow'd to fierce *Patroclus'* Hands.
What Paſſions in a Parent's Breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from Impending Fate;

And

And ſend him ſafe to *Lycia*, diſtant far
From all the Dangers and the Toils of War;
Or to his Doom my braveſt Off-ſpring yield,
And fatten, with Celeſtial Blood, the Field?

Then thus the Goddeſs with the radiant Eyes:
What Words are theſe, O Sov'reign of the Skies?
Short is the Date preſcrib'd to Mortal Man;
Shall *Jove*, for one, extend the narrow Span,
Whoſe Bounds were fix'd before his Race began?
How many Sons of Gods, foredoom'd to Death,
Before proud *Ilion* muſt reſign their Breath!
Were thine exempt, Debate wou'd riſe above,
And murm'ring Pow'rs condemn their partial *Jove*.
Give the bold Chief a glorious Fate in Fight;
And when th' aſcending Soul has wing'd her Flight,
Let *Sleep* and *Death* convey, by thy Command,
The breathleſs Body to his Native Land.

His Friends and People, to his future Praiſe,
A Marble Tomb and Pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting Honours to his Aſhes give;
His Fame ('tis all the Dead can have!) ſhall live.

She ſaid; the Cloud-Compeller overcome,
Aſſents to Fate, and ratifies the Doom.
Then, touch'd with Grief, the weeping Heav'ns diſtill'd
A Show'r of Blood o'er all the fatal Field.
The God, his Eyes averting from the Plain,
Laments his Son, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the *Lycian* Shores, his happy Native Reign.

Now met in Arms the Combatants appear,
Each heav'd the Shield, and pois'd the lifted Spear:
From ſtrong *Patroclus'* Hand the Jav'lin fled,
And paſs'd the Groin of valiant *Thraſymed*,
The Nerves unbrac'd no more his Bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling, bites the bloody Plain.

Two ſounding Darts the *Lycian* Leader threw,
The firſt aloof with erring Fury flew,
The next more fatal pierc'd *Achilles'* Steed,
The gen'rous *Pedaſus*, of *Theban* Breed;
Fix'd in the Shoulder's Joint, he reel'd around;
Rowl'd in the bloody Duſt, and paw'd the ſlipp'ry [Ground.
His ſudden Fall the entangled Harneſs broke;
Each Axle groan'd; the bounding Chariot ſhook;
When bold *Automedon*, to diſengage
The ſtarting Courſers, and reſtrain their Rage,
Divides the Traces with his Sword, and freed
Th' incumber'd Chariot from the dying Steed:
The reſt move on, obedient to the Rein;
The Car rowls ſlowly o'er the duſty Plain.

The towring Chiefs to fiercer Fight advance,
And firſt *Sarpedon* toſt his weighty Lance;

Which o'er the Warrior's Shoulder took its Courſe,
And ſpent, in empty Air, its dying Force.
Not ſo *Patroclus* never-erring Dart;
Aim'd at his Breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal Part
Where the ſtrong Fibres bind the ſolid Heart.
Then as the ſtately Pine, or Poplar tall,
Hewn for the Maſt of ſome great Admiral,
Nods, groans, and reels, 'till with a crackling Sound
It ſinks, and ſpreads its Honours on the Ground;
Thus fell the King; and laid on Earth Supine,
Before his Chariot ſtretch'd his Form divine:
He graſp'd the Duſt, diſtain'd with ſtreaming Gore,
And, pale in Death, lay groaning on the Shore.
So lyes a Bull beneath the Lion's Paws,
While the grim Savage grinds with foamy Jaws
The trembling Limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking Blood;
Deep Groans and hollow Roars rebellow thro' the [Wood.

Then

Then to the Leader of the *Lycian* Band,
The dying Chief addreſs'd his laſt Command.
Glaucus, be bold, Thy Task be firſt to dare
The glorious Dangers of deſtructive War,
To lead my Troops, to combate at their Head,
Incite the Living, and ſupply the Dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my lateſt Breath,
Not unreveng'd to bear *Sarpedon*'s Death.
What Grief, what Shame muſt *Glaucus* undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd Arms adorn a *Grecian* Foe?
Then as a Friend, and as a Warrior, fight;
Defend my Corps, and conquer in my Right;
That taught by great Examples, All may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the Fates ſuppreſt his lab'ring Breath,
And his Eyes darken'd with the Shades of Death:
Th' inſulting Victor with Diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate Prince, and on his Boſom trod;

Then drew the Weapon from his panting Heart,
The reeking Fibres clinging to the Dart;
From the wide Wound guſh'd out a Stream of Blood,
And the Soul iſſu'd in the Purple Flood.

Then thus to *Phœbus*, in the Realms above,
Spoke from his Throne the Cloud-compelling *Jove*:
Deſcend my *Phœbus*, on the *Phrygian* Plain,
And from the Fight convey *Sarpedon* ſlain;
Then bathe his Body in the cryſtal Flood,
With Duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with Blood:
O'er all his Limbs *Ambroſial* Odours ſhed,
And with Celeſtial Robes adorn the mighty Dead.
Thoſe Honours paid, his ſacred Corps bequeath
To the ſoft Arms of ſilent *Sleep* and *Death*;
They to his Friends the mournful Charge ſhall bear;
His Friends a Tomb and Pyramid ſhall rear;
Theſe unvailing Rites he may receive,
Theſe, after Death, are All a God can give!

Apollo bows, and from Mount *Ida*'s Height
Swift to the Field precipitates his Flight;
Thence, from the War, the breathleſs Hero bore,
Veil'd in a Cloud, to ſilver *Simois* Shore:
There bath'd his honourable Wounds, and dreſt
His Manly Members in th' Immortal Veſt,
And with Perfumes of ſweet *Ambroſial* Dews,
Reſtores his Freſhneſs, and his Form renews.
Then *Sleep* and *Death*, two Twins of winged Race,
Of matchleſs Swiftneſs, but of ſilent Pace,
Receiv'd *Sarpedon*, at the God's Command,
And in a Moment reach'd the *Lycian* Land;
The Corps amidſt his weeping Friends they laid,
Where endleſs Honours wait the Sacred Shade.

To the LADY

LOVISA LENOS:

With *OVID*'s EPISTLES.

By Dr. *GARTH.*

IN moving Lines theſe few Epiſtles tell
What Fate attends the Nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful Lovers burn;
And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.
The Fair you'll find, when ſoft Intreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted Right, and Rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they Love, when e'er they ſtrive to Hate.
Their Sex or proudly Shuns, or poorly Craves;
Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.

In

In diff'ring Breaſts what diff'ring Paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but Yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The Fire we boaſt, with Force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as Appetite returns:
But Yours, like Incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant Flame conſumes to pleaſe.

Your Sex, in all that can engage, Excel;
And Ours in Patience, and perſuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees;
You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.
Tho' form'd to Conquer, yet too oft you Fall
By giving Nothing, or by granting All.

But, Madam, long will Your unpractis'd Years
Smile at the Tale of Lovers Hopes, and Fears.
Tho' Infant Graces ſooth Your gentle Hours,
More ſoft than Sighs, more ſweet than breathing [Flow'rs;

Let raſh Admirers your keen Light'ning fear;
'Tis Bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.

The Time e'er long, if Verſe preſage, will come,
Your Charms ſhall open in full *Brudenal* Bloom.
All Eyes ſhall gaze, all Hearts ſhall Homage vow,
And not a Lover languiſh but for You.
The Muſe ſhall ſtring her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph ſhall ſicken at the Sound.

So when *Aurora* firſt ſalutes the Sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light;
But when with riper Red ſhe warms the Skies,
In circling Throngs the wing'd Muſicians riſe;
And the gay Groves rejoyce in Symphonies.
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty ſhines;
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire reſigns.

To a Perſon who was Deſigning to retire into a Monaſtery.

Written by the E. of *M*—. now D. of *B*—.

[Fire

WHat Heart, but yours, could hold this double
Of Blind Devotion, and of Kind Deſire!
Love would ſhine out, were not your Zeal ſo bright,
Whoſe glaring Flames o'ercome his gentler Light.
Leſs ſeems that Faith which Mountains can remove,
Than this, which Triumphs over Youth and Love.

But Heav'n our Paſſions ſees with Pity ſtill,
And they who Love well, can do nothing ill.
Or does the dread of Worldly Ills divide
Our Loves? Alas, there is no Ill beſide:

So

So with a Fright ſome are depriv'd of Breath,
And poorly dye, only for fear of Death.
While to us nothing but our ſelves is Dear,
Who e'er ſhall frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, Wealth, and Power, thoſe high-priz'd Gifts of [Fate,
The low Concerns of a leſs happy State,
Are beneath ours; and Fortune's ſelf may take
Her aim at us, yet no Impreſſion make:
We can lye ſafe, lock'd in each others Arms,
And neither ask her Help, nor fear her Harms;
But reſt contented, like the Bleſt above,
And ſlight thoſe Storms that underneath us move.

Yet this, all this you are reſolv'd to quit,
I ſee my Ruin, and I muſt ſubmit;
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How ſad a Wretch you leave forlorn behind.

Ill-natur'd Envy, when provok'd by Fear,
Revenge for Wrongs too burdenſome to bear,
Nay, Zeal it ſelf, from whence all Miſchiefs ſpring,
Has never done ſo barbarous a Thing.

Juſt ſuch a diſmal Fate is ſaid to vex
Armida once, tho' of the fairer Sex;
Rinaldo ſhe had charm'd with ſo much Art,
Hers was his Power, his Perſon, and his Heart;
Honour's high Thoughts no more his Mind could move,
She ſooth'd his Rage, and turn'd it all to Love;
When ſtraight a Guſt of fierce Devotion blows,
And in a moment all her Joys o'erthrows;
The poor *Armida* tears her Golden Hair,
Matchleſs 'till now, for Love, or for Deſpair.
Who is not mov'd while the ſad Nymph complains?
Yet you perform what *Taſſo* only feigns;

And,

And, after all my Vows, my Sighs, my Tears,
With which at length I overcame your Fears;
So many Doubts, ſo many Dangers paſt,
Viſions of Zeal now vanquiſh me at laſt.

So in great *Homer*'s War, throughout the Field,
Some Leader ſtill made all before him yield;
But when a God would take the conquer'd ſide,
The Weak prevail'd, and the Victorious dy'd.

ON THE
KING of *SPAIN.*

PAllas, deſtructive to the *Trojan* Line,
Raz'd their proud Walls, tho' built by Hands [Divine;
But Love's bright Goddeſs, with propitious Grace,
Preſerv'd a Heroe, and reſtor'd the Race.
Thus the fam'd Empire where the *Tyber* flows
Fell by *Eliza*, and by *ANNA* roſe.

TRUE

TRUE GREATNESS.

Prodeſſe quam Conſpici.

GIVE me a Soul ſo great, ſo high,
Let her Dimenſions ſtretch the Sky:
That comprehends within a Thought,
The whole extent 'twixt God and Nought.
And from the World's firſt birth and date,
Its Life and Death can calculate:
With all th' adventures that ſhall paſs,
To ev'ry Atome of the Maſs.

But let Her be as GOOD as GREAT,
Her higheſt Throne a Mercy-Seat.

Soft

Soft and diſſolving like a Cloud,
Loſing her ſelf in doing good.
A Cloud that leaves its place above,
Rather than dry, and uſeleſs move:
Falls in a ſhowre upon the Earth,
And gives ten thouſand Seeds a birth.
Hangs on the Flow'rs, and infant Plants,
Sucks not their Sweets, but feeds their Wants.
So let this mighty Mind diffuſe
All that's her own to others uſe;
And free from private ends, retain
Nothing of SELF; not a bare Name.

WOMAN.

IN fruitful *Lombardy*, of Yore,
A beauteous Prince the Scepter bore;
A Prince, that never fail'd to move
Each Heart with Envy, or with Love.
As in the Glaſs he did one Day
From Head to Foot himſelf ſurvey,
Can any Man alive, ſaid he,
For Shape and Face compare with me!
Whoe'er ſhall ſuch a Perſon bring,
Upon the Honour of a King,
May claim my Favour, and depend
I'll make the charming Gueſt my Friend.

A *Roman* Knight was ſtanding by,
And made the Monarch this Reply:
Your Majeſty, as I perceive,
Is nice in Beauty: Give me leave
To fetch my Brother, and you'll ſee
None, but your ſelf, has more than he.
But that may eaſily be try'd
By what the Ladies Hearts decide.
If you think fit, he'll gladly ſhare
The Pains you take to pleaſe the Fair;
And may, while you purſue new Game,
Solace the poor forſaken Dame.
Aſtolpho anſwer'd thereupon;
(For ſo they call'd the Royal Don)
Your Talk has made me much deſire
To know this Brother; bring the Squire.

The Knight to fetch his Brother goes;
We *Cynthio* will his Name ſuppoſe.
He in the Country liv'd retir'd,
Nor envy'd Joys in Courts admir'd;
Wed to a young and charming Spouſe:
But, whether bleſs'd in wedlock Vows
With ſuch a Mate, he beſt could tell;
— His Neighbours liked her paſſing well.

His Brother finds him, lets him know,
That to the Court he needs muſt go;
Where he'd be ſure to get a Place,
And make his Fortune by his Face.
But then, alas! the charming Wife,
Depriv'd of all the Joys of Life,
Expreſt ſo movingly her Woe,
It griev'd his very Soul to go;

Proteſting againſt all Relief,
She ſeems to Triumph in her Grief;
Puts on her tragic Airs, and tries
To draw the Tears from *Cinthio*'s Eyes.
And can you leave me then? ſaid ſhe,
Has *Cynthio* ſo much Cruelty?
Ah! will you to my tender Care
The Pageantry of Courts prefer?
Can you forget a faithful Wife,
And Pleaſures of a Rural Life,
That calm Repoſe and Peace of Mind,
Which none in Crouds nor Courts can find,
Theſe flow'ry Meads, where purling Streams
Soften the Soul to pleaſing Dreams,
Theſe Woods that ſhelter us from Heat,
Where Birds their various Songs repeat;
The riſing Hills, and winding Vales,
And Ev'ning's ſweet refreſhing Gales,

Thoſe

Thoſe coy Receſſes o'the Grove,
Thoſe Seats of Innocence and Love!
But oh! what ſhou'd ingage your Stay,
I fear moſt haſtens you away!
You ſcorn in Solitudes to ſhine,
And ſlight an eaſie Heart like mine.
Go, cruel Man! be vain, and ſhew
Thoſe Charms, which none can boaſt but you.
What *Cynthio* offer'd, to abate
Th' Affliction of his loving Mate,
Our Story mentions not: We'll ſay,
His Sorrow took his Speech away;
A Method that will beſt excuſe
The Squire, and diſengage my Muſe.
The Wife, when now with broken Heart
She ſaw him ready to depart,
Reminding him of former Bliſſes,
And ſtifling him with Tears and Kiſſes,

A Bracelet gave him, as a Charm
To keep his precious Life from Harm.
Take and wear this, my Dear, ſaid ſhe;
And when you ſee it, think of me.
An honeſt meaning Body might
Have thought ſhe wou'd have dy'd that Night,

Well, *Cynthio* went; but on the Road,
About two Leagues from his Abode,
The Bracelet came into his Head,
Which he had left on Spouſe's Bed,
As having taken there his Leave.
This ſtrange Neglect he knew wou'd grieve
Her tender Heart, and gallopt back,
Not knowing what Excuſe to make.
To the dear Bed, in haſte he flies;
And on his Wife's chaſte Boſome ſpies

A Lubbard Hind; and both ſo faſt
Aſleep, as if they ſlept their laſt.
Cynthio, at firſt, reſolv'd they ſhou'd:
But having paus'd awhile, thought good
To let the Scurvy Matter reſt:
And in my Judgment that was beſt.
For in theſe nice Affairs, the Wiſe
Make uſe of neither Ears nor Eyes.

Whether 'twas Wiſdom or Compaſſion
With-held the Husband's Indignation;
Or that the Poet was unwilling
To ſpoil a Merry Tale, with Killing;
Ill Woman live! Poor *Cynthio* ſaid,
Let thy own Conſcience thee upbraid:
Then ſtrait took Horſe, and left the Lout
In his Wife's Arms, to ſnore it out.

Still as he rode, he bore in Mind
The Couple which he left behind;
And fretting, as he ſcowr'd along,
This was the Burthen of his Song:
Had ſome brisk Wit, or powder'd Beau,
Or Coll'nel lac'd from Top to Toe;
Or Page been choſen for her uſe,
She might have pleaded ſome Excuſe:
But after Swooning, Sighing, Sobbing,
Zoon's! to debauch that Booby *Robin!*
Then ſpurr'd his Horſe with Indignation,
In hopes to leave behind his Paſſion.

Such keen Reflections on his Caſe
Had giv'n the Squire a diſmal Face.
The Ladies, when they ſaw him, ſaid,
Lord! Is the Man alive, or dead!

Is this the Beautiful *Narciſſus*,
Was ſent for in Poſt-haſte, to kiſs us!
Heav'ns! did you ever ſee a Fellow,
With Sides ſo lank, and Face ſo yellow!
The King was pleas'd, the Knight was blam'd,
The Ladies baulk'd, the Squire aſham'd.

Cynthio, tho' worn to Skin and Bone,
Was yet a comely Skeleton;
And ſtill one eaſily might trace
Remains of Beauty in his Face:
But wanting Life, and Force, to fire
The Ladies Boſomes with Deſire.

Saunt'ring, one Day, about the Court,
In places of the leaſt Reſort,
A Door unlock'd he chanc'd to ſee,
That open'd to a Gallery;

And, from a private Cloſet there,
Theſe tender Words did over-hear.
My Life, my Love, my only Joy,
My dear *Courtade*, my Charming Boy!
Muſt I then ſtill my Vows apply
To one, ſo Lovely and ſo Shy?
A Thouſand glitt'ring Beaux wou'd fain
Do what you may, yet wiſh in vain.
When *Floramel* the Meſſage brought,
You curſt her, call'd her all to naught;
And heedleſs of my am'rous Rage,
Wou'd play at Cribbidge with a Page,
Rather than eaſe the fond Deſires
Of her, that for your Love expires.

Cynthio was puzzell'd, and one may
Give any one at leaſt a Day

To gueſs the Nymph that humbly ſu'd,
And Swain ſo ſtubborn to be wo'd.
Now who ſhou'd this *Adonis* be,
But the King's ugly Dwarf! and ſhe,
In whoſe Embraces he was ſeen,
The bright *Aſtolpho*'s haughty Queen!
The crazy Wainſcoat was but ſlight,
And at a Chink let in the Light;
Where *Cynthio* with Amazement ſaw
Theſe tender Lovers, thro' the Flaw.
Both did on *Floramel* rely,
To be ſecure of Privacy;
But, warm'd by watching at the Door,
She too, perhaps, had her Amour,
Which took up all her Thought and Care;
So, mindful of her own Affair,
Forgot th' Importance of her Poſt,
And heedleſly the Key had loſt;

Which

Which *Cynthio* kept for future Uſe,
And pleaded thus his Wife's Excuſe.

I find that *Cupid* makes his Joaks
Among the better Sort of Folks:
A Royal Dame for Love may pine,
And give a Monarch Brows like mine.
Since ſuch a Princeſs ſlights the King,
For ſuch an ugly, little thing,
I think my Wife was leſs to blame,
Who with a Bumpkin quench'd her Flame.
Thus having ſet his Mind at Peace,
His Griefs abate, his Charms increaſe;
His hollow Cheeks begin to riſe,
Freſh Vigour ſparkles in his Eyes,
A ſecond Youth renews his Face,
And blooms again in ev'ry Grace.

The Fair with eager Looks purſue
The Man, they lately ſcorn'd to view;
Tranſported with his ſudden Charms,
And die to claſp him in their Arms.

When *Cynthio* thus had heard and ſeen
What paſt betwixt the Dwarf and Queen,
He thought he cou'd, on no Pretence,
Hide the Smock-Treaſon from his Prince.
But that he might the leſs diſpleaſe,
Open'd the Matter by degrees;
And, as it fell in Converſation,
Had always ready ſome Quotation,
To ſhew, that Heroe's in all Ages
Had worn the Matrimonial Badges.
Dread Sir, ſaid he, the Proudeſt Shees
Make frequently ſuch Slips as theſe;

And many Dames of Regal Station
Have condeſcended to the Faſhion:
Men, fam'd for Courage, Wit and Senſe,
Have againſt Horns found no Defence;
But when they had 'em, always bore
Their Fronts as upright as before.
The Day, quoth he, I bid adieu
To my dear Spouſe, to wait on you,
I was convinc'd by her Miſcarriage,
That Cuckoldom is link'd to Marriage.
Then did each Circumſtance relate,
Of his, and of the Monarch's Fate.

The King was fir'd: You ſeem, ſaid he,
A Man of Senſe and Probity:
Yet, tell me where I may behold,
With my own Eyes, what you have told.

He did; and plac'd him, where, unſeen,
He ſaw the Dwarf upon the Queen.

Struck with the Baſeneſs of the Crime,
He ſtood aſtoniſh'd for a time;
Then ſaid, Our Wives, the more's their Shame,
Have play'd us but an ugly Game:
Yet ſince we can't what's paſt unravel,
Dear *Cynthio*, let us both go Travel;
And try what Fortune we ſhall find
Among the reſt of Womankind.
To put in Practice this Deſign,
Change you your Name, and I'll change mine.
Great Equipage would Trouble bring;
Therefore I'll quit the State of King,
Lay dull Formality aſide,
And all things equally divide.

Bare-foot I round the World would roam,
Quoth *Cynthio*, rather than go home.
All that your Majesty requires,
Is what my injur'd Heart desires.
We'll ramble, 'till we have forgot
The dire Effects of Nuptial Knot.

It shall be so, the King reply'd;
But first, a Table-Book provide,
To take the Names of those we find
Pliant to our Desires, and kind.
It won't be long, I dare ingage,
Before we fill up ev'ry Page;
For she that proves to Beauty cold,
Will fall by Flattery, or Gold.

Both thus Equipt their Journey took,
And bought a *Folio* Table-Book.
The many Favours they receiv'd
Were hard to tell, or be believ'd.
Each lovely Nymph, when they appear,
Puts on her moſt becoming Air,
And ev'ry ſtudy'd Grace diſplays,
Happy if ſhe obtain their Praiſe;
But happier ſhe, whoſe killing Charms
Attract the Lover to her Arms.
Hearts hard as Stone, and cold as Ice,
Grow warm, and ſoften in a trice:
Where-e'er they come they meet freſh Prey,
And a new Face for ev'ry Day;
Round all the Country ſtrole for Prizes,
And fail no *May-pole*, nor Aſſizes.

In ev'ry Town take ſpecial Care
To finiſh *Alderman*, and *Mayor*.
If at the Baths, or at the Wells;
Vapours are cur'd, and Belly ſwells.
In *Folio*-Book the niceſt Dame
Is proud to Regiſter her Name.
Your Criticks will object, that I
Break thro' the Rules of Decency;
That Dames who keep their Days in State,
And Wives of City Magiſtrate,
Who know themſelves of high Degree,
Will not be towz'd *Extempore*.
It may be ſo; but I want time
To draw their Courtſhip out in Rhyme:
And grant, I be a little rude;
My Tale the ſooner will conclude.

When

When our Gallants had ta'en their Swing,
And quencht their Thirſt at ev'ry Spring,
Aſtolpho ſaid, we can ſubdue
What Heart ſoever we purſue:
But, if Old *Galen*'s Rule hold good,
It is with Love, as 'tis with Food;
In which, Variety of Meat
Is apt to make one over-eat.
We'll have a ſingle Diſh in common,
That is, between us both, one Woman.
Quoth *Cynthio*, what you ſay is true;
The Vicount's pretty Wife will doe.
I'm not diſpos'd to have a Flame,
The King reply'd, for ſuch a Dame:
A little Seamſtreſs might be found,
Fair as a Dutcheſs, and as Sound.
To ſuch we need no Homage pay;
Or at the Park, or at the Play:

But without making any Rout,
To Ogle 'em, or Lead 'em out;
We do what we Deſire with Eaſe,
And are in no Conſtraint to Pleaſe.

Said *Cynthio*, what if we ſhou'd try
The Daughter of our Landlady?
She's ſtill a Maid, I dare uphold,
In ev'ry Point, tho' Twelve Year old.
Your Motion's good, *Aſtolpho* ſaid,
If I may have the Maidenhead:
This Privilege, at which I aim,
Is but a Fancy; let me claim
For once, Dear Friend, the Preference;
Allow me here to play the Prince;
In this one ſingle Branch I'd ſtrive
To keep up my Prerogative.

Quoth

Quoth *Cynthio*, Sir, in ſuch a Caſe,
Pray how can Fleſh and Blood give place?
In all things elſe, I ſhall be ſtill
Obedient to your Royal Will;
But if you pleaſe, we'll leave this Cauſe
To the Deciſion of two Straws.
Draw Lotts they did, with earneſt Care,
For this imaginary Ware;
Which *Cynthio* claim'd in Point of Law,
By vertue of the longeſt Straw.

The little Damſel being come
(No matter why) into the Room,
The King and Squire the Girl careſt,
Her Beauty prais'd, and Bubbies preſt;
Then ſhew'd a Ring, which ſhin'd ſo bright,
That ſhe ingag'd to come that Night.

She did; for when her Mother ſlept,
She ſoftly to their Chamber crept.
The Lovers in the middle plac'd her,
And honeſtly by Turns Embrac'd her,
To the contenting of all three;
But *Cynthio* was in Extaſie,
To think how he had got, with Might,
Entry and Seiſin of his Right.
I'll Pardon him, for 'tis in vain,
To have on that point any Pain,
In which all Girles, with little Trouble,
Can the moſt cunning Wenchers bubble;
As *Seneca*, that learned Clerk,
Doth ſomewhere, as I'm told, Remark.

Thus all went well; becauſe the Maid
The Virgin part exactly play'd;

Tho'

Tho' ſhe had that fantaſtick Toy
Beſtow'd upon a Prentice Boy.
Howe'er that merry Night was ſpent
Abundantly to her Content;
So was the next; and 'tis averr'd
She paſt as merrily the third.

The Prentice wonder'd, to behold
The Damſel grown ſo very Cold;
But was not long upon the Scent,
Before he ſmelt how Matters went,
And did in bitter Terms reprove
The Girl, for being falſe in Love.
She whimper'd; but confeſs'd, at laſt,
The Contract ſhe had lately paſt.
And to appeaſe him, thus ſhe ſaid;
If there be Credit in a Maid,

Soon as theſe naughty Gueſts are gone,
I'll Lye with you, and *you alone*.
A Fig, ſaid he, for any Gueſt;
Let me this very Night, you'd beſt.
The Girl reply'd, with weeping Eyes,
Which way to do't, can you deviſe?
Theſe Folks, to whom I am ingag'd,
If I ſhou'd fail, wou'd be inrag'd;
And keep the Ring, for which, you know,
What Pains I nightly undergo.
Let's get the Ring, ſaid he, for you,
And gratifie my Humour too.
Do they Sleep ſound? Yes, when they Sleep,
Said ſhe; but I'm oblig'd to keep
My Poſt between 'em both, while one
Lyes ſtill, but 'till his Friend has done,
So that I ſeldom want Imploy.
At their firſt Snoring, ſaid the Boy,

I'll

I'll viſit you, and ask no more
Than that you wou'd not ſhut the Door.
She left it open, and he came
To the Bed's Feet with eager Flame;
Then ſliding up between the Sheets,
(Love ever favours theſe Deceits)
There plac'd himſelf, I know not how;
But my good Author does avow,
That tho' the Lovers did awake,
Soon as the Bed began to ſhake;
Yet all the while the Boy was at her,
They neither of 'em ſmoakt the Matter.

What has my Comrade eat to Night,
To fire his Blood and force Delight,
Aſtolpho thought; And ſtill the Squire
Lay wondring at the Monarch's Fire.

In the mean while, the Sturdy Boy
His precious Time did well imploy:
And as the Day began to peep,
The Partners being faſt a ſleep,
The Lad ſlipt off, and the *Young* Maid
Retir'd, of new Fatigues afraid.

When the Knights Errant were awake,
Cynthio the Monarch thus beſpake.
Great Sir! with glorious Toils oppreſt!
Compoſe your weary Limbs to Reſt;
And after ſuch unuſual Pains,
Conſult the Welfare of your Reins.
Odds-fiſh, the merry King reply'd,
I waited to get up and ride:
'Till, tyr'd with Watching, Sleep o'ercame.
But, had you ſooner quencht your Flame,

I wou'd

I wou'd have made a Poſt or two;
And that's as much as I cou'd do.
Quoth *Cynthio*, there is no Diſpute
With Kings, that will be Abſolute:
But for the future, I'll beware
How Sov'raigns in my Pleaſures ſhare.
The King was piqu'd at this Retort;
Some Monarchs wou'd have quarrel'd for't:
But he, good Prince, reply'd, Dear Mate,
Let the Girl judge of the Debate.
Then, having call'd her up in haſte,
To tell 'em how the Matter paſt,
Eager each other to Refute,
Both told the Cauſe of their Diſpute;
She bluſhing, on her Knees did fall,
Ask'd Pardon, and diſcover'd all.
They wou'd not treat the Damſel ill;
But, after having laught their fill,

Gave

Gave her the Ring, and Fifty Crowns,
To buy new Top-knots, Gloves, and Gowns;
With which the Baggage ſoon was Wed:
When modeſtly, in Bridal Bed,
She loſt, with many an artful Squawl,
Her Maiden-head for good and all.

Thus did this Monarch and his Friend
To their Adventures put an End;
Finding themſelves o'ercharg'd with Lawrels,
Which, tho' not gain'd in Warlike Quarrels,
Yet ſhall Immortalize their Names,
As long as *Cupid*'s Altar flames:
Lawrels more fair, than thoſe attain'd
By Cities won, or Battels gain'd;
More fair, altho' they only coſt
A few feign'd Sighs, or Tears, at moſt;

And

And far from Danger and Alarms,
Had been acquir'd by dint of Charms.

Their Table-Book quite full of Names
Of Beauties, that had quench'd their Flames;
Come, ſaid the Monarch to the Squire,
We pretty well have ſpent our Fire.
E'en let us to her Homes reſort;
You to the Country, I to Court.
Our Wives are looſe about the Waſte;
But others are not overchaſte.
'Tis in Misfortune ſome Relief,
To have Companions in our Grief;
Then let us both, like Prudent Men,
Return, and take our Dames again.
That Love, which *Hymen* had ſubdu'd,
Perhaps our Abſence has renew'd.

And, as *Aſtoipho* had divin'd,
Their Wives were tenderly inclin'd.
After ſome Chiding, more for Faſhion,
Our Author ſays, than out of Paſſion,
They ſtrove loſt Pleaſures to retrieve,
As faſt as Love wou'd give 'em leave;
Not mentioning, as I can find,
The crooked Dwarf, or Lubbard Hind.

Then let us not, with fruitleſs Care,
Expect Perfection in the Fair;
But ſince we cannot live without 'em,
Take 'em with all their Faults about 'em;
And ſtedfaſtly this Truth believe,
That ev'ry Woman comes from *Eve*.

From LUCAN.

Upon *Cæſar*'s looking upon the Dead Bodies after the Battel of *Pharſalia*, and not ſuffering them to be Burnt.

HOs, Cæſar, populos ſi nunc non uſſerit Ignis,
Uret cum Terris, uret cum gurgite Ponti.
Communis mundo ſupereſt Rogus, Oſſibus aſtra
Miſturus. Quocunque Tuam Fortuna vocabit,
Hæ quoque eunt Animæ; non altiùs ibis in auras;
Non meliore loco Stygiâ ſub nocte jacebis.
Libera fortuna Mors eſt: Capit omnia Tellus
Quæ genuit; Cœlotegitur Qui non habet urnam.

Thus Engliſh'd:

CÆSAR,

If now theſe Bodies want their Pile and Urn,
At laſt, with the whole Globe, they're ſure to burn.
The World expects one general Fire: and Thou
Muſt go where theſe poor Souls are wand'ring now.
Thou'l reach no higher, in th' Ethereal Plain,
Nor 'mongſt the Shades a better place obtain.
Death levels all: And He that has not room
To make a Grave, Heaven's Vault ſhall be his Tomb.

Alcimus Avitus's Deſcription of PARADISE.

NOn hìc alterni ſuccedit temporis unquam
Bruma, nec æſtivi redeunt poſt frigora Soles;
Hìc Ver aſſiduum Cœli clementia ſervat.
Turbidus Auſter abeſt, ſempérque ſub aere ſudo
Nubila diffugiunt, jugi ceſſura ſereno.
Nec poſcit Natura loci, quos non habet, imbres,
Sed contenta ſuo dotantur germina rore.
Perpetuò viret omne ſolum, terræque benignæ
Blanda nitet facies: Stant ſemper collibus herbæ,
Arboribúſque comæ, &c.

Thus Engliſh'd:

No change of Seaſons or exceſs was there,
No Winter chill'd, nor Summer ſcorch'd the Air,
But, with a conſtant Spring, Nature was freſh and fair.
Rough Winds or Rains that Region never knew,
Water'd with Rivers and the morning Dew;
The Heav'ns ſtill clear, the Fields ſtill green and gay,
No Clouds above, nor on the Earth decay;
Trees kept their Leaves and Verdure all the Year,
And Fruits were never out of Seaſon there.

GALLUS.

ELEG. I.

Æmula cur ceſſas finem properare Senectus.

MOVE faſter, Life; thou tireſom Gueſt away,
Why in this ruin'd Cottage doſt thou ſtay?
Why am I forc'd to drag the heavy Chain
Of Life, when nothing but the Dregs remain?
My feeble Limbs are with the Load oppreſs'd,
And Death, kind Death alone can give 'em Reſt.

While Youthful Blood the well-fill'd Channels fed,
And o'er each Part a ſprightly Vigour ſpread;
Wholly reſign'd to Nature's boundleſs Sway,
I follow'd ſtill where Pleaſure led the Way.

Roving from Thought to Thought, with freſh Delight,
Love rul'd the Day, and am'rous Dreams the Night.
With Beauty's various Forms my Breaſt was fir'd;
The more I taſted, ſtill the more deſir'd.
The well-ſhap'd ſlender Nymph did Paſſion move,
By Nature fram'd for active Scenes of Love;
If Plump, ſhe charm'd me with a comely Face,
And fleſhy Plumpneſs fill'd our ſoft Embrace;
Majeſtick Stature, with a nervous Strength,
(A full proportion'd Beauty drawn at Length,)
Struck me with awful Love: Who cou'd withſtand
The Dart ſhot from an *Amazonian* Hand?

The dancing Fairy did all Life appear,
And pleas'd the Lover with her lively Air.
Sometimes my Muſe ſung fair *Dorinda*'s Praiſe,
In Smiles we liſten'd to the tuneful Lays;

Some-

Sometimes, by ſprightly Airs to Love betray'd,
With antick Rounds I warm'd the yielding Maid.
When brisk Champaign reliev'd the Lover's Care,
(Each Goblet ſacred to the abſent Fair,)
With double Joy I bore the double Load,
The wanton Goddeſs, and the reeling God.

In Pleaſure thus my Youthful Hours were paſt,
For Love's the greateſt Pleaſure, and the laſt.
Guarded by inward Heat, my Breaſt lay bare
To Winter Storms, nor felt the Northern Air;
On *Iſis* Banks oft have I naked ſtood,
And boldly plung'd into her chilly Flood.
Oft thro' the Woods I chac'd the frighted Prey,
Nor ſunk beneath the Labour of the Day;
But preſſing forward pierc'd the foaming Boar,
And ſmear'd my Jav'lin with his reeking Gore.

Henceforth farewel the Lover's ſoft'ning Joys,
The warbling Lute, ſoft Pipe, and mellow Voice.
Farewel, *Tho' Muſick be the Food of Love,*
No tuneful Numbers can my Paſſion move.
The ſparkling Juices, tho' by Beauty crown'd,
Are hurtful grown, and muſt no more go round,
Nor artful Meaſures beat the burthen'd Ground.

The Savage Game no more Delight can yield,
Farewel the manly Pleaſures of the Field.

Now by enervate Age I am o'ercome,
That univerſal Conqueror, from whom
The firſt-form'd Matter muſt receive its doom.
With trembling Steps, and foggy Puffs of Breath,
My weary Limbs crawl to the Verge of Death;
The thoughts of Pleaſure paſt torment my Breaſt,
For 'tis a diſmal Thought to have been Bleſt.

Oh wretched State! in lingring Pain I lye
Robb'd of Life's uſe, yet not allow'd to die.
Th' Unhappy wiſh for Death, but wiſh in vain;
Death flies their Courtſhip with a coy Diſdain,
While to the Youthful, and the happy Breaſt
He is too oft a bold unwelcome Gueſt.
Transform'd from what I was, how am I grown
A frightful Spectre to my ſelf unknown?
My Face to livid Shades its Air reſigns,
And deep-plough'd Furrows hide the featur'd Lines.
The Nerves unbrac'd, and fleſhy Cloathing gone,
A ſhrivel'd Skin clings to the naked Bone;
My Eyes, when they beheld the Form (afraid
To ſee the dreadful Change which Age had made,)
Shrunk back into their Sockets with the Fright,
And with a filmy Veil they ſhroud their Sight.
Diſtilling Rheums, the only liquid Store,
Mourn their dead Luſtre in a ſcalding Show'r.

Tho' bright the Sun, tho' all ſerene the Sky,
O'ercaſt they ſeem, and clouded to my Eye;
The Day creeps on with ſuch a gloomy Light,
I ſcarce perceive when 'tis reliev'd by Night.
No tuneful Accent forms my feeble Voice,
'Tis now become a hollow mumbling Noiſe;
The liſt'ning Ear, on ev'ry Word intent,
Catches the Sound, and gueſſes what is meant.
Sour'd with the thoughts of Pleaſure paſt, I praiſe
The good old Times, and blame the preſent Days;
Doating with Age, my ever-babling Tongue
Boaſts how I liv'd, what Feats I did when Young;
Then ſtrait forgetting it was told before,
Again I tell the tedious Story o'er.
In vain does Age its mighty Wiſdom boaſt,
'Tis a dear Bargain, and not worth the Coſt,
Purchas'd ſo late, e'er long enjoy'd, 'tis loſt.

And

And by Experience this ſad Truth I know,
I ſcarce remember what I did juſt now.
Tho' of large Tracts of Land I am poſſeſt,
And Bags of Gold lye crowded in the Cheſt;
Amidſt this heap of Riches I am Poor,
Since 'tis to me become a uſeleſs Store;
Like wretched *Tantalus*, within the Flood
I ſtand, but cannot taſte the Golden Food.
No more erect, no more the Heav'ns I ſee,
That Attribute of Man is loſt to me.
With down-caſt Looks I view my place of Birth,
And bow my bended Trunk to Mother Earth;
The mould'ring Clay ſeeks out its firſt Abode,
While a ſtiff Plant ſupports the tott'ring Load,
And with repeated Thumps knocks at the Ground,
To let the weary Traveller lye down.
Open thy Boſom, Earth, and, in the Womb
Of Nature, let me find a ſecond Tomb.

To thy cold Breaſt my colder Limbs receive,
They're now that very Clod thou once didſt give.
Where-e'er I go, when-e'er I walk the Street
(With Wonder pointed at by all I meet,)
Some pity the Old Man, while others cry,
There goes the Picture of Mortality.
So tender am I grown, I cannot bear
The gentle Dew, or the ſoft Southern Air;
Hence are my Lungs with trickling Rheums oppreſt,
And Ptiſick Coughs ne'er ceaſe to tear my Breaſt,
Of Eaſe they rob the Day, the Night of Reſt.
Stretch'd on the Rack, a tortur'd Wretch, I wait
With Joy, the laſt indulgent Blow of Fate.
Happy the Man, whoſe Life, without allay,
In a ſmooth Stream of Pleaſure glides away,
And with his Pleaſure ends his lateſt Day.
Mine ſeems to wait on ev'ry Gaſp of Breath,
'Tis better once to die; *Then welcome Death.*

THE LOVE of *GALLUS*:

Tranſlated from *VIRGIL*'s Tenth ECLOGUE.

By *J. TRAPP.*

ONE Labour, *Arethuſa*, to the paſt
One let us add; this Labour is my laſt.
Something in Verſe is to my * *Gallus* due,
Which ev'n *Lycoris* may with Pity view.
How can a Verſe to *Gallus* be deny'd?
So may'ſt Thou ſafe beneath the Ocean glide,
Nor *Doris* mix with Thine her brackiſh Tide.

* *Gallus* was a Man of Quality, an excellent Poet, and a particular Friend of *Virgil*'s.

Begin;

Begin; and, while the browzing Cattle rove,
Let us relate how *Gallus* pin'd for Love.
Nor ſing we to the Deaf; the Lawns around
Anſwer our Notes, and Echoe to the Sound.

What Woods, or Groves, ye Nymphs did you detain,
When *Gallus* dy'd with Love's tormenting Pain?
For neither 'twas the Hill where Poets dream;
Nor *Pindus*'s Top, nor *Aganippe*'s Stream.
For Him the weeping Laurels droop'd in Tears,
For Him the Shrubs; and *Mænalus* who rears
Its Head o'ergrown with Pines; *Lycæus* mourn'd,
And its bleak Cliffs his ſweet Complaints return'd:
While ſtretch'd beneath a moſſy Rock he lay,
Sleepleſs all Night, and ſighing all the Day.
The Flocks ſtand round, and in dumb Pity moan;
Them, Divine Poet, bluſh not Thou to own:
The fair *Adonis* did not ſcorn to keep
Along the River's Side his grazing Sheep. To

To comfort Him, and eaſe his reſtleſs Care,
The tardy Herdſmen, and the Swains repair;
Menalcas wet with Winter-Acorns came:
All ask the Cauſe of his unhappy Flame,
Apollo too arriv'd; and why in vain,
He cry'd, will *Gallus* hug his fruitleſs Pain?
Thy lov'd *Lycoris*, Cauſe of all thy Woes,
Follows another, thro' rough Camps and Snows.
Sylvanus came, with Rural Honours crown'd,
With flowry Wreaths, and Lillies nodding round.
And *Pan*, th' *Arcadian* God, with Berries preſs'd
And red Vermilion painted, join'd the reſt.
Where will this end, He ſaid? what fond Diſeaſe?
No Tears can unrelenting Love appeaſe;
Love minds them not: As ſoon ſhall Flocks refuſe
To feed, or Graſs be ſatisfy'd with Dews;
As ſoon ſhall Bees with flow'ry Sweets be cloy'd,
As cruel Love with Weeping be allay'd.

Yet

Yet penſive, He; Theſe things you ſhall relate,
Arcadian Shepherds; if You ſing my Fate,
And in complaining Muſick make your Groves
And Moutains ſound with my unhappy Loves,
Ye only skill'd; my Soul its Wiſh will have,
And ſweet ſhall be my Slumbers in the Grave.
Oh! had it been my Fate with you to join
To tend the Flocks, or prune the cluſt'ring Vine!
With *Phyllis*, or *Amyntas* I ſhould ſpend
My Hours; my Lover She, and He my Friend.
And what's the Fault, tho' black *Amyntas* be?
Violets, and Hyacinths are black as He.
Both in their way to me Delight would bring,
Phyllis weave Garlands, and *Amyntas* ſing.
Behold, my dear *Lycoris*, here are Shades,
Cool Groves, refreſhing Springs, and flow'ry Meads;
Here bleſs'd, with Thee, I could for ever ſtay,
And in ſoft Fondneſs languiſh Life away.

Now tyrannizing Love to War's Allarms
Confines me, and the rough Fatigue of Arms.
While Thou (but can I yet believe 'tis ſo?)
Art roving o'er the diſtant *Alpine* Snow,
Ah! cruel! far from Me; or wandring near
The frozen *Rhine*: Ah! how I die with fear
Leſt the rough Ice upon the froſty Ground [wound.
Should bruiſe thy tender Feet, or that ſoft Body
I'll go; and, to divert my raging Pains,
Sing my ſweet Numbers in *Sicilian* Strains.
It is reſolv'd; to Wilds I will repair,
To Dens of Beaſts, and all thoſe Hardſhips bear.
On ev'ry Tree indent her Charming Name
With Verſe, expreſſive of my fatal Flame.
The tender Bark my Love engrav'd ſhall ſhow,
And with th' increaſing Bark my Love ſhall grow.
Mean while, among the Nymphs, I'll ramble o'er
Mænalian Cliffs, or hunt the foaming Boar;

With

With Hounds I'll chaſe the Beaſts, and ſeek their Spoils,
And round *Parthenian* Thickets pitch my Toils,
In ſpight of Froſt; now, now, methinks, I go
O'er Rocks, thro' ſounding Woods, and twang the [*Parthian* Bow.
As if thoſe Sports my Frenzy could compoſe,
Or Love could learn to pity Human Woes.
And now again the Nymphs no more can eaſe
My Soul, nor ev'n my Verſe its Pains appeaſe;
Ye Woods, farewel; your Shades no longer pleaſe.
No Toils of ours the cruel God can change,
Whether thro' parch'd, or frozen Climes we range;
Whether of *Heber*'s Flood on *Thracian* Coaſts
We drink, or tread the ſtiff *Sithonian* Froſts;
Or feed our Flocks on *India*'s torrid Sands,
When ſcorching *Cancer* burns the thirſty Lands:
'Tis ſtill the ſame; where-ever we remove,
Love conquers All, and We muſt yield to Love.

THE

THE
Deſcription of the PRODIGIES
Which attended the Death of
JULIUS CÆSAR.

Tranſlated into

Blank Verſe, from the latter End of the Firſt Book of *VIRGIL's Georgicks.*

By *J. TRAPP.*

The Poet deſcribing the various Signs, by which the Sun foretels all ſorts of Weather, takes Occaſion from thence to make the following Digreſſion.

Ille etiam extincto miſeratus Cæſare Romam, &c.

HE too at *Cæſar's* Murther, pitying *Rome*,
With duſty Scurf obſcur'd his beamy Head,
And impious Mortals fear'd eternal Night.
Tho' at that Time, Earth too, and ſpacious Seas,

And

And Dogs obſcene, and ill-preſaging Birds
Gave dire Portents. How oft have We beheld
O'er-boiling *Ætna* with *Volcanos* burſt
Thunder, and rage into *Cyclopean* Fields,
Rolling vaſt Globes of Flames and melted Stones?
Germany heard Arms clatt'ring in the Sky;
The *Alps* with unexampled Shuddrings quak'd:
And frequently among the ſilent Groves
Voices were heard, and Spectres wondrous pale
Seen in the Dusk of Ev'ning: Cattle ſpoke,
(Horrid to tell!) Earth yawn'd, and Streams ſtood ſtill;
In Temples mourning Iv'ry wept, and Braſs
Sweated: *Eridanus*, the King of Floods,
With roaring Inundation o'er the Plains
Swept Woods away, and Cattle with their Folds.
Nor did mean while th' ill-boding Fibres ceaſe
To menace Fate, nor Blood to riſe in Wells,
Nor Cities loudly to reſound with Wolves

Howling

Howling by Night. Ne'er from unclouded Sky
Did Lightning with more nimble Flaſhes glare,
Nor e'er ſo thick did baleful Comets blaze.
For this, *Philippi* ſaw the *Roman* Troops
Twice in like Arms engage; and Heav'n thought fit
That twice *Æmathia*, and the ſpacious Fields
Of *Hæmus*, ſhould be fruitful with our Blood.
Nay, and the Time ſhall come, when in thoſe Coaſts
The lab'ring Hind, as with the crooked Share
He turns the Glebe, ſhall plough up Piles conſum'd
With rugged Ruſt, and with the pond'rous Rakes
Claſh againſt empty Helmets, and admire
Big, manly Bones, dig'd from their open'd Graves.

Ye Tutelary Gods, Thou *Romulus*,
And Mother *Veſta*, who preſerv'ſt with Care
Etrurian Tiber, and the *Roman* Tow'rs;
Permit, at leaſt, this wond'rous Youth to prop

The reeling World; already by our Blood
Enough We've ru'd the Perjuries of *Troy*.
Long ſince, O *Cæſar*, the Celeſtial Court
Has envy'd Us thy Preſence, and repines
Thou ſhouldſt on Mortal Triumphs be employ'd,
Where Right and Wrong are blended; o'er the World
So many Wars, ſuch various Shapes of Vice:
Tillage has loſt its due Regard; the Hinds
Preſs'd into Soldiers, Fields lye waſte, and wild;
And crooked Scythes are hammer'd into Swords.
Euphrates here, there *Germany* makes War;
The Neighb'ring Cities break all Leagues, and fly
To Arms; *Mars* rages impious o'er the World.
As when the Racers from their Barriers ſtart
Oft whirling round the Goal; the Charioteer
Holding in vain the Bridles, by the Steeds
Is drag'd, nor will their Mouths obey the Rein.

THE STORY OF *PHAETON.*

Tranſlated from

The Concluſion of the Firſt, and the Beginning of the Second Book of *OVID*'s *Metamorphoſes.*

By *J. TRAPP.*

HEnce * *Epaphus* th' illuſtrious Title bears
Of Son to *Jove*, Celeſtial Honour wears,
And Temples with his Mother jointly ſhares.
Equal to Him in Age and ſprightly Fire
Was *Phaëton*; He, boaſting of his Sire

* *From his being born of* Iö, *who was belov'd by* Jupiter; *as it is related in the preceding Story.*

The Sun, to *Epaphus* refus'd to yield;
Who mortify'd Him thus, with Fury fill'd:
With a falſe Father's Name thy Fancy ſwells,
Fool, to believe all true, thy Mother tells.

Confounded, *Phaëton* bluſh'd; nor could engage
In that Diſpute, but Shame ſuppreſs'd his Rage.
Strait to his Mother *Clymene* he bore
Th' opprobrious Words; and ſaid, To grieve You more,
I, that fierce Youth, that Spirit full of Flame
Abaſh'd, no Anſwer made: I die with Shame
That ſuch Reproaches, by a Rival mov'd,
Could once be urg'd, and could not be diſprov'd.
But if indeed you don't my Blood bely,
Produce ſome Proof of a Deſcent ſo high,
And vindicate my Title to the Sky.

Thus having ſaid, about her Neck he flung
His twining Arms, and on his Mother hung.

Then by his own, and by her Husband's Head,
And by each Siſter's *Hymenæal* Bed,
Conjures her with plain Proof to eaſe his Fear,
And make the Author of his Birth appear.

'Tis doubtful whether *Clymene* were mov'd
More by th' Intreaty of the Son ſhe lov'd,
Or by her Honour's Stain. She ſpread abroad
Her Hands to Heav'n, and to the blazing God;
By thoſe bright Beams, ſhe cry'd, thy Mother ſwears,
By Him who us, and all Things ſees, and hears;
That *Phœbus* whom Thou ſeeſt, who bleſſes Earth
And Heav'n with cheering Influence, gave thee Birth.
If not, may I his Light for ever loſe,
And view that God no more, whoſe Name I uſe.
Nor is't a tedious Task his Court to find,
His Morning-Palace to our Coaſts is join'd.

If ſo thy Will determine, thither go,
And from thy Father's Mouth thy Father know.

At this Advice, by his fond Parent giv'n,
The Youth exults, and thinks of nought but Heav'n.
Then his own *Æthiopia* leaves with haſte;
And having *India*'s torrid Confines paſs'd,
Which juſt beneath the burning Axle lay,
Strait to his Father's Court with Speed purſues his [Way.

The Beginning of the Second Book.

TOw'ring on Pillars awful to the Sight
Sol's Palace ſtood; with golden Splendour [bright.
And flaming Rubies, darting radiant Light.
The Roof with fineſt Iv'ry was o'erlaid;
The Silver Folding-Doors a Glory round diſplay'd.

The

The Work its rich Materials did outſhine;
For there had *Mulciber*, with Art divine,
Engrav'd the circling Waves, the ſolid Ball,
And Heav'n's wide Arch expanded over All.
Shrill-ſounding *Triton* ſwims the winding Seas,
And Mimick *Proteus*, wat'ry Deities;
Ægæon claſping round unwielding Whales,
And preſſing with his Arms their monſtrous Scales.
With *Doris*, and her Nymphs; ſome ſmoothly glide
Along the Flood, and ſome on Fiſhes ride:
Some ſit on Rocks, and dry their Sea-green Hair;
Their Looks not unlike, nor the ſame appear,
But, juſt as Siſters ſhould, a decent Diff'rence bear.
The Earth has Men, and Cities, Beaſts, and Woods,
Rivers, and Nymphs, and other Rural Gods.
High above all Heav'n's bright Effigie ſhines,
And on each Door are ſix refulgent Signs.

Here *Phaëton*, having gain'd the ſteep Aſcent,
Strait to his doubted Father's Preſence went,
And ſtood at diſtance; for his mortal Sight
Could bear no nearer that Exceſs of Light.
Attir'd in Purple *Phœbus* on a Throne
Was ſeated, which with dazling Emralds ſhone.
Around Him ſtood Days, Months, Years, Ages, Hours;
Gay Spring, all freſh, and crown'd with blooming [Flow'rs;
Parch'd Summer with her Wheaten Wreath appear'd,
Autumn with Juice of trodden Grapes beſmear'd,
And icy Winter with his hoary Beard.

There *Phœbus*, with his all-beholding Eyes,
His Youthful Offspring in Confuſion ſpies,
Trembling at thoſe Celeſtial Novelties:
When thus; What Buſ'neſs hither brings my Son,
My *Phaëton*, whom I ſhall ne'er diſown?

O Thou, whoſe Influence cheers the World with Day,
The Youth reply'd; O Father, if I may
Guiltleſs of Uſurpation uſe that Name,
Nor *Clym'ne* with a Falſhood hides her Shame;
Give ſure Credentials which my Birth may prove,
And from my Mind theſe reſtleſs Doubts remove.

He ſpoke; and ſtrait the Father from his Head
Flung the bright Rays, which ſtreaming [ſpread, Glory
Bid him draw near, and thus, Embracing, ſaid:

Nor art Thou worthy ſure to be deny'd,
Nor has my *Clymene* thy Birth bely'd.
To clear thy Doubts, ask what thy Thoughts ſuggeſt,
And no Repulſe ſhall baffle thy Requeſt:
And may that *Stygian* Lake which Gods revere,
But never ſee, this ſolemn Promiſe hear.

Scarce

Scarce had He ended, when th' aſpiring Boy
Demands one Journey on th' Ethereal Way,
To drive his Father's Steeds, and guide the Day.

Fain would th' unwary God his Oath revoke,
Thrice ſhook his radiant Head, and thus he ſpoke.
'Tis true, my Promiſe from my Lips is flown,
And Thou haſt made my heedleſs Words thy own.
But oh! could I thoſe heedleſs Words recant,
This only I confeſs I ſhould not grant.
Ev'n now I may diſſuade; in Ruin end
Theſe wild Attempts; Great things thy Thoughts [intend
Which this green Age, and childiſh Strength tran- [ſcend.
Thy State is mortal, Godlike thy Deſire;
Nay ev'n above the Gods Thou doſt aſpire.
For let them ne'er ſo daringly confide
In their own Might, yet none has Pow'r to ride
On my hot Axle, and my Chariot guide.

Not He who darts his Lightning from above [*Jove?*
Can rein theſe Steeds: And what's more great than
The firſt Aſcent with Pain my Horſes climb,
So ſteep it riſes; next thro' Heav'n ſublime
I'm born; from whence with Horror pale I grow,
To ſee the diſtant Earth and Seas below.
Prone is the Ev'ning Stage, which gives me Pain
In ſwift Deſcent, and needs a ſteady Rein.
Ev'n *Tethys*, who receives me, quakes with Dread,
Leſt I ſhould headlong plunge into her wavy Bed.
Beſides, this globous and ethereal World,
With all its Stars, and Spinning Orb, is whirl'd:
I drive adverſe; and urge my full Career,
In oppoſition to the rapid Sphere.
But couldſt thou bear the Force with which it rolls?
Or ſtand the ſwift Rotation of the Poles?
Perhaps Thou there conceiv'ſt the bleſt Abodes,
And rich with Gifts the Temples of the Gods.

Thro'

Thro' Snares and Forms of Monſters lies the Way;
For granting that on neither hand Thou ſtray,
Cloſe by the *Bull*'s ſtern Horns the Chariot goes,
Th' *Æmonian Archer*, and the *Lion*'s Paws,
And thro' the *Crab*'s, and twiſted *Scorpion*'s Claws.
Nor is't an equal Task for Thee to cool
My foaming Steeds, and thoſe mad Heats controul
Which glow within their Breaſts, and from their [Noſtrils roll.
Scarce can my Strength their toſſing Heads reſtrain,
When ſtruggling, and reluctant to the Rein.
But Thou, leſt I a fatal Preſent give,
My Son, correct thy raſh Demand, and live.
To prove Thee mine, Thou fain wouldſt have appear
Undoubted Tokens; which I give by Fear,
Am prov'd thy Father by Paternal Care.
Behold my Looks; and could my Thoughts be ſeen,
Thou might'ſt perceive the Pain that cleaves my Breaſt [within.

In

In fine, of all that in th' Ethereal Sky,
Or Earth, or Seas (look round) Thou canſt eſpy,
Demand ſome Gift, and nothing I'll deny.
Decline this one; thy longing Fancy raves,
And not an Honour, but a Curſe it craves.
Why round my Neck fond Twinings doſt Thou make?
I've ſworn already by the *Stygian* Lake;
Doubt not; in vain Thou nothing ſhalt require,
But mix more Prudence with thy next Deſire.

He ended; but the other ſtill retain'd
His firm Reſolves, and urg'd his firſt Demand.
The Sire then ling'ring with ſlow Steps proceeds,
And Him to *Vulcan*'s Work his Chariot leads.
Gold was the Axle, and the Beam was Gold;
The Wheels with ſilver Spokes, and golden Circles roll'd.
Gems ſet in Rows adverſe, and ſparkling bright,
Reflected on the God the dazzling Light.

Which

Which while th'Ambitious Youth with wondring Eyes
Runs o'er, and all the beauteous Work ſurveys;
Lo! from the roſie Eaſt her purple Doors
The Morn unfolds, adorn'd with bluſhing Flow'rs:
The leſſen'd Stars draw off, and diſappear,
Whoſe bright Battallions laſtly *Lucifer*
Brings up, and quits his Station in the Rear.
When *Phœbus* ſaw the Moon's pale Horns withdrawn,
And the World round him red'ning at the Dawn;
He bids the nimble Hours his Steeds array
With Harneſs; ſtrait the Goddeſſes obey:
From their high Mangers with *Ambroſia* fed,
And breathing Flame, the gen'rous Beaſts they lead,
And fit the rattling Bridles. Then the Sire,
To make his Son endure th'Ethereal Fire,
A Sacred Ointment o'er him ſpreads with care,
And with the radiant Glory crowns his Hair.

When

When Sighs repeated from his Breaſt had broke,
Thoſe ſad Preſages of ill Luck, He ſpoke.

That all my Words may not be ſpent in vain,
Son ſpare the Laſh, and manage well the Rein.
Swift of themſelves they ſcour along the Sky,
And Pain it is to check them, as they fly.
Nor muſt Thou ſtrait thro' the five Circles ride,
A Path oblique do's Heav'n's Convex divide:
Which bounded by three Zones, do's in its Line
From both the Poles on either hand decline.
There drive; Thou'lt ſee the Track the Wheels have [made;
That Fire may neither Heav'n nor Earth invade,
But both the Heat in juſt proportion prove,
Nor ſink below the Road, nor ſoar above.
For if too high, th' Ethereal Manſions glow;
The Earth is turn'd to Aſhes, if too low;
Between th' Extremes ſecureſt ſhalt thou go.

On

On the left, keeping ſtill the middle Track,
Avoid the *Altar*; on the right, the *Snake.*
The reſt I leave to Chance; be She thy Guide,
And for Thee better than thy ſelf provide.
While I am talking, to th' *Heſperian* Strand
The Night's advanc'd; I muſt no longer ſtand:
The Morn is ris'n, I'm ſummon'd to appear;
Take, take the Bridles; or if prudent Fear
Has chang'd thy Mind, my Chariot ſtill refuſe,
And while Thou'rt yet ſecure, my Counſel chuſe;
While yet Thou doſt not on my Axle ſit,
My proper Province to my ſelf permit:
Let me diſpenſe the Day; Thou ſafely live,
And view that Light which I alone can give.

Forthwith th' impatient Youth with eager Heat
Seizes the Reins, and ſprings into the Seat;

Then

Then ſtood aloft, with that high Charge o'erjoy'd,
And to his Sire unwelcome Thanks repaid.

Meanwhile hot *Pyroeis* with *Eöus* join'd,
With *Æthon* fleet, and *Phlegon* wild as Wind,
The Sun's ſwift Steeds each others Rage provoke,
Neighing aloud, and ſnorting Fire and Smoke;
And haſty to perform Fate's harſh Decree,
Inſult the Barriers, pawing to get free:
Which, when, not thinking of th' unhappy Boy
Her Grandſon, *Tethys* had remov'd away,
And all the Heav'nly Tract before 'em lay;
Strait, in a moment ſtarting, out they ſpring
Cutting th' oppoſed Clouds, and born on Wing
Outfly the Eaſtern Winds; ſo light a Load
They could not feel, but miſs'd the poiſing God.
As Ships, when no juſt Ballaſt is aſſign'd,
Are whiffled thro' the Sea, and dance before the Wind;

The Chariot ſo jump'd, rocking thro' the Air
On rattling Wheels, and totter'd here and there.
Which when the Steeds perceive, they ſoon forſake
The beaten Road, and wild Excurſions make.
He's damp'd with Fear, nor do's he know the Way,
Nor would the Horſes, if he did, obey.
Then firſt the *Bear* grew hot, and wiſh'd in vain
To cool her Head in the forbidden Main.
That *Serpent* too, plac'd in the Frozen Zone,
Benumb'd with Cold at firſt, and fear'd by none;
Rous'd by the Heat, unfurls her tardy Spires,
Frets with an angry Hiſs, and feels th'approaching [Fires.
Thou too *Boötes*, from the Sun ſo far
Remote, fled'ſt nearer to the Polar Star,
Tho' ſlow, and lagging with thy lazy Car.

But when th' unhappy Youth from higheſt Sky
Saw Earth, which vaſtly diſtant down did lye;

Struck

Struck pale with Fear, he ſhiver'd at the Sight,
Half blinded by th' inſufferable Light.
Too late he wiſhes now h' had ne'er deſir'd
His Father's Steeds, nor his high Birth enquir'd:
Wiſhes his fatal Suit had been deny'd,
And would be Mortal by the Father's ſide.
Like ſome toſs'd Bark, whoſe Pilot in Deſpair
Turning all fruitleſs vain Attempts to Pray'r,
Abandons all to th' Hazards of the Air;
He's driven: What ſhou'd he do? much Space behind
He ſees; more onward; meaſures both in Mind.
Sometimes, which he muſt never reach, the Weſt
He views, ſometimes looks back upon the Eaſt.
Puzzled and loſt, He dares not looſe the Rein,
Tho' weary, faint, and holding it with Pain,
Nor do's his Horſes Names in Mind retain.

Then ſcatter'd o'er the Sky ſtrange Forms appear,
And monſtrous Shapes, which chill his Blood with [Fear

There is a Place, wherein his crooked Paws
The *Scorpion* into two bent Arches draws,
And ſtretches thro' two Signs his Tail and winding [Claws.
Him when the Youth ſaw twiſted in a Ring
Wriggling himſelf, and threatning with his Sting
Fork'd horribly, and ſweating pois'nous Black;
Quite robb'd of Strength, He let the Bridles ſlack.
Soon as the fiery Steeds perceive the Reins
Lie looſe and uſeleſs on their reeking Mains,
They roam at random, and thro' Paths untrod
Without Controul they rambling make a Road;
Where their impetuous Frolick prompts, they rove,
And make Incurſions on the Stars above.
Now with reſiſtleſs Force they bound on high,
Now thunder down the ſteepneſs of the Sky
Nearer to Earth, Amazement ſeiz'd the Moon:
To ſee her Brother's Steeds beneath her own.

The Clouds aſcend in Smoke; high points of Land
Firſt catch the Flame, of all their Juices drain'd.
Scorch'd are the Paſtures; Trees to Aſhes turn,
And o'er ten thouſand Fields the crackling Harveſts burn.
But Trifles theſe; great Cities were deſtroy'd,
And in the Duſt the Fire whole Kingdoms laid.
The ſame did on vaſt Woods and Mountains ſeize;
Athos, *Cilician Tauros*, *Tmolus* blaze;
Oete, and *Ida*, once for Fountains fam'd,
And Virgin *Helicon* and *Hæmus* flam'd,
Hæmus, which yet from *Orpheus* was not nam'd.
Ætna, which long had burnt for many an Age,
Now roars and thunders with redoubled Rage.
Parnaſſus, *Eryx*, *Othrys*, *Cynthus* glow,
Mimas, and *Rhodope* now free from Snow.
Dyndamae, *Mic'le*, and *Cythæron*, Seat
Of Sacred Rites; nor *Scythia* from the Heat

Its Cold ſecures; *Caucaſus* glares with Fire,
Oſſa, and *Pindus*, and *Olympus* higher
Than both, are wrapp'd in Smoke, or blazing ſhine,
And th' airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Appenine*.

Now *Phaeton*, in the rapid Chariot hurl'd,
From ev'ry part beholds the flaming World;
Involv'd in Smoke, and drag'd He knows not where,
As from a Stove he draws the ſcalding Air,
Nor longer can the Coals, and Balls of Aſhes bear.
Whether on high he's hurry'd, or below,
He ſees not, but perceives his Chariot glow.
Then firſt 'tis thought the torrid *Indians* Blood
Drawn to the Surface of their Bodies ſtood;
From whence their black Complexion has remain'd:
Then *Lybia* parch'd, and of its Moiſture drain'd,
Has, ever ſince, its Drought, and ſcorching Sands [retain'd.

The

The Nymphs with Hair diſhevel'd mourn the loſs
Of purling Springs, and Fountains edg'd with Moſs.
Bæotia doubts where *Dirce*'s Brook ſhould ſtray,
Argos ſeeks *Amymone* ſtol'n away,
Nor *Corinth* do's *Pirene*'s Streams enjoy.
Nor in their Channels diſtant Rivers glide
Securely; *Tanais* rolls a ſmoking Tide,
Peneus, *Cäycus*, and *Iſmenos*'s Bank are dry'd.
Lycormas, *Erymanthus* feel the Heat,
And *Xanthus* doom'd to burn again by Fate.
Eurotas, and *Meander*, He who plays
Amidſt his Labyrinth and watry Maze;
Euphrates, who the Walls of *Ninus* laves,
And great *Orontes* flow with ſcalding Waves.
Thermodoon, *Ganges*, *Phaſis*, *Iſter* burn,
Melas's, and *Sperchius*'s Banks to Aſhes turn.
Alphëus boil'd; Billows of melted Gold
In the rich Stream of yellow *Tagus* roll'd.

Thoſe River-Birds, with whoſe delightful Song
Mœonia's winding Shores ſo oft had rung,
No cooling Waters find to quench their Fire,
But in *Cäyſter*'s bubling Tide expire.
To the World's End affrighted *Nilus* flies,
And hides his Head, which ſtill in ſecret lies;
For the ſev'n Channels where he drew his Train,
Sev'n dry and duſty Vallies now remain.
The ſame hard Fate each *Thracian* River mourns,
Heber and *Strymon* thirſt with empty Urns.
Nor are the *Rhine*, *Rhone*, *Po*, or *Tiber* freed,
Tiber, to whom wide Empire was decreed.

[Light
The Ground all cleaves, and thro' the Chinks the
Strikes into Hell, and ſcares the Shades of Night.
Th' infernal King was ſtartled as it ſhone,
And, with his Conſort, trembled on his Throne.

The Ocean ſhrinks; and what before was Main
Appears a ſpacious Waſte, and ſandy Plain.
Rocks ſtanding high above the ſhallow Seas,
The number of the *Cyclades* increaſe.
The Fiſh all dive, and creep into the Mud,
Nor dare the Dolphins play above the Flood.
Supine in Death the monſtrous *Phocæ* ſleep,
And float upon the Surface of the Deep.
Nereus and *Doris* too in rocky Caves
Contracted lay beneath the boiling Waves.
Thrice *Neptune* with ſtern Aſpect rais'd his Head,
And thrice ſhrunk back into his Oozy Bed.

But kind, indulgent Earth, whoſe ſmoking Sides
The Sea embrac'd, and bounded with its Tides,
'Midſt fuming Rills, and leſſen'd Springs that come
To ſeek for ſhelter in their Mother's Womb;

Rears

Rears her ill-bearing Head; and from the Blaze
Endeavours with her Hand to guard her Face,
Then trembling She the whole Creation ſhakes,
And ſinking thus with ſacred Accent ſpeaks.

If 'tis Your Will, and I deſerve to die,
Great *Jove*, why ſleeps th' Artillery of the Sky?
Since 'tis my Fate to periſh by the Fire,
Let me, Supreme of Gods, by Yours expire;
If from Your thund'ring Arm the Ruin come,
Its mighty Author's Name will eaſe my Doom.
Scarce can my Voice expreſs this feeble Pray'r;
(Heat choak'd her Mouth) behold my blazing Hair:
How Clouds of Smoke my watry Eyes annoy,
And round my Head the crackling Cynders play.
Are theſe the beſt Rewards You can confer
On me, Your uſeful Slave? who all the Year
The wounding Strokes of Plow and Spade have born,
And with the goring Harrows have been torn?

Who have on Men and Cattle wholſome Food,
And Incenſe on Your ſacred Shrines beſtow'd?
But grant theſe Judgments juſtly light on me;
What has Your Brother done, or what his Sea?
Why do his Waves decreaſe, nor dare to riſe,
But keep that modeſt diſtance from the Skies?
But if nor He, nor I Your Favour ſhare,
Yet Your own Heav'n will ſure command Your Care,
Pity Your ſelf; behold the ſmoking Poles,
How round them both the ruddy Vapour rolls.
If once they ſink, none can Your Courts enſure,
Nor Fate it ſelf Your ſtarry Thrones ſecure.
See *Atlas* labours with unuſual Pain,
And ſcarce the glowing Axle can ſuſtain.
If Sea, if Earth, and Heav'n to Ruin burn,
All huddled into Chaos We return.
Thou, if Fire's waſteful Fury ought has ſpar'd,
Yet ſave it, and the main Affair regard.

Thus

Thus She; for now ſhe could no longer bear
The ſultry Smoke, and ſuffocating Air;
Into her ſelf draws back her fainting Head
To the dark Caverns bord'ring on the Dead.

But *Jove* appeals to all the Pow'rs of Heav'n,
And ev'n to Him, who had the Chariot giv'n;
Urging that now, without his Succour, all
Muſt run to Ruin, and to nothing fall.
Strait on that lofty Eminence He tow'rs,
From whence He uſually ſends down the Show'rs;
From whence his Thunderbolts abroad He pours:
Thinking the Conflagration to reſtrain
With ruſhing Tempeſts, and deſcending Rain.
But now thoſe Magazines were all bereft
Of watry Stores, and only Thunder left.
That he employs; and launch'd from his right Ear
A Bolt he whirls againſt the Charioteer:

But

With the ſame fatal Blow tranſports him hurl'd
At once from off the Seat, and from the World;
And quenches Fire with Fire. With furious Bound
The Steeds leap diff'rent ways, and flinging round
From off their toſſing Necks the Harneſs break,
And from their Heads the ſhatter'd Bridles ſhake.
Here lies the Beam by thoſe impetuous Shocks
Pluck'd off, and there the Shivers of the Spokes;
In Parts remote the Reins and Axle lye,
The broken Chariot ſcatter'd o'er the Sky.
But *Phaëton* with his ſing'd and ſhining Hair
Shot like a Meteor gliding thro' the Air;
Which, if it fell not, ſeem'd a falling Star.
Him vaſtly diſtant from his native Place
The *Po* receiv'd, and waſh'd his ſmoking Face.

TO *APOLLO* making LOVE.

FROM

Monſieur FONTENELLE.

By Mr. *TICKELL.*

I.

I Am (cry'd *Apollo*, when *Daphne* he woo'd,
And panting for Breath, the coy Virgin purſu'd,
When his Wiſdom, in manner moſt ample, expreſt
The long Liſt of the Graces his Godſhip poſſeſt:)

II.

I'm the God of ſweet Song, and Inſpirer of Lays;
Nor for Lays, nor ſweet Song, the fair Fugitive ſtays:
I'm the God of the Harp—ſtop my Faireſt—in vain;
Nor the Harp, nor the Harper, could fetch her again.

III. Ev'ry

III.

Ev'ry Plant, ev'ry Flow'r, and their Virtues I know,
God of Light I'm above, and of Phyſick below:
At the dreadful Word Phyſick, the Nymph fled more [faſt;
At the fatal Word Phyſick She doubled her Haſte.

IV.

Thou fond God of Wiſdom, then alter thy Phraſe,
Bid her view thy young Bloom, and thy raviſhing Rays,
Tell her leſs of thy Knowledge, and more of thy Charms,
And, my Life for't, the Damſel ſhall fly to thy Arms.

The FATAL CURIOSITY.

By the ſame Hand.

MUCH had I heard of fair *Francelia*'s Name,
The laviſh Praiſes of the Babler, Fame;
I thought them ſuch, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the Charmer, with a Critick's Eye,

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd to find ſome Fault, before unſpy'd,
And diſappointed, if but ſatisfy'd.

Love pierc'd the Vaſſal Heart, that durſt rebel,
And where a Judge was meant, a Victim fell:
On thoſe dear Eyes, with ſweet Perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my Pride and Soul away;
All o'er I felt the luſcious Poiſon run,
And, in a Look, the haſty Conqueſt won.

Thus the fond Moth around the Taper plays,
And ſports, and flutters near the treach'rous Blaze;
Raviſh'd with Joy he wings his eager Flight,
Nor dreams of Ruin, in ſo clear a Light;
He tempts his Fate, and courts a glorious Doom,
A bright Deſtruction, and a ſhining Tomb.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *ROSAMOND*, AN OPERA.

——————Ne forte pudori
Sit Tibi Muſa Lyræ ſolers, & Cantor Apollo.

By Mr. *TICKELL.*

THE *Op'ra* firſt *Italian* Maſters taught,
Enrich'd with Songs, but innocent of Thought.
Britannia's learned Theater diſdains
Melodious Trifles, and enervate Strains;
And bluſhes, on her injur'd Stage to ſee
Nonſenſe well-tun'd, and ſweet Stupidity.

No Charms are wanting to thy artful Song,
Soft as *Corelli*, and, as *Virgil*, ſtrong.
From Words ſo ſweet new Grace the Notes receive,
And Muſick borrows Helps, ſhe us'd to give.
Thy Stile hath match'd what ancient *Romans* knew,
Thy flowing Numbers far excels the new.
Their Cadence in ſuch eaſie Sound convey'd,
That Height of Thought may ſeem ſuperfluous Aid;
Yet in ſuch Charms the noble Thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the Sweets of eaſie Sound.

Landskips how gay the bow'ry Grotto yields,
Which Thought creates, and laviſh Fancy builds!
What Art can trace the viſionary Scenes,
The flow'ry Groves, and everlaſting Greens,
The babling Sounds that Mimick *Echo* plays,
The Fairy Shade, and its eternal Maze?

Nature

Nature and Art in all their Charms combin'd,
And all *Elyſium* to one View confin'd!
No further could Imagination roam,
'Till *Vanbrook* fram'd, and *Marlbro'* rais'd the Dome.

Ten thouſand Pangs my anxious Boſom tear,
When drown'd in Tears I ſee th' imploring Fair;
When Bards leſs ſoft the moving Words ſupply,
A ſeeming Juſtice dooms the Nymph to die;
But here ſhe begs, nor can ſhe beg in vain,
(In Dirges thus expiring Swans complain)
Each Verſe ſo ſwells expreſſive of her Woes,
And ev'ry Tear in Lines ſo mournful flows;
We, ſpite of Fame, her Fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her Crimes, and think ſhe ought to live.

Let Joy ſalute fair *Roſamonda*'s Shade,
And Wreaths of Myrtle crown the lovely Maid.

While now perhaps with *Dido*'s Ghoſt ſhe roves,
And hears and tells the Story of their Loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bleſs their Fate,
Since Love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great.
Nor longer that relentleſs Doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a *Virgil*, and an *A——n*.

Accept, Great Monarch of the *Britiſh* Lays,
The Tribute Song an humble Subject pays.
So tries the artleſs Lark her early flight,
And ſoars, to hail the God of Verſe, and Light.
Unrival'd as unmatch'd be ſtill thy Fame,
And thy own Laurels ſhade thy envy'd Name:
Thy Name, the Boaſt of all the tuneful Quire,
Shall tremble on the Strings of ev'ry Lyre,
Who reads thy Work ſhall own the ſweet Surprize;
And view Thy *Roſamond* with *Henry*'s Eyes.

TO A LADY; WITH THE Deſcription of the PHÆNIX.

By the ſame Hand.

LAviſh of Wit, and bold appear the Lines,
Where *Claudian*'s Genius in the *Phœnix* ſhines;
A thouſand ways each brillant Point is turn'd,
And the gay Poem, like its Theme, adorn'd:
A Tale more ſtrange ne'er grac'd the Poets Art,
Nor e'er did Fiction play ſo wild a Part.

Each fabled Charm in matchleſs *Cælia* meets,
The heav'nly Colours, and ambroſial Sweets;

Her Virgin Boſom chaſter Fires ſupplies,
And Beams more piercing guard her kindred Eyes:
O'erflowing Wit th' imagin'd Wonder drew,
But fertile Fancy ne'er can reach the True.

Now buds your Youth, your Cheeks their Bloom diſcloſe,
Th' untainted Lilly, and unfolding Roſe;
Eaſe in your Mien, and Sweetneſs in your Face,
You ſpeak a Syren, and You move a Grace;
Nor Time ſhall urge theſe Beauties to Decay,
While Virtue gives, what Years ſhall ſteal away:
The Fair, whoſe Youth can boaſt the Worth of Age,
In Age ſhall with the Charms of Youth engage;
In ev'ry Change ſtill lovely, ſtill the ſame,
A fairer *Phœnix* in a purer Flame.

A

Deſcription of the PHÆNIX:

Tranſlated from

CLAUDIAN.

By the ſame Hand.

IN utmoſt Ocean lies a lovely Iſle,
Where Spring ſtill blooms, and Greens for ever [ſmile,
Which ſees the Sun put on his firſt Array,
And hears his panting Steeds bring on the Day;
When, from the Deep, they ruſh with rapid Force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious Courſe;
Whence firſt appear the ruddy Streaks of Light,
And glimm'ring Beams diſpel the parting Night.

In theſe ſoft Shades, unpreſt by human Feet,
The happy *Phœnix* keeps his balmy Seat,
Far from the World disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the Empire, and its King unknown.
A God-like Bird! whoſe endleſs Round of Years
Out-laſts the Stars, and tires the circling Spheres;
Not us'd like vulgar Birds to eat his Fill,
Or drink the Chryſtal of the murm'ring Rill;
But fed by Warmth from *Titan*'s purer Ray,
And ſlak'd by Steams which Eaſtern Seas convey;
Still he renews his Life in theſe Abodes,
Contemns the Pow'r of Fate, and mates the Gods.

His fiery Eyes ſhoot forth a glitt'ring Ray,
And round his Head ten thouſand Glories play;
High on his Creſt, a Star celeſtial bright
Divides the Darkneſs with its piercing Light,

His

His Legs are ſtain'd with Purple's lively Dye,
His azure Wings the fleeting Winds out-fly;
Soft Plumes of cheerful Blue his Limbs infold,
Enrich'd with Spangles, and bedropt with Gold.

Begot by none himſelf, begetting none,
Sire of himſelf he is, and of himſelf the Son;
His Life in fruitful Death renews its Date,
And kind Deſtruction but prolongs his Fate:
Ev'n in the Grave new Strength his Limbs receive,
And on the Fun'ral Pile begin to live.
For when a thouſand times the Summer Sun
His bending Race has on the Zodiaque run,
And when as oft the Vernal Signs have roll'd,
As oft the Wintry brought the numbing Cold;
Then drops the Bird, worn out with aged Cares,
And bends beneath the mighty Load of Years.

So falls the ſtately Pine, that proudly grew
The Shade, and Glory of the Mountain's Brow,
When pierc'd by Blaſts, and ſpouting Clouds o'erſpread,
It, ſlowly ſinking, nods its tott'ring Head,
Part dies by Winds, and part by ſickly Rains,
And waſting Age deſtroys the poor Remains.

Then, as the ſilver Empreſs of the Night
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter Light,
So, froz'n with Age, and ſhut from Light's Supplies,
In lazy Rounds ſcarce roll his feeble Eyes,
And thoſe fleet Wings, for Strength and Speed re-
[nown'd,
Scarce rear th' unactive Lumber from the Ground.

Myſterious Arts a ſecond time create
The Bird, prophetick of approaching Fate.

Pil'd

Pil'd on an Heap *Sabean* Herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his Sire the Sun's intenſeſt Rays;
The Pile deſign'd to form his Fun'ral Scene
He wraps in Covers of a fragrant Green,
And bids the ſpicy Heap at once become
A Grave deſtructive, and a teeming Womb.

On the rich Bed the dying Wonder lies,
Imploring *Phœbus* with perſuaſive Cries,
To dart upon him in collected Rays,
And new-create him in a deadly Blaze.

The God beholds the Suppliant from afar,
And ſtops the Progreſs of his heav'nly Carr.
" O Thou, ſays he, whom harmleſs Fires ſhall burn,
" Thy Age the Flame to ſecond Youth ſhall turn,
" An Infant's Cradle is thy Fun'ral Urn.

" Thou

" Thou, on whom Heav'n has fix'd th' ambiguous [Doom
" To live by Ruin, and by Death to bloom,
" Thy Life, thy Strength, thy lovely Form renew,
" And with freſh Beauties doubly charm the View.

Thus ſpeaking, 'midſt the Aromatick Bed
A golden Beam he toſſes from his Head:
Swift, as Deſire, the ſhining Ruin flies,
And ſtrait devours the willing Sacrifice.
Who haſtes to periſh in the fertile Fire,
Sink into Strength, and into Life expire.

In Flames the circling Odours mount on high,
Perfume the Air, and glitter in the Sky,
The Moon and Stars, amaz'd, retard their Flight,
And Nature ſtartles at the doubtful Sight;
For whilſt the pregnant Urn with Fury glows,
The Goddeſs labours with a Mother's Throes,

Yet

Yet joys to cheriſh, in the friendly Flames,
The nobleſt Product of the Skill ſhe claims.

Th' enliv'ning Duſt its Head begins to rear,
And on the Aſhes ſprouting Plumes appear;
In the dead Bird reviving Vigour reigns,
And Life returning revels in his Veins:
A new born *Phœnix* ſtarting from the Flame,
Obtains at once a Son's, and Father's Name;
And the great Change of double Life diſplays,
In the ſhort Moment of one tranſient Blaze.

On his new Pinions to the *Nile* he bends,
And to the Gods his parent Urn commends,
To *Egypt* bearing, with Majeſtick Pride,
The balmy Neſt, where firſt he liv'd, and dy'd.
Birds of all kinds admire th' unuſual Sight,
And grace the Triumph of his Infant Flight;

In Crouds unnumber'd round their Chief they fly,
Oppreſs the Air, and cloud the ſpacious Sky;
Nor dares the fierceſt of the winged Race
Obſtruct his Journey thro' th' æthereal Space,
The Hawk and Eagle uſeleſs Wars forbear,
Foregoe their Courage, and conſent to fear;
The feather'd Nations humble Homage bring,
And bleſs the gaudy Flight of their Ambroſial King.

Leſs glitt'ring Pomp does *Parthia*'s Monarch yield,
Commanding Legions to the duſty Field;
Tho' ſparkling Jewels on his Helm abound,
And Royal Gold his awful Head ſurround;
Tho' rich Embroid'ry paint his Purple Veſt,
And his Steed bound in coſtly Trappings dreſt,
Pleas'd in the Battel's dreadful Van to ride,
In graceful Grandeur, and Imperial Pride.

Fam'd

Fam'd for the Worſhip of the Sun, there ſtands
A ſacred Fane in *Egypt*'s fruitful Lands,
Hew'n from the *Theban* Mountain's rocky Womb
An hundred Columns rear the Marble Dome;
Hither, 'tis ſaid, he brings the precious Load,
A grateful Off'ring to the Beamy God;
Upon whoſe Altars conſecrated Blaze
The Seeds and Reliques of himſelf he lays,
Whence flaming Incenſe makes the Temple ſhine,
And the glad Altars breath Perfumes divine.
The wafted Smell to far *Peluſium* flies,
To chear old Ocean, and enrich the Skies,
With Nectar's Sweets to make the Nations ſmile,
And ſcent the ſev'n-fold Channels of the *Nile*.

Thrice happy *Phœnix!* Heav'n's peculiar Care
Has made thy ſelf thy ſelf's ſurviving Heir;

By

By Death thy deathleſs Vigour is ſupply'd,
Which ſinks to Ruin all the World beſide;
Thy Age, not thee, aſſiſting *Phœbus* burns,
And Vital Flames light up thy Fun'ral Urns.
Whate'er Events have been thy Eyes ſurvey,
And thou art fixt, while Ages roll away;
Thou ſaw'ſt when raging Ocean burſt his Bed,
O'er-top'd the Mountains, and the Earth o'er-ſpread,
When the raſh Youth inflam'd the high Abodes,
Scorch'd up the Skies, and ſcar'd the deathleſs Gods.
When Nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs Reign;
Fate's Tyrant Laws thy happier Lot ſhall brave,
Baffle Deſtruction, and elude the Grave.

VERSES

Sent to the Honourable

Mrs. *MARGARET LOWTHER*

On Her MARRIAGE.

Tranſlated from *Menage.*

By the ſame Hand.

THE greateſt Swain that treads th' *Arcadian* [Grove,
Our Shepherds Envy, and our Virgins Love,
His charming Nymph, his ſofteſt Fair obtains,
The bright *Diana* of our flow'ry Plains;
He, 'midſt the graceful, of ſuperior Grace,
And ſhe the loveliеſt of the loveliеſt Race.

Thy fruitful Influence, Guardian *Juno*, ſhed,
And crown the Pleaſures of the Genial Bed,

Raiſe thence, their future Joy, a ſmiling Heir,
Brave as the Father, as the Mother fair.
Well may'ſt thou ſhow'r thy choiceſt Gifts on thoſe,
Who boldly rival thy moſt hated Foes;
The vig'rous Bridegroom with *Alcides* vies,
And the fair Bride has *Cytherea*'s Eyes.

TO A
LADY;
With a PRESENT of
FLOWERS.

By the ſame Hand.

THE fragrant Painting of our flow'ry Fields,
The choiceſt Stores that youthful Summer yields,
Strephon to fair *Eliſa* hath convey'd,
The ſweeteſt Garland to the ſweeteſt Maid.

O cheer the Flow'rs, my Fair, and let them reſt,
On the *Elyſium* of thy ſnowy Breaſt,
And there regale the Smell, and charm the View,
With richer Odours, and a lovelier Hue.

Learn hence (nor fear a Flatt'rer in the Flow'r)
Thy Form divine, and Beauty's matchleſs Pow'r:
Faint, near thy Cheeks, the bright Carnation glows,
And thy ripe Lips out-bluſh the op'ning Roſe;
The Lilly's Snow betrays leſs pure a Light,
Loſt in thy Boſom's more unſullied White;
And Wreaths of Jeſſ'mine ſhed Perfumes, beneath
Th' ambroſial Incenſe of thy balmy Breath.

Ten thouſand Beauties grace the Rival Pair,
How fair the Chaplet, and the Nymph how fair!
But ah! too ſoon theſe fleeting Charms decay,
The fading Luſtre of one haſt'ning Day,

This Night ſhall ſee the gaudy Wreath decline,
The Roſes wither, and the Lillies pine.

The Garland's Fate to thine ſhall be apply'd,
And what advanc'd thy Form, ſhall check thy Pride:
Be wiſe, my Fair, the preſent Hour improve,
Let Joy be new, and now a Waſte of Love;
Each drooping Bloom ſhall plead thy juſt Excuſe,
And that which ſhow'd thy Beauty, ſhow its Uſe.

ON A
LADY's PICTURE:
TO
GILFRED LAWSON, Eſq;

By the ſame Hand.

AS *Damon Chloe*'s painted Form ſurvey'd,
He ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for the jilting Shade,

For *Cupid* taught the Artiſt Hand its Grace,
And *Venus* wanton'd in the mimick Face.

Now he laments a Look ſo falſely fair,
And almoſt damns, what yet reſembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing Eyes;
Now fated, from the lovely Phantome flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her Iv'ry Neck his Lips preſume to kiſs,
And his bold Hands the ſwelling Boſom preſs;
The Swain drinks in deep Draughts of vain Deſire,
Melts without Heat, and burns in fancy'd Fire.

Strange Pow'r of Paint! Thou nice Creator Art!
What Love inſpires, may Life it ſelf impart.
Struck with like Wounds, of old, *Pigmalion* pray'd,
And hug'd to Life his Artificial Maid;

Claſp, new *Pigmalion*, claſp the ſeeming Charms,
Perhaps ev'n now th' enliv'ning Image warms,
Deſtin'd to crown thy Joys, and revel in thy Arms:
Thy Arms, which ſhall with Fire ſo fierce invade,
That ſhe at once ſhall be, and ceaſe to be a Maid.

Written at *BATH.*

WITH wiſh'd Succeſs theſe min'ral Springs
Which o'er hot Beds of ſmoking Sulphur [I try'd, [glide;
For Health I came, nor was that Health deny'd.
But when unwarn'd, and fearleſs of Surprize,
I felt the darted Fire of *Celia*'s Eyes;
All was undone again: Unuſual Pains
Heav'd at my Heart, and tingled in my Veins.

No Remedy can this Diſeaſe remove;
But ev'n theſe wond'rous Waters uſeleſs prove
To quench the Fire, the raging Fire of Love.
Were *Willis*, like his Fame, ſurviving ſtill,
Ev'n *Willis* would in vain employ his Skill.
Cur'd of one Sickneſs, by a worſe I die;
And meet the Fate, from which I ſtrove to fly.
So the ſick Deer by ready Inſtinct goes,
To ſeek the healing Plant which Nature ſhews;
Crops it ſecure, nor other Danger heeds:
But while on that reſtoring Herb he feeds,
Shot by a mortal Shaft he yields his Breath,
And where he finds his Med'cine, finds his Death.

LOVE and *FOLLY.*

REflecting, how ev'n common Senſe was gone,
When Love had puſh'd my Reaſon from the Throne,
And how one Error drew another on;
How ev'ry Object in falſe Lights was view'd,
And vain Deſigns with wrong Addreſs purſu'd;
How I expos'd my Weakneſs to be ſeen,
And wanted Wit to *keep the Fool within*;
Deſpair'd, yet hop'd; ſcarce knew what 'twas I ſought,
While Sighs, and Sonnets ſerv'd inſtead of Thought;
New Methods found th' unlucky Fire to nurſe,
And ſtill repair'd one Folly by a worſe:

Amaz'd, enrag'd, I curs'd my fatal Flame,
Bluſh'd ev'n alone, and almoſt dy'd with Shame;

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd my native Freedom to regain,
And either break my Heart, or break my Chain.

When thus his ſage Advice *Apollo* gave;
Wouldſt thou be free? Submit to be a Slave.
To flounce, and ſtruggle in th' intangling Snare,
Hampers the Captive more, and ties him faſter there:
And he who in a Quickſand floundring lies,
Still deeper ſinks, the more he ſtrives to riſe.
Nor at thy thoughtleſs Management repine;
The Fair have ſpoil'd far better Senſe than thine.
Among their Vaſſals, patient take thy Place,
And be an Ideot with a truer Grace.
But thou wouldſt needs ſee clearly with no Eyes,
Be mad with Reaſon, and in Folly wiſe.
Content thy ſelf; let this thy Care remove,
The wiſeſt of Mankind are Fools in Love.

PART of the

Sixth Book of *LUCAN.*

Tranſlated from the *Latin* by Mr. *ROWE.*

Cæſar *and* Pompey *being Encamp'd near each other upon the River* Apſus *in* Illyria, *the former, who was preſt for want of Proviſion, laid a Deſign of ſurpriſing* Dyrrachium, *in order to bring the latter to a Battel; but* Pompey *having early Notice of his Motion march'd before him, and Encamp'd ſo as to cover the Town. Upon this* Cæſar *reſolv'd to draw a Line quite round the Enemy's Camp, which he did with wonderful Expedition. After the Deſcription of theſe Works, the Poet goes on to tell that* Pompey *being Enclos'd, and his Horſe ſuffering for want of Forage, he reſolv'd to force his Paſſage thro'* Cæſar's *Entrenchments; upon the firſt Attack* Cæſar's *Soldiers gave way, 'till* Scæva *a Centurion made up to the Breach, and by his ſingle Valour ſtop'd* Pompey's *whole Army.*

NOW, near Encamp'd, each on a neighb'ring [Height,
The *Latian* Chiefs prepare for ſudden Fight,
The Rival Pair ſeem hither brought by Fate,
As if the Gods wou'd end the dire Debate,
And, here, determine of the *Roman* State.

Cæſar,

Cæſar, intent upon his hoſtile Son,
Demands a Conqueſt here, and here alone;
Neglects what Laurels Captive Towns might yield,
And ſcorns the Harveſt of the *Grecian* Field.
Impatient he provokes the fatal Day,
Ordain'd to give *Rome*'s Liberties away,
And leave the World the greedy Victor's Prey.
Eager that laſt, great Chance of War he waits:
Where either's Fall determines both their Fates.
Thrice, on the Hills all drawn in dread Array,
His threat'ning Eagles wide their Wings diſplay;
Thrice, but in vain, his hoſtile Arms he ſhew'd,
His ready Rage, and thirſt of *Latian* Blood.
But when he ſaw how Cautious *Pompey*'s Care,
Safe in his Camp, declin'd the proffer'd War;
Thro' Woody Paths he bent his ſecret Way,
And meant to make *Dyrrachium*'s Tow'rs his Prey.
This *Pompey* ſaw, and ſwiftly ſhot before,
With ſpeedy Marches on the Sandy Shore:

'Till on *Taulantian Petra*'s Top he ſtay'd,
Shelt'ring the City with his timely Aid.
This Place, nor Walls, nor Trenches deep can boaſt,
The Works of Labour, and expenſive Coſt.
Vain Prodigality! and Labour vain!
Loſt is the laviſh'd Wealth, and loſt the fruitleſs Pain!
What Walls, what Tow'rs ſoe'er they rear ſublime,
Muſt yield to Wars, or more deſtructive Time;
While Fences like *Dyrrachium*'s Fortreſs made,
Where Nature's Hands the ſure Foundation laid,
And with her Strength the naked Town array'd,
Shall ſtand ſecure againſt the Warrior's Rage,
Nor fear the ruinous Decays of Age.
Guarded around by ſteepy Rocks it lies,
And all Acceſs from Land, but one, denies.
No vent'rous Veſſel there in Safety rides;
But foaming Surges break, and ſwelling Tides
Roll roaring on, and waſh the craggy Sides:

Or

Or when contentious Winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmoſt Cliff they flow,
Burſt on the lofty Domes, and daſh the Town below.

Here *Cæſar*'s daring Heart vaſt Hopes conceives,
And high with War's vindictive Pleaſures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful Mind,
How, in this Camp, the Foe may be confin'd,
With ample Lines from Hill to Hill deſign'd.
Secret and ſwift he means the Task to try,
And runs each Diſtance over with his Eye.
Vaſt Heaps of ſod and verdant Turff are brought,
And Stones in deep laborious Quarries wrought;
Each *Grecian* Dwelling round the Work ſupplies,
And ſudden Ramparts from their Ruins riſe.
With wond'rous Strength the ſtable Mound they rear,
Such as th' impetuous Ram can never fear,
Nor hoſtile Might o'erturn, nor forceful Engine tear.

Thro'

Thro' Hills, reſiſtleſs, *Cæſar* plains his Way,
And makes the rough unequal Rocks obey.
Here deep beneath the gaping Trenches lye,
There Forts advance their airy Turrets high.
Around vaſt Tracts of Land the Labours wind,
Wide Fields and Foreſts in the Circle bind,
And hold as in a Toil the ſalvage Kind;
Nor ev'n the Foe too ſtrictly pent remains,
At large he forages upon the Plains;
The vaſt Encloſure gives free leave around,
Oft to Decamp, and ſhift the various Ground.
Here from far Fountains Streams their Channels [trace,
And while they wander thro' the tedious ſpace,
Run many a Mile their long extended Race:
While ſome, quite worn and weary of the Way,
Sink, and are loſt before they reach the Sea.
Ev'n *Cæſar*'s ſelf when thro' the Works he goes,
Tires in the midſt, and ſtops to take Repoſe.

Let

Let Fame no more record the Walls of *Troy*,
Which Gods alone cou'd build, and Gods deſtroy;
Nor let the *Parthian* wonder, to have ſeen
The Labours of the *Babylonian* Queen:
Behold this large, this ſpacious Tract of Ground,
Like that, which *Tigris* or *Orontes* bound;
Behold this Land! which Majeſty might bring,
And form a Kingdom for an Eaſtern King;
Behold a *Latian* Chief this Land encloſe,
Amidſt the Tumult of impending Foes,
He bad the Walls ariſe, and as he bad they roſe.
But ah! vain Pride of Pow'r! Ah! fruitleſs Boaſt!
Ev'n theſe, theſe mighty Labours all are loſt!
A Force like this what Barriers cou'd withſtand?
Seas muſt have fled, and yielded to the Land;
The Lover's Shores united might have ſtood,
Spight of the *Helleſpont*'s oppoſing Flood;

While

While the *Egæan* and *Ionian* Tide,
Might meeting o'er the vanquiſht *Iſthmus* ride,
And *Argive* Realms from *Corinth*'s Walls divide;
This Pow'r might change unwilling Nature's Face,
Unfix each Order, and remove each Place.
Here, as if clos'd within a Liſt, the War
Does all its Valiant Combatants prepare;
Here ardent glows the Blood, which Fate ordains
To Dye the *Lybian* and *Emathian* Plains;
Here the whole Rage of Civil Diſcord join'd,
Struggles for Room, and ſcorns to be confin'd.

Nor yet, while *Cæſar* his firſt Labours try'd,
The Warlike Toil by *Pompey* was deſcry'd:
So, in mid *Sicily*'s delightful Plain,
Safe from the horrid Sound, the happy Swain
Dreads not loud *Scylla* barking o'er the Main.

So

So, Northern *Britains* never hear the Roar
Of Seas that break on the far *Cantian* Shore.
Soon as the riſing Ramparts hoſtile Height,
And Tow'rs advancing, ſtruck his anxious Sight,
Sudden from *Petra*'s ſafer Camp he led,
And wide his Legions on the Hills diſpread.
So *Cæſar*, forc'd his Numbers to extend,
More feebly might each various Strength defend;
His Camp far o'er the large Encloſure reach'd,
And guarded Lines along the Front were ſtretch'd,
Far as *Rome*'s diſtance from *Aricia*'s Groves,
(*Aricia* which the Chaſte *Diana* loves)
Far as from *Rome* Old *Tyber* ſeeks the Sea,
Did he not wander in his winding way.
While yet no Signals for the Fight prepare,
Unbidden, ſome the Javelin dart from far,
And skirmiſhing, provoke the ling'ring War.

But deeper Cares the thoughtful Chiefs diſtreſs,
And move, the Soldier's Ardor to repreſs.
Pompey, with ſecret anxious Thought, beheld
How trampling Hoofs the riſing Graſs repell'd;
Waſte lye the ruſſet Fields, the gen'rous Steed
Seeks on the naked Soil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing, from Racks of husky Straw he turns,
And pining, for the verdant Paſtures mourns.
No more his Limbs their dying Load ſuſtain,
Aiming a Stride, he falters in the Strain,
And ſinks a Ruin on the with'ring Plain:
Dire Maladies upon his Vitals prey,
Diſſolve his Frame, and melt the Maſs away.
Thence deadly Plagues invade the lazy Air,
Reek to the Clouds, and hang malignant there:
From *Neſis* ſuch the *Stygian* Vapours riſe,
And with Contagion taint the purer Skies;

Such

Such do *Typhœu*'s ſteamy Caves convey,
And breath Blue Poiſons on the Golden Day:
Thence liquid Streams the mingling Plague receive,
And deadly Potions to the Thirſty give:
To Man the Miſchief ſpreads, the fell Diſeaſe
In fatal Draughts does on his Entrails ſeize;
A rugged Scurf, all loathly to be ſeen,
Spreads, like a Bark, upon his ſilken Skin;
Malignant Flames his ſwelling Eye-balls dart,
And ſeem with Anguiſh from their Seats to ſtart;
Fires o'er his glowing Cheeks and Viſage ſtray,
And mark, in Crimſon Streaks, their burning Way;
Low droops his Head, declining from its height,
And nods, and totters with the fatal Weight.
With winged Haſte the ſwift Deſtruction flies,
And ſcarce the Soldier ſickens e'er he dies:
Now falling Crowds at once reſign their Breath,
And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death.

Careleſs their putrid Carcaſſes are ſpread;
And on the Earth, their dank unwholſom Bed,
The Living reſt in common with the Dead.
Here none the laſt Funereal Rights receive;
To be caſt forth the Camp, is all their Friends can give.
At length kind Heav'n their Sorrows bad to ceaſe,
And ſtaid the peſtilential Foes increaſe;
Freſh Breezes from the Sea begin to riſe,
While *Boreas* thro' the lazy Vapour flies,
And ſweeps, with healthy Wings, the rank polluted [Skies:
Arriving Veſſels now their Freight unload,
And furniſh plenteous Harveſts from abroad:
Now ſprightly Strength, now cheerful Health returns,
And Life's fair Lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.

But *Cæſar*, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
Feels not the Miſchiefs of the ſluggiſh Sky:

On

On Hills ſublime he breaths the Purer Air,
And drinks no Damps, nor Pois'nous Vapours there;
Yet Hunger keen, an equal Plague is found,
Famine, and meager Want beſiege him round:
The Fields as yet no hopes of Harveſt wear,
Nor yellow Stems diſcloſe the bearded Ear;
The ſcatter'd Vulgar ſearch around the Fields,
And pluck whate'er the doubtful Herbage yeilds;
Some ſtrip the Trees in ev'ry neighb'ring Wood,
And with the Cattle ſhare their graſſy Food.
Whate'er the ſoft'ning Flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the Teeth or lab'ring Jaws can break;
What Fleſh, what Roots, what Herbs ſoe'er they get,
Tho' new, and ſtrange to Human Taſte as yet,
At once the greedy Soldiers ſeize, and eat.
What Want, what Pain ſoe'er they undergo,
Still they perſiſt in Arms, and cloſe beſet the Foe.

At length, impatient longer to be held
Within the Bounds of one appointed Field;
O'er ev'ry Bar which might his Paſſage ſtay,
Pompey reſolves to force his warlike Way;
Wide o'er the World the ranging War to lead,
And give his looſen'd Legions Room to ſpread.
Nor takes he mean Advantage from the Night,
Nor ſteals a Paſſage, nor declines the Fight;
But bravely dares, diſdainful of the Foe,
Thro' the proud Tow'rs and Ramparts Breach to go;
Where ſhining Spears and creſted Helms are ſeen,
Embattell'd thick, to guard the Walls within;
Where all things Death, where Ruin all afford,
There *Pompey* marks a Paſſage for his Sword.
Near to the Camp a woody Thicket lay,
Cloſe was the Shade, nor did the Greenſword Way,
With ſmoky Clouds of Duſt, the March betray.

Hence,

Hence, ſudden they appear in dread Array,
Sudden their wide extended Ranks diſplay;
At once the Foe beholds, with wond'ring Eyes,
Where on broad Wings *Pompeian* Eagles riſe;
At once the Warriors Shouts, and Trumpet-ſounds [ſurprize.
Scarce was the Sword's Deſtruction needful here,
So ſwiftly ran before preventing Fear;
Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant ſome
Stood, but to meet in Arms a nobler Doom.
Where-e'er they ſtood, now ſcatter'd lye the Slain,
Scarce yet a few for coming Deaths remain,
And Clouds of flying Javelins fall in vain.
Here ſwift conſuming Flames the Victors throw,
And here the Ram impetuous aims a Blow;
Aloft, the nodding Turrets feel the Stroke,
And the vaſt Rampart groans beneath the Shock:
And now propitious Fortune ſeem'd to doom
Freedom and Peace, to *Pompey*, and to *Rome*;

High o'er the vanquiſh'd Works his Eagles tow'r,
And vindicate the World from *Cæſar*'s Pow'r.

But, (what nor *Cæſar*, nor his Fortune cou'd)
What not ten thouſand warlike Hands withſtood,
Scæva reſiſts alone; repels the Force,
And ſtops the rapid Victor in his Courſe.
Scæva! a Name e'erwhile to Fame unknown,
And firſt diſtinguiſh'd on the Gallick *Rhone*;
There ſeen in hardy Deeds of Arms to ſhine,
He reach'd the Honours of the * *Latian* Vine.
Daring and Bold, and ever prone to Ill,
Inur'd to Blood, and active to fulfil
The Dictates of a lawleſs Tyrant's Will;
Nor Virtue's Love, nor Reaſon's Laws he knew,
But careleſs of the Right, for Hire his Sword he drew.

* *The Badge or Diſtinction of the* Roman *Centurions.*

Thus

Thus Courage by an impious Cauſe is curſt,
And he that is the Braveſt, is the Worſt.
Soon as he ſaw his Fellows ſhun the Fight,
And ſeek their Safety in Ignoble Flight,
Whence does, he ſaid, this Cowards Terror grow,
This Shame, unknown to *Cæſar*'s Arms 'till now?
Can you, ye ſlaviſh Herd, thus tamely yeild?
Thus fly, unwounded, from this bloody Field?
Behold, where pil'd in ſlaughter'd Heaps on high,
Firm to the laſt, your brave Companions lye;
Then bluſh to think what wretched Lives you ſave,
From what Renown you fly, from what a glorious
Tho' Sacred Fame, tho' Virtue yield to Fear, [Grave:
Let Rage, let Indignation keep you here.
We! we the weakeſt, from the reſt are choſe,
To yield a Paſſage to our ſcornful Foes!
Yet *Pompey*, yet, thou ſhalt be yet withſtood,
And ſtain thy Victor's Lawrel deep in Blood.

With

With Pride, 'tis true, with Joy I ſhould have dy'd,
If haply I had fall'n by *Cæſar*'s Side,
But Fortune has the Noble Death deny'd;
Then *Pompey*, thou, thou on my Fame ſhalt wait,
Do thou be Witneſs, and applaud my Fate.
Now puſh we on, diſdain we now to fear,
A thouſand Wounds let ev'ry Boſom bear,
'Till the keen Sword be blunt, be broke the pointed [Spear.
And ſee, the Clouds of duſty Battel riſe!
Hark how the Shout runs ratt'ling thro' the Skies!
The diſtant Legions catch the Sounds from far,
And *Cæſar* liſtens to the thund'ring War.
He comes, he comes, yet e'er his Soldier dies,
Like Light'ning ſwift the winged Warrior flies:
Haſte then to Death, to Conqueſt haſte away,
Well do we fall, for *Cæſar* wins the Day.

He ſpoke, and ſtrait, as at the Trumpet's Sound,
Rekindled Warmth in ev'ry Breaſt was found;

Recall'd from Flight, the Youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring Fellow-Soldiers Fate,
To ſee if haply Virtue might prevail,
And ev'n, beyond their Hopes, do more than greatly [fail,

High on the tott'ring Wall he rears his Head,
With ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes around him ſpread;
With nervous Arms uplifting theſe he throws,
Theſe Rolls oppreſſive, on aſcending Foes;
Each where Materials for his Fury lye,
And all the ready Ruins Arms ſupply;
Ev'n his fierce Self he ſeems to aim below,
Headlong to ſhoot, and dying dart a Blow.
Now his tough Staff repels the fierce Attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold Aſſailants back:
How Heads, now Hands he lops, the Carcaſs falls,
While the clinch'd Fingers gripe the topmoſt Walls;

Here

Here Stones he heaves; the Maſs deſcending full,
Cruſhes the Brain, and ſhivers the frail Scull.
Here burning pitchy Brands he whirls around;
Infix'd, the Flames hiſs in the liquid Wound,
Deep drench'd in Death, in flowing Crimſon [drown'd.

And now the ſwelling Heaps of ſlaughter'd Foes,
Sublime and equal to the Fortreſs roſe;
Whence, forward, with a Leap, at once he ſprung,
And ſhot himſelf amidſt the hoſtile Throng.
So daring, fierce with Rage, ſo void of Fear,
Bounds forth the ſpotted Pard, and ſcorns the Hun- [ter's Spear,
The cloſing Ranks the Warrior ſtrait enfold,
And compaſt in their Steely Circle hold;
Undaunted ſtill around the Ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and ev'ry where o'ercomes;
'Till, clog'd with Blood, his Sword obeys but ill,
The Dictates of its vengeful Maſter's Will.

Edgeleſs

Edgeleſs it falls, and tho' it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd Bones, and bruiſes ſore.
Mean time, on him, the crowding War is bent,
And Darts from ev'ry Hand, to him, are ſent;
It look'd, as Fortune did in odds delight,
And had in cruel Sport ordain'd the Fight;
A wondrous match of War ſhe ſeem'd to make,
Her Thouſands here, and there her One to ſtake;
As if on knightly Terms in Liſts they ran,
And Armies were but equal to the Man.
A thouſand Darts upon his Buckler ring,
A thouſand Jav'lins round his Temples ſing;
Hard bearing on his Head with many a Blow,
His ſteely Helm is inward taught to bow.
The miſſive Arms, fixt all around, he wears,
And ev'n his Safety in his Wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal Wood, a deadly Grove of Spears.

Ceaſe,

Ceaſe, ceaſe, *Pompeian* Warriors, ceaſe the Strife,
Nor vainly, thus attempt, this ſingle Life;
Your Darts, your idle Jav'lins caſt aſide,
And other Arms for *Scæva*'s Death provide;
The forceful Ram's reſiſtleſs Horns prepare,
With all the pond'rous vaſt Machines of War;
Let dreadful Flames, let maſſie Rocks be thrown,
With Engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this *Cæſar*'s Soldier, like a Town.
At length, his Fate diſdaining to delay,
He hurls his Shield's neglected Aid away,
Reſolves no Part whate'er from Death to hide,
But ſtands unguarded now on ev'ry ſide.
Encumbred ſore with many a painful Wound,
Tardy and ſtiff he treads the hoſtile Round;
Gloomy and fierce his Eyes the Crowd ſurvey,
Mark where to fix, and ſingle out the Prey.

Such,

Such, by *Getulian* Hunters compaſs'd in,
The vaſt unweildy Elephant is ſeen:
All cover'd with a ſteely Show'r from far,
Rouſing he ſhakes, and ſheds the ſcatter'd War;
In vain the diſtant Troop the Fight renew,
And with freſh Rage the ſtubborn Foe purſue;
Unconquer'd ſtill the mighty Salvage ſtands,
And ſcorns the Malice of a thouſand Hands.
Not all the Wounds a thouſand Darts can make,
Tho' all find Place, a ſingle Life can take:
When lo! addreſt with ſome ſucceſsful Vow,
A Shaft, ſure flying from a *Cretan* Bow,
Beneath the Warrior's Brow was ſeen to light,
And ſunk, deep piercing the left Orb of Sight:
But he (ſo Rage inſpir'd and mad Diſdain)
Remorſeleſs, Fell, and ſenſeleſs of the Pain,
Tore forth the bearded Arrow from the Wound,
With ſtringy Nerves beſmear'd and wrapp'd around,
And ſtamp'd the gory Jelly on the Ground.

So in *Pannonian* Woods, the growling Bear
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the Hunter's Spear,
Turns on her Wound, runs madding round with Pain,
And catches at the flying Shaft in vain.
Down from his eyleſs Hollow ran the Blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled Viſage flow'd;
Deform'd each awful, each ſeverer Grace,
And veil'd the manly Terrors of his Face.
The Victors raiſe their joyful Voices high,
And with loud Triumph ſtrike the vaulted Sky:
Not *Cæſar* thus a general Joy had ſpread,
Tho' *Cæſar*'s ſelf like *Scæva* thus had bled.
Anxious, the wounded Soldier, in his Breaſt,
The riſing Indignation deep repreſt,
And thus in humble vein his haughty Foes addreſt:
Here let your Rage, ye *Romans*, ceaſe, he ſaid,
And lend your Fellow-Citizen your Aid,

No more your Darts, nor uſeleſs Jav'lins try,
Theſe which I bear, will Deaths enow ſupply,
Draw forth your Weapons, and behold I dye:
Oh rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My Doom beneath the mighty *Pompey*'s Feet.
'Twere Great, 'twere Brave, to fall in Arms, 'tis true,
But I renounce that glorious Fate for you.
Fain wou'd I yet prolong this vital Breath,
And turn from *Cæſar*, ſo I fly from Death.

The wretched *Aulus* liſten'd to the Wile,
Intent and greedy of the future Spoil;
Advancing fondly on, with heedleſs Eaſe,
He thought the Captive and his Arms to ſeize;
When, e'er he was aware, his thund'ring Sword
Deep in his Throat, the ready *Scæva* gor'd:
Warm'd with the Slaughter, with freſh Rage he burns,
And Vigour with the new Succeſs returns.

So may they fall (he ſaid) by juſt Deceit,
Such be their Fate, ſuch as this Fool has met,
Who dare believe that I am Vanquiſht yet.
If you would ſtop the Vengeance of my Sword,
From *Cæſar*'s Mercy be your Peace implor'd,
There let your Leader kneel, and humbly own [his Lord.
Me! could you meanly dare to fancy, Me
Baſe, like your ſelves, and fond of Life to be!
But know, not all the Names which grace your Cauſe,
Your Reverend Senate, and your boaſted Laws;
Not *Pompey*'s ſelf, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like Death to *Scæva*, dear.

Thus while he ſpoke, a riſing Duſt betray'd,
Cæſarean Legions marching to his Aid.
Now *Pompey*'s Troops with Prudence ſeem to yield,
And to encreaſing Numbers quit the Field;

Diſſembling

Diſſembling Shame, they hide their foul Defeat,
Nor vanquiſh'd by a ſingle Arm, retreat.
Then fell the Warrior, for 'till then he ſtood;
His Manly Mind ſupply'd the want of Blood.
It ſeem'd as Rage had kindled Life anew,
And Courage to Oppoſe, from Oppoſition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of Foes, the Victor fell.
Strait with officious Haſte his Friends draw near,
And raiſing, joy the noble Load to bear:
To Rev'rence and religious Awe inclin'd,
Admiring, they adore his mighty Mind,
That God within his mangled Breaſt enſhrin'd.
The wounding Weapons ſtain'd with *Scæva*'s Blood,
Like Sacred Reliques to the Gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from ev'ry Part with Care,
And kept to dreſs the naked God of War.

Oh! happy Soldier, had thy Worth been try'd,
In pious Daring, on thy Country's ſide!
Oh! had thy Sword *Iberian* Battels known,
Or Purple with *Cantabrian* Slaughter grown;
How had thy Name in deathleſs Annals ſhone!
But now no *Roman Pœan* ſhalt thou Sing,
Nor peaceful Triumphs to thy Country bring;
Nor loudly bleſt in Solemn Pomp ſhall move,
Thro' crowding Streets to *Capitolian Jove*,
The Laws Defender, and the Peoples Love:
Oh hapleſs Victor thou! Oh vainly Brave!
How haſt thou Fought to make thy ſelf a Slave!

PART of the

CENTO of *AUSONIUS*,

IMITATED

In ENGLISH VERSE.

Deſcriptio egredientis Sponſæ.
Tandem progreditur Veneris, &c.

THE Bride at length, the Care of Love, appears
Mature for Man, and in her blooming Years.
In wanton Folds her modeſt Garments flow,
And Bluſhes in her Cheeks, or Wiſhes, glow.
The Youth, with greedy Eyes, her Charms devour,
The Lover's Fortune curſe, and coming Hour.
The Reverend Fathers, and the Matrons ſtand,
In decent Order rank'd on either Hand;

They gaze, and ev'ry Glance ſhe darts inſpires
Forgotten Hopes, and Impotent Deſires.
In vain, alas, their Youthful Fever burns,
For oft the Wiſh, but ne'er the Joy returns.
Still on ſhe moves, and, as ſhe paſſes by,
A Thouſand little Loves around her fly:
A Thouſand *Zephyrs* crowd the balmy Air,
To Curl the Golden Treſſes of her Hair:
And where ſhe treads the ſpringing Flow'rs appear,
Forget the Seaſon, and begin the Year.
Thus *Argive Helen* look'd, by *Cupid* led
In Nuptial Triumph to the *Spartan*'s Bed.
Thus the ſweet Image of approaching Joys,
Play'd in her Breaſt, and ſparkled in her Eyes.
And thus, at ſome Celeſtial Feaſt above,
The Goddeſſes proceed to viſit *Jove*;
Their Beauties, like ſo many Suns, diſplay,
And make, where-e'er they move, a milky Way.

The

The ſame full Luſtre in her Looks appears,
Her Beauties brighten'd by her Hopes and Fears.
Her Virgin-Hopes produce the bluſhing Roſe;
Her Virgin-Fears, the ſpotleſs Lilly ſhews.
By Nature Free, by Cuſtom only Coy;
She will not for her Fears renounce the Joy.
Willing ſhe goes, and ſtrives in vain to hide
The ſilent Raptures of a wiſhing Bride.

Deſcriptio Egredientis Sponſi.

Next, from another Quarter, we behold
A Youth in *Tyrian* Purple clad, and Gold.
His Hairs to ſhed their Vernal Down begin,
Nor ever had the Razor touch'd his Chin.
The Mantle, which his tender Mother wove,
Hangs looſely on——For all his Care is Love.
A ſhining Garment, for the Day deſign'd,
And round its Edge the Gold *Mæanders* twin'd;

With various Figures wrought, and rich in Art:
He ſcorns it all——The Bride has all his Heart.
His lofty Look, and his Majeſtick Mein
Are ſuch, as in diſſembled Gods are ſeen.
Thus Nervous are his Limbs, his Shoulders ſpread,
Thus firm his Step, and thus erect his Head.
From Ocean riſes thus, the Morning Star,
Bright with new Rays, e'er *Phœbus* mounts his Carr.
So ſhines the Bridegroom, and with eager Eyes
Surveys the Scene of Joy, and thither flies;
There meets the Bride, and round her ſlender Waſte,
He folds his manly Arm; and thus embrac'd
They kiſs, and have of future Joys a Taſte.

Obligatio Munerum.

To theſe the bidden *Youth* advance by *Pairs*,
And each an Hymeneal Off'ring bears.

Their

Their Parents ſmiling, view the goodly Train,
And hope the like for them, nor hope in vain.
The firſt preſents a Robe of Orient Die,
Where Beaſts are ſeen to walk, and Birds to fly.
Some Caskets bring, which *Indian* Diamonds hold,
Some poliſh'd Iv'ry, and ſome burniſh'd Gold.
With Talents ſome enrich the happy Pair,
This gives a Goblet, that a gilded Chair.
The Gifts in order on the Table ſet,
It bends, unable to ſuſtain the Weight.
A Chaplet round the Bridegroom's Temple's bound,
And the fair Bride is with a Garland crown'd.
The Prieſts with Myrrh their fragrant Altars load,
And the ſweet Fumes regale the Nuptial God.
Four Youths their Service to the Bridegroom lend,
And Four officious Maids the Bride attend;
All Shorn alike, and all with Chains of Gold,
So Cuſtom bids, their Necks alike enfold.

A teeming Wife before the Bride appears,
And on her Breaſts two ſucking Babes ſhe bears:
A living Type, to make the Maid reflect
On what ſhe's to enjoy, and what expect.

Epithalamium Utrique.

The Matrons, in their turn, with equal Care
To cloſe and crown the ſolemn Rites prepare.
The Lovers, to the Nuptial Bed they bring,
And thus the Virgin Quires, their Spouſals ſing.

Be bleſt, ye happy Pair! be ever bleſt,
Of ev'ry Joy, of ev'ry Wiſh poſſeſt.
Let *Venus*, and her Son, profuſely ſpread
The Genial Pleaſures on the Bridal Bed.
Fair as the Field, ſo fruitful be the Soil,
And anſwer yearly to the Tiller's Toil.

When

When the nine Moons their deſtin'd Courſe ſhall end,
Thee, Goddeſs of the Night, thy Succour lend;
And, as the Mother's Labour ſtronger grows,
Aſſiſt, *Latona*, and relieve her Throwes.
Around her like the Ivy let him twine,
And be ſhe pregnant as the branching Vine.
The Jolly God, that o'er the Vintage reigns,
Reſtore, with gen'rous Juice, his ebbing Veins.
Be all your future Days and Nights like this,
And Plenty ſweeten and ſupport your Bliſs.
Your Bleſſings, may your Sons and Daughters ſhare,
Be thoſe as worthy, and be theſe as Fair.
With the ſame Joy, may you your Children view,
As your glad Parents ever lookt on you.
They Sung——And all around the joyful Throng,
Applauded——And the Fates approv'd the Song.

Ingreſſus

Ingreſſus in Cubiculum.

The Gueſts attending ſtill; The beauteous Bride
Sits on the Bed, the Bridegroom by her Side.
But when alone, their ev'ry Glance imparts
The ſweet Confuſion of their meeting Hearts.
They talk, they toy, and as with weeping Eyes
She turns aſide, and half repenting Sighs,
He ſeizes on her Lilly Hand, and cries,
With Kiſſes intermixt——My Love, my Life,
And ev'ry tender Name in One, my Wife,
Is it then giv'n me, in my longing Arms
To fold thee, guiltleſs thus, and taſte thy Charms?
And canſt thou now, my only Wiſh, my Spouſe,
Refuſe me the Reward of all my Vows?
Look up, and turn thy humid Eyes on mine,
They flame, and with their Fires will kindle thine.

He

He ſaid——And could no more his Heat command,
But ſhe reſiſts his Rage, and checks his Hand.
Downward ſhe looks, and when the Bed ſhe ſpies,
She ſhuts, ſo modeſt Maids affect, her Eyes,
And ſoftly, ſinking in his Arms, replies:
Oh lovely Youth! If ever to thy Ear,
A Father and a Mother's Names were dear;
By them let me conjure thee to forbear,
And but this Night a ſuppliant Virgin ſpare.
One Night again ſhe begs, but begs in vain;
His Hand ſhe can no more, nor he his Heat reſtrain.
Nor Words their Way, nor broken Accents find,
More Violent he grows, and ſhe more Kind.
The riſing Raptures break her ſwelling Sighs,
And breathleſs in the Bridegroom's Arms ſhe lies.
Her Fears are flown, ſhe claſps the furious Boy,
Gives all her Beauties up, and meets the Joy.

THE

THE HUSBAND.

By a LADY.

THE Poets ſing of old, that amorous *Jove*
In various Shapes perform'd the Feats of Love.
Chang'd to a Swan, he rifled *Leda*'s Charms,
And with a Rival Whiteneſs fill'd her Arms.
On *Danae*'s Lap He fell a golden Show'r:
(Gold is the ſureſt Friend in an Amour)
Now in a Bull's, or Satyr's griſly Shape,
He on ſome Beauty makes a welcome Rape.
Nor think it ſtrange, that *Jove*'s Almighty Pow'r,
Thro' theſe baſe Forms taught Females to adore.
A Likeneſs leſs agreeable he try'd,
He came a Husband to *Amphytrion*'s Bride:
And, in a Husband's Shape could welcome prove.
Who muſt not own th' Omnipotence of *Jove*?

AN IMITATION OF THE FIRST SATYR Of the First Book of *HORACE.*

By a Young Gentleman at *Cambridge.*

——Corpoream ad naturam pauca videmus
Esse opus omnino, quæ demant quenq; dolorem,
Delicias quoq; uti multas susternere possint, &c.
——Nil nostro in corpore gazæ
Proficiunt, neq; nobilitas, neq; gloria regni:
Quod supereſt animo quoq; nil prodesse putandum est.
Lucret. Lib. 2.

THE FIRST SATYR

Of the FIRST BOOK of *HORACE.*

MY Lord, whence comes it, that with wav'ring [Thought,
We thus neglect what once with Care we [fought?
That none can eaſie, none content can live,
With what their Reaſon choſe, or Fate would give?
Each brainſick Hum'riſt likes his Neighbour's Road,
And, ſince he goes it not, perverſly thinks it good.
The haggard Veteran deform'd with Scars,
And broke with long Fatigues in conſtant Wars,
Curſes the ſtarveling Honours he has got,
And cries, The happier Merchant's be my Lot.

The Merchant, trembling, whilſt the rowling Seas
Toſs the charg'd Barque, and riſque his future Eaſe,
Cries, Happy only is the Soldier's Fate,
A ling'ring Fortune never forc'd to wait;
Whoſe Hopes are in one happy Minute crown'd:
In Victory, or Death, a certain Prize is found.
The harraſs'd Lawyer thinks the Peaſant bleſt,
When early Clients interrupt his Reſt,
And with impert'nent Fears his downy Hours moleſt.
The lab'ring Peaſant, whom vexatious Law,
And dread *Subpœna's* to the City draw,
Extols each Pleaſure of the gawdy Town,
Where he no Labour feels, no irkſome Toil has known.
'Twere vain the differing Wiſhes to rehearſe,
Or ſow'r with Diſcontents each jarring Verſe:
Not all could be expreſt by *Fabius*'s Tongue,
Tho' fam'd for ſpeaking nought, and pleading long.

But

But leſt, like him, I, with cenſorious Rhime,
Should treſpaſs on your Thoughts, or waſte your Time,
Hear to what ſpeedy iſſue I the Cauſe
Will bring, and try it by impartial Laws.
Suppoſe ſome God, mov'd with our conſtant Grief,
Order'd each Malecontent his wiſh'd Relief:
Do thou, who hat'ſt Campaigns, a Seaman be;
And thou a Soldier, who condemn'ſt the Sea;
The Lawyer to his fancy'd Eaſe retire;
And the rude Hind to courtly Joys aſpire:
Hence, hence depart with chearful Looks, and bleſs
The pitying Pow'r, that gave your Griefs redreſs,
Chang'd the Decrees of Fate, to fix your Happineſs.
What? Silent? Do you then ſo ſoon repeal
What eager Warmth purſu'd with ſo much Zeal?
Can nought your idle Diſcontents appeaſe?
Can nought your troubled Souls, your reſtleſs Fancies [pleaſe?

Come, chearful what the Gods beſtow receive;
'Tis Man's part to poſſeſs, the Gods can only give.
What? Hum'riſts ſtill? And do you thus embrace
The tender Deity's abounding Grace?
What Arts can skreen this Folly? What ſhall move
The future Favours of deluded *Jove?*
Well may his ſlighted Mercy ſcorn your Pray'rs,
Laugh at your Mis'ries, and upbraid your Tears;
Bid you be Wretches ſtill, ſince you refuſe
What Man could ne'er deſerve, what none but you abuſe.
But leſt you think this writ in ſportive mood,
To raiſe your Fancy, not to make you Good:
And yet I can't conceive why beauteous Truth
May not become the gayeſt Smiles of Youth:
'Tis thus the Miſtreſs, after fruitleſs Pains,
With little Arts the wayward Infant gains;
Treats him with Plumbs, and winning on his Taſte,
Inſinuates the Leſſon with the Feaſt,
And makes the Bitter kindly reliſh, and digeſt.

But to be ſerious, and theſe Trifles quit,
The eaſie Offspring of luxuriant Wit.
What would the Soldier, what the Seaman have,
Who dares the warring Ocean's Fury brave?
What would the Vintners, who with dang'rous Arts
Increaſe the Juice the bounteous God imparts;
Refine on Nature's Stores, and think her reign
Too narrow for their vaſt Deſires of Gain?
With one conſent they make this joint Reply;
'Tis future Cares our preſent Thoughts employ:
When trembling Limbs, and ſtiffen'd Nerves preſage
The ſad Approaches of a helpleſs Age;
What then ſhall aid us, if the timely Care
Of vig'rous Youth does not the Burden bear,
And antedate the Labours of the hoary Year?
Thus with fam'd Providence the ſlender Ant,
The great Example of good Management,

Whilſt the fair Seaſon laſts, and laviſh'd Grain
Profuſely on the Floors unwatch'd remain,
Induſtriouſly his little Garner fills,
And the Proviſions for his Winter ſteals;
Grateful, he takes what the Occaſion grants,
And with the preſent Waſte ſupplies his future Wants.
'Tis true; but when the Winter ſharper grows,
And the decaying Year turns hoar with Snows,
When Nature's Penury can nought afford,
The little Beaſt lives wanton on his hoard, [ſtor'd.
And what with anxious Care his prudent Foreſight
Not ſo with thee, whoſe raging Thirſt of Gold,
Not Fire, nor Sword, not Sea, not Heat, nor Cold,
Can e'er abate; and yet thy only Care
Is to be Richer than thy Neighbours are.
Whence then theſe monſtrous Fears, that dare pre-
To violate the common Mother's Womb, [ſume
And make the fruitful Seat thy bury'd Treaſures [Tomb?

What

What Fruit, what Int'reſt canſt thou thence receive?
What kind return ſhould injur'd Nature give?
Or change her Courſe, to make her En'my thrive?
" But if hard Times ſhould break upon my Hoard,
" Or Folly ſquander what my Prudence ſtor'd;
" The reſt too flies, and mould'ring ſinks away,
" Leaving its Maſter to deſerv'd Decay.
But ſay, ſuppoſing it untouch'd, and whole,
Whence ſpring the Charms, that move thy raviſh'd [Soul?
What Beauty canſt thou in its Groſſneſs find,
To pleaſe thy Thoughts, and elevate thy Mind?
What? tho' thy Barns are full, and Purſe commands
The various Products of ten thouſand Lands?
Tho' luſty Nature laviſhes her Pow'r
To meet thy Wiſh, and multiply thy Store?
Tho' teeming Provinces their Harveſts join
To ſwell thy Treaſures? Where's the vaſt Deſign?

Thy Stomach rioting at plenteous Feaſts,
No more than mine can hold, no more digeſts.
As if amongſt the Hinds, with friendly Care,
Thou the Proviſions of the reſt ſhould bear;
Thou could'ſt not, after all thy Toil and Sweat,
A greater Portion than thy Fellows eat, [Weight:
Who careleſs walk'd at eaſe, nor felt the galling
Or tell me freely, when the eaſie Mind
Can live by Nature's frugal Laws confin'd;
Where is the diff'rence to conſid'ring Men,
To plough ten thouſand Acres, or but ten?
" But then 'tis ſweet to view the ſmiling Stores,
" And crowd the diſtant Joys of future Hours [preſent ours.
" Into one Moment's Thought, and make them
" 'Tis Godlike Luxury of Happineſs, [poſſeſs:
" To be poſſeſſing ſtill, and know we always ſhall
" To take from Heaps that——" What? thou can'ſt [but have
What common Appetites of Nature crave:

And

And if my earthen Jarr, with meaſur'd Grain,
Can thoſe in Pleaſure, and in Health maintain;
I would not richer be, I want no more,
That *Ægypt* is to me, 'tis *Afric*'s fruitful Shore.
'Twere Madneſs ſure, if thirſty Nature's want,
One Glaſs could eaſe, one Bottle could content;
To cry, the boundleſs Ocean's Depths explore,
To quench my Thirſt, nor ſtarve my fancy'd Pow'r,
Draining a petty Fountain's thrifty Store.
Hence comes it, that where greedy Hopes prevail,
And Fancy, not our Reaſon, holds the Scale;
The angry *Auf'idus* ſwells his foaming Streams,
And ſhows the Moral of the Miſer's Dreams;
Devouring all, he marks his waſteful Way,
And bears the yielding Banks, and thoughtleſs Wretch away.
When he, whoſe Thoughts, contented, ne'er aſpire,
Nor ſwell beyond what preſent Wants require;

Fears

Fears not, reclining o'er the moſſy Side,
The dreadful Ravage of the angry Tide,
Nor ſpoils himſelf the Streams, which pure, which [peaceful glide.
He wiſely views, how all around him ſmile,
The Plants not wither'd, nor too rank the Soil:
How Nature's equal Care does each maintain
In proper Beauty, by a frugal Reign;
Then quaffs his limpid Nectar, free from Fears,
And flouriſhes alike with Nature's other Cares.

But ſtill, the blinded World with ſcorn regards
That Indolence, which theſe Reſults rewards;
And raviſh'd with a tawdry tinſel'd Dreſs,
For that alone each God they anxious preſs,
That is their only Wiſh, that they can only bleſs:
Think there's no Scandal, but in being Poor,
And meaſure virtuous Worth by great extent of Pow'r.

What

What ſhall we do then, ſince no *Hellebore*,
No Reaſon can the willing Mad reſtore?
Ev'n let 'em ſtill continue in their Dreams,
Debauch their Fancies with the ſoothing Themes;
'Twere vain and hopeleſs to preſume Succeſs,
Where Patients hug their Ills, and hate the kind Redreſs.
At *Athens* liv'd a Wretch, Sordid and Old,
Poſſeſſing nothing, but poſſeſt by Gold.
Him the inſulting Mob, with Taunts aſſail'd,
Jeer'd as he paſs'd, or hiſt, and loudly rail'd,
Hence with the hideous Monſter's baleful Sight,
Rebel of Nature, and Mankind's deſpight;
Bear him far hence, where griping Harpies reign,
And kindred Monſters fill the diſmal Scene;
Unfit for us, or Life——By Chance repriev'd,
Got home, and from the publick Fury ſav'd,
He thus reflects——Well Fools hiſs on, and threat,
Vent all your Malice, all your Scorn and Hate;
Shall theſe ſmall Blaſts my ſteddy Barque o'erſet?

'Tis not your empty Honours tempt my views,
A nobler Joy my lab'ring Thought purſues;
Thou, thou, my darling Gold, reign'ſt Monarch here,
The deareſt Object of my Hope and Fear:
Whilſt thou art guarded ſafe from Inſults free,
Let them wreak all their Bolts, waſte all their Shafts on me;
Not all their Threats my ſtedfaſt Soul ſhall move,
In Death I'll taſte thy Sweets, and revel with my Love;
Puſh my Enjoyments ev'n beyond the Grave,
Since living I no Joys but in thy Tomb can have.
Poor *Tantalus* the ſwelling Flood ſurveys,
That flies his Lips, and can't his Thirſt appeaſe.
Why ſmil'ſt thou, Ignorant? Thou art that Curſt,
That Wretch, who dy'ſt with everlaſting Thirſt;
And what the Fable draws in ſhort, is near
Shewn in full length by thy Example here.
Thou art the real *Tantalus*, whoſe Sleep's
Broke with diſtemper'd Broodings o'er thy Heaps,
Declare thy tortur'd Soul, the Joys thy Av'rice reaps:

Who baſely deify'ſt what bounteous Heav'n
Deſign'd thy uſeful Slave, a Bleſſing giv'n;
Yet thou pervert'ſt its Uſe, mak'ſt it thy Lord,
As *Jove* again was to that Form reſtor'd,
Irradiated its Beams, and lighten'd from thy Hoard:
As if the glorious Form for Shew was made,
A taſteleſs Pleaſure, and an empty Shade;
Or as the *Delphian* Deities watch'd o'er,
And Thunder guarded ſafe thy hallow'd Store.
Know'ſt thou not, after all thy racking Cares,
To raiſe the Heaps thy niggard Nature ſpares,
The real Value, which thy Treaſure bears?
What? know'ſt thou not its Uſe? let Bread be bought,
Let ſav'ry Herbs, and cheerful Wine be ſought;
Let Nature's Cravings meet their juſt Supplies;
And little ſure can all her Wants ſuffice.
Reſtleſs all Night, half dead with Fear each Hour,
Leſt ſudden Flames thy fav'rite Gold devour;

Leſt

Leſt ſturdy Burglars ſhould beſiege thy Pelf,
Or faithleſs Servants rob you of your ſelf:
Are theſe the only Joys thy Wealth can grant;
The only Pleaſures that thy Soul can want?
May I ſuch dang'rous Bleſſings ever ſhun;
Nor wiſh prepoſt'rouſly to be undone!
May I be ever Poor, and 'ſcape the Snares
The treach'rous *Syren* for the Rich prepares!
" But ſhould a raging Fever boil your Blood;
" Or fiercer Cold freeze up the vital Flood:
" Should any Mis'ry nail you to your Bed,
" Gouts rack your Limbs, or ſhootings ſplit your Head:
" This will procure you Aid, ſecure you Friends
" To watch your Wants, and wait your ſick Commands;
" To bathe and rub you with obſequious Care,
" And ev'ry friendly Drug with friendlier Help [prepare;
" Shall gain the Doctors interpoſing Pow'r,
" To ſave their Friend, and ward the fatal Hour;

" Shall

« Shall make him Med'cines, utmoſt Arts explore,
« By that one happy Cure the Family to reſtore.
Miſtaken Wretch; thy Children, Friends, thy Wife,
Dread the Continuance of thy irkſome Life;
Hate the officious Care, that bars their Joys,
Retards Poſſeſſion, and their Hope deſtroys:
Theſe are the Fruits thy Avarice attend,
A wretched, hated Life, and unlamented End.
And where's the Wonder? In thy Days of Health,
Thy only Pleaſure was to rake up Wealth;
That was thy only Friend, the reſt paſt by
Unknown, as alien Blood; or hated, as too nigh:
Gold was the only Thought thy Soul could move,
All was devoted to that fatal Love;
What canſt thou in return from Friends expect,
But equal Hatred, and deſerv'd Neglect?
Well may they in thy Miſeries make bold,
And Sacrifice thee, in their turn, to Gold.

Nature,

Nature, 'tis true, may kindly give you Friends,
But 'tis your Care muſt make 'em ſerve your Ends;
'Tis juſt you buy their Service, as they yours;
'Tis mutual Intereſt Nature's frailer Bond ſecures:
All other Motives, Methods, Ties are vain,
Succeſsleſs Labour, and unfruitful Pain;
As if you'd teach the ſluggiſh Aſs the Courſe,
To match th' *Olympian* Racer's noble Force,
Or vie with proud *Theſſalia*'s air-born Horſe.
Then let there be an End to all your Cares,
And ſince your Stocks are great, be leſs your Fears;
End all your Labours, ſince their End is got,
And Fortune crowns you with a ſmiling Lot.
Do not like rich *Umidius* (hateful Name,
Not long the Story, tho' well known by Fame,)
Whoſe Wealth, too pond'rous for the common Scale,
Was meaſur'd out, to eaſe the tedious Tale;

Yet

Yet thoughtleſs Wretch, he dy'd with conſtant dread
Of griping Penury, and want of Bread;
Diſclaim'd his Riches, and renounc'd his Kind,
In Habits ſuited to his ſlaviſh Mind:
And what's the End of all this Treaſure ſpar'd?
What proves, for all his Toils, a juſt Reward?
A Fav'rite Slave (if any can be ſo
To joyleſs Miſers, who no Pleaſures know)
Took pity on her Patron's wretched Caſe,
Gave him his Freedom with a Heroine's Grace,
Eas'd him from Life, and ſet his Soul at Peace.
"Well then? What's your Advice? That I ſhou'd thrive
"Like *Nævius*, or like *Nomentanus* live?
Strangely perverſe! Is that a Vice to ſhun,
To its moſt diſtant Oppoſite to run,
Uneaſie to be ſav'd, and glad to be undone?
Is there no golden *Medium* to be found,
A Seat for Virtue, and for Vice a Bound?

I do not griping Avarice reprehend,
That I may Rakes and Prodigals commend:
Wide is the Diff'rence, and diſtinct the Fire,
Which flames in *Tanais*, and exalts Deſire,
From the froz'n Humours of *Viſellius*'s Sire.
In ev'ry thing a certain Mean is plac'd,
Which muſt be reach'd, and never be tranſgreſs'd:
In this ſmall Compaſs Virtue ſeats her Throne,
By moſt unheeded, tho' to few unknown,
Who leave her real Charms for Monſters of their own.
But to reſume the Subject I begun,
Nor wildly from my ſtated Purpoſe run;
Shall, like the Miſer, none approve his State,
But rather praiſe the diff'rent Turns of Fate?
Shall pine, when others ſwell with flowing Joy,
Fond to amaſs; yet ſeeming fonder to deſtroy:
Shall overlook the Crowds of poorer Men,
Unfit for Envy, and too low for Spleen;

Shall

Shall only this or that rich Man regard,
Spurs to his Hopes, and Patterns of his Care's Reward:
Whilſt ſtill ſome richer One appears in view,
To draw him onwards, and his Toil renew.
As, when the Chariots, with applauding cries,
Start from the Goal to run *Olympia*'s Prize;
With equal Ardour, tho' unequal Speed,
All forwards preſs the eager foaming Steed:
Each bravely puſhing only at the beſt,
Drives furious tow'rds it, and neglects the reſt.
Hence ſprings the Reaſon, why ſo few confeſs
Their Life a real Round of Happineſs;
That few are known content to quit the Scene,
Pleas'd with their Part, without Regret or Pain;
Can leave its Pleaſures, like a chearful Gueſt,
Full with the Dainties of a dubious Feaſt,
Sated with Life, in all, in its laſt Changes bleſs'd.
But 'tis enough, nor will I add a Line,
Leſt *Criſpin*'s tedious Rhimes ſhould be reputed mine.

TO A

LADY;

To whom the

AUTHOR sent a Book of his own Compoſing.

HIS moving Elegies when *Ovid* wrote,
And ſung his Exile in the ſofteſt Note;
The Bliſs he envy'd of the guiltleſs Lines,
Which no harſh Law from his lov'd *Rome* disjoins:
They than their Lord a kinder Fortune prove,
And, where he dares not go, may ſafely rove.
How does he wiſh, that * as his boundleſs Verſe
Did various Shapes and riſing Forms rehearſe,
(Where into bluſhing Flow'rs coy Maidens turn,
And weeping Boys in flowing Rivers mourn)

* His *Metamorphoſis.*

So

So he a like propitious Change might try,
And the griev'd Poet be the Elegy?

To you, fair *Celia*, thus your baniſh'd Slave
That little Pledge of vaſt Affection gave.
Go Book, ſaid I, the happy Freedom prize,
Touch'd by thoſe Hands, view'd by thoſe lovely Eyes;
An heav'nly Pleaſure you ſecurely gain,
Which your deſpairing Author ſues in vain,
Condemn'd to Abſence, and her cold Diſdain.

TO

CLOE Mask'd.

NAY, you're diſcover'd, 'ſpite of your Diſguiſe,
Mask'd as you are, I know you by your Eyes.
So richeſt Diamonds, by an inbred Ray,
Dart thro' the Gloom, and do themſelves diſplay.

But why theſe pretty Tricks, this double Cheat,
To put a Vizard on a Counterfeit?
Wou'd you with artful Modeſty expreſs
Beauty's chief Pride in ſelf-denying Dreſs?
Things out of Sight, of Price and Value ſeem,
And what lies moſt conceal'd, we moſt eſteem.
Were not each Part adorn'd with native Grace,
Yet thus you'd purchaſe a reputed Face.
Religious Rites conceal'd from common Eyes,
Are priz'd as Sacred, and as Myſteries.
Thus Heroes, when of old they diſappear'd,
Ceas'd to be Men, and were for Gods rever'd.
The *Perſian* cannot Worſhip *Phœbus* more,
Than the fond *Indian* his Eclipſe adore.

But there's another Reaſon for this Skreen
You know too well, you're dang'rous to be ſeen;

For

For who can view that Face in open Charms,
But ſhews his Fate in Sighs and folded Arms!
We thank you *Cloe*, for your tender Care,
Which, tho' it checks our Joy, prevents Deſpair.
But this, alas! will Miſchief ſcarce prevent;
Do what you can, you can't be Innocent;
Beauty in Ambuſcade the Traitor plays,
Sends a ſly Dart, and unperceiv'd betrays.
It gives, like Light'ning, Death without controul,
Spares the groſs Shell, and blaſts the inmate Soul:
With ſurer Fate, when hid it active grows,
And to Reſtraint its double Virtue owes.

HORACE's OTIUM DIVOS, &c.

LIB. II. ODE 16.

TO HIS

Friend *GROSPHUS.*

Imitated in

PARAPHRASE.

By Mr. *J. HUGHES.*

I.

INdulgent Quiet! Pow'r Serene,
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
O ſay, thou calm propitious Queen,
Say, in what ſolitary Grove,

Within

Within what hollow Rock, or winding Cell,
By human Eyes unſeen,
Like ſome retreated *Druid* doſt thou dwell?
And why, illuſive Goddeſs! why,
When we thy Manſion wou'd ſurround,
Why doſt thou lead us thro' enchanted Ground,
To mock our vain Reſearch, and from our Wiſhes fly?

II.

The wand'ring Sailors, pale with Fear,
For thee the Gods implore,
When the tempeſtuous Sea runs high,
And when, thro' all the dark benighted Sky,
No friendly Moon or Stars appear
To guide their Steerage to the Shore:
For thee the weary Soldier prays;
Furious in Fight the Sons of *Thrace*,
And *Medes*, that wear majeſtick by their ſide
A full charg'd Quiver's decent Pride,

Gladly

Gladly with thee wou'd paſs inglorious Days,
Renounce the Warrior's tempting Praiſe,
And buy thee, if thou might'ſt be ſold,
With Gems, and Purple Veſts, and Stores of plunder'd [Gold.

III.

But neither boundleſs Wealth, nor Guards that wait
Around the Conſul's honour'd Gate,
Nor Anti-chambers with Attendants fill'd,
The Mind's unhappy Tumults can abate,
Or baniſh ſullen Cares that fly
Acroſs the gilded Rooms of State,
And their foul Neſts, like Swallows build
Cloſe to the Palace-Roofs, and Tow'rs that pierce the [Sky.
Much leſs will Nature's modeſt Wants ſupply;
And happier lives the homely Swain,
Who, in ſome Cottage, far from Noiſe
His few Paternal Goods enjoys,
Nor knows the ſordid Luſt of Gain,

Nor

Nor with Fear's tormenting Pain
His hovering Sleeps deſtroys.

IV.

Vain Man! that in a narrow ſpace
At endleſs Game projects the daring Spear!
For ſhort is Life's uncertain Race;
Then why, capricious Mortal! why
Doſt thou for Happineſs repair
To diſtant Climates, and a foreign Air?
Fool! from thy ſelf thou canſt not fly,
Thy ſelf, the Source of all thy Care.
So flies the wounded Stag, provok'd with Pain,
Bounds o'er the ſpacious Downs in vain;
The feather'd Torment ſticks within his Side,
And from the ſmarting Wound a Purple Tide
Marks all his Way with Blood, and dies the graſſy Plain.

V.

But ſwifter far is execrable Care
Than Stags, or Winds that thro' the Skies

Thick driving Snows and gather'd Tempeſts bear;
Purſuing Care the ſailing Ship out-flies,
Climbs the tall Veſſels painted Sides;
Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field,
But with the marching Horſemen rides,
And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes all [Places yield.

VI.

Then, ſince no State's compleatly bleſt,
Let's learn the Bitter to allay
With gentle Mirth, and wiſely gay
Enjoy at leaſt the preſent Day,
And leave to Fate the reſt.
Nor with vain Fear of Ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed Doom.
Soon did *Achilles* quit the Stage,
That Hero fell by ſudden Death;
While *Tython* to a tedious waſting Age
Drew his protracted Breath.

And

And thus, old partial Time, my Friend,
Perhaps unask'd, to worthleſs me
Thoſe Hours of lengthen'd Life may lend
Which he'll refuſe to thee.

VII.

Thee ſhining Wealth and plenteous Joys ſurround,
And all thy fruitful Fields around
Unnumber'd Herds of Cattle ſtray.
Thy harneſs'd Steeds with ſprightly Voice
Make neighb'ring Vales and Hills rejoice,
While ſmoothly thy gay Chariot flies o'er the ſwift [meaſur'd Way.
To me the Stars, with leſs Profuſion kind,
An humble Fortune have aſſign'd,
And no untuneful Lyrick Vein,
But a ſincere contented Mind
That can the vile malignant Crowd diſdain.

TO

A

Thought on DEATH.

By Mr. *GROVE.*

O *Death!* What Pow'r is thine, that diſtant, thus,
By Fancy ſeen, thou call'ſt up all our Fears,
And ſhed'ſt a baleful Influence on the Soul!
Mine hangs her drooping Wings, and, downward preſs'd
By foggy Damps, attempts in vain to riſe;
For ſtill in ken of an untimely Grave,
The daily Subject of the penſive Thought,
She hovers o'er, and views the ſad Receſs.
If (which is ſeldom) I converſe with Joy,
And Nature, lighten'd of her Sorrows, ſmiles,
While pleaſing Objects dance before the Sight,

A Thought of *Death* comes croſs the lovely Scene,
And blots it out at once: So have I known
The riſing Sun dart round his golden Beams,
The welcome Promiſe of a glorious Day,
When, lo! ſcarce have we felt his vital Lamp,
But ſtrait ſome ſullen Cloud hangs threat'ning o'er,
We Sicken, the Creation ſeems to Mourn,
And all Things wear a deep and heavy Gloom.

A

HYMN on *SIGHT.*

By the ſame Hand.

I.

I Bleſs my God for ev'ry Senſe,
But moſt for thee, my darling Sight,

By

By whom I learn t' Adore the Pow'r
That won this beauteous World from Night.

II.

When thou art not, the glorious Scene
In Darkneſs undiſtinguiſh'd lies,
Heav'n, Earth, and Seas are all in vain,
Nor can their Wonders move Surprize.

III.

Ev'n Light, of all material Things
Beſt Emblem of the Deity,
Spreads to the Blind unheeded Charms,
For why? 'Twas made alone for thee.

IV.

Thou awful Fears, and Thoughts ſublime,
Doſt to the raviſh'd Mind convey,
Of Him, who rais'd this ample Frame,
And o'er the whole extends His Sway.

V.

With Pleaſure now I travel o'er
Heav'n's vaſt Extent; amaz'd to ſee
Numberleſs Worlds in order roll
With rapid Motion thro' the Sky.

VI.

Infinite Pow'r, and equal Skill
In all thy Works, O Lord, I view;
Thy Breath firſt kindled up theſe Fires,
And thou their Waſtes doſt ſtill renew.

VII.

The Sun's bright Orb thy Glory fills,
The nightly Moon reflects the ſame,
And all the ſtarry Globes diffuſe,
With their own Light, their Maker's Name.

VIII.

But ah! how ſoon my Light is loſt,
Hopeleſs to reach the Bounds of Place!

Yet where that fails, by Fancy's Aid,
Remoter Regions I can trace.

IX.

'Till, got within the Verge of Stars,
Earth's little Ball eſcapes my ken;
The more I wonder thy Delight,
O God, is with the Sons of Men.

OF A

Lady at the Opera; Dreſt in White.

SO would deſcending Angels charm the Sight,
With Form all Spotleſs, and with Dreſs all White;
Thus Imitating her, they'd dart ſuch Rays
Would dazzle all our Eyes, and baffle all our Praiſe.

Such

Such Virgins ſeem for Sacrifice deſign'd;
Here too as certain Sacrifice we find:
But, faireſt Nymph, you change the Courſe of Fate,
No Victim are you made, the Victim you create.

Such pure Attire unbody'd Viſions wear,
Can what reſembles you, be ſaid to ſcare?
You raviſh, not affright, our Souls away,
So pleaſingly they fly, we ſcarce can wiſh their ſtay.

Such Garb attribute we to perfect Fame,
Conſummate Maid! you well become the ſame:
Ador'd by all, you reign by all avow'd
A Sun without a Stain, a Sky without a Cloud.

Such lovely White on lucky Days appears,
May this bright Mark diſtinguiſh all your Years;

Thus of a Piece throughout, your Face, your Mind,
Your ev'ry Hour ſerene, and ev'ry Bleſſing join'd.

Such Innocence did Nature's Bloom adorn,
Nature, where-e'er you come, Again looks born;
Her firſt untainted Sweets are ſet to view,
And all her killing Softneſs lives in wond'rous you.

Gods! How we rioted at Eye and Ear,
Thus to ſee Harmony, as well as hear!
O the Tranſporting Bliſs! ſo Fine! ſo Vaſt!
It cuts Deſcription ſhort, and gives of Heav'n a Taſte.

THE *Celebrated Beauties.*

A POEM,

Occaſioned upon being ſuſpected of writing

THE BRITISH COURT.

WHY with ſuch Freedom ſhould the Town [accuſe,
And charge abſurd *Encomiums* on my Muſe?
Celeſtial Objects by themſelves I place,
Nor with a *Cl--de* a *F--rr--ſt--r* diſgrace;
That Diſproportion'd *Piece* offends the View,
No Feign'd Perfection ſhould attend the True.
Whene'er my Voice attempts the *Britiſh* Fair,
I ſing the Worthy, but th' Unworthy ſpare;

Reſpect, when Merit fails, in Silence lies,
Praiſe undeſerv'd is Scandal in Diſguiſe.
What mod'rate Tongue would vulgar Things rehearſe,
Where Crowds of wondrous Nymphs invite the Verſe?
Charmers in Millions grace this happy Sphere,
And ev'ry View preſents a Conqu'ror here.
Who to mean Subjects can debaſe his Quill,
And waſte his ſcanty Stock of Art ſo ill,
Looks like the Fop that courts a paltry Dame,
While faultleſs Maids contend to meet his Flame.
Poets ſhould ſtill Autumnal Forms omit,
Forty gives ſmall Encouragement to Wit;
The *Genius* flags beneath ſo ſtale a Theam,
And ſpritely Fancy ſinks to heavy Fleam,
When thoſe declining Years our Strains require,
And Compliment ſupplies pretended Fire;
Some little Virtue may perhaps be found,
But Beauty's an intolerable Sound:

To Youth alone that Heav'nly Grace belongs,
None but the Young are Fair, and truly worthy Songs.

Ye Female Glories, which exalt our Iſle,
Vouchſafe th' auſpicious Influence of your Smile;
To you I call, to you, ye matchleſs Lights,
Inſpire my Numbers, and improve my Flights;
Leſt I depreſs your Fame with languid Lines,
And pay unhallow'd Vows at Sacred Shrines.
Would you, ye Pow'rs, but look ſerenely down,
I'd ſoar aloft, and blazon your Renown;
Then ſomething ſo Divine might raiſe my Voice,
And make me ſcarce inferiour to my Choice,
What Ancient Story tells, the World ſhould ſcorn,
And ev'ry Goddeſs deem in glorious *Britain* born.

Begin, my Muſe, begin with *M--rlb--gh*'s Race,
When Valour's Sung, the Father claims the Place;

And ſure, when Beauty's Pow'r employs our Flight,
The ſhining Daughters challenge foremoſt Right.

A *S--nd--rl--nd* the coldeſt Writer warms,
So turn'd for Conqueſt, ſo compleat in Charms,
There ſeems Detraction in our higheſt Praiſe,
She leaves the Muſe behind, and mocks our diſtant Lays.
Not thus *Minerva*, tho' a Goddeſs, ſhone,
O! had her Eyes ſuch dazling Luſtre thrown,
Thence the bold Artiſt had inform'd his Clay,
Nor ſought another Sun, nor fall'n a Vulture's Prey.

Could Nature's ſelf her own firſt Form expreſs,
She'd charm the World in bright *M-nth-rm-r*'s Dreſs:
Gods! what engaging Bloom ſits ſmiling there!
How languiſhingly ſweet her ev'ry Air!
Her Shape, her Geſture, all the Nymph, ſubdues,
We look our Souls away, and Fate with Tranſport chuſe.

Had

Had Love's fair Goddeſs been ſo ſtrong in Charms,
Raſh *Diomede* had dropt his vent'rous Arms;
No ſhameful Victory the *Greek* had won,
But thouſand Wounds receiv'd, inſtead of giving one.

Splendor and Softneſs in *Br-dgw-t-r* meet,
There Mild appears an Attribute with Great;
Such humble Sweetneſs gives a dawn of Joy,
She ſeems, like Heav'n, unwilling to deſtroy.
Who would not ſerve, where ſuch a Victor reigns?
What Freedom equal to ſuch gentle Chains?
But ſoon, too ſoon, miſtaken Mortals know,
Th' Imagin'd Bliſs concludes in Real Woe.
So from ſoft Breezes of the Southern Wind,
Unnumber'd Sweets we fondly hope to find;
But ſoon, alas! ſucceeds immod'rate Rain,
And ſadly renders all the promis'd Pleaſure vain.

G--d--lph--n's

G--d--lph--n's form'd among the firſt to ſhine,
That other Conqu'ror of the conqu'ring Line;
Nor Pride her Mien, nor Art her Aſpect knows,
Her full Renown from ſingle Nature flows;
Rich in unpractis'd Charms, ſhe ſcatters Chains,
And ſhunning Empire, certain Empire gains;
Neglectful, yet ſecure, with Arrows plays,
Unmeaning, throws, and undeſiring, ſlays;
She ſtoops to make no Prize her little Aim,
But emulates her Sire, and conquers but for Fame.

B--lt--n's Majeſtick Form invades the Sight
With awful Wonder, and ſublime Delight;
Here Diff'ring Deities conſpire our Fate,
Venus with *Juno*, Sweetneſs dwells with State;
High Pines are Emblems of her graceful Size,
And bending Oſiers ſhew her humble Guiſe.

Diſeaſe

Diſeaſe ſollicits her with impious Care,
And too, too faſt her precious Spirits wear,
Not thus her Charms: Ev'n yielding, How ſhe reigns,
And conquers others, while her ſelf's in Chains?
Great, yet Oppreſt: Were Virtue's Image ſeen,
Virtue could look but equally Serene;
In Pain ſhe proves the Promiſe of her Mind,
And only, when ſhe dies, deceives Mankind.
Forbid it, Heav'n! that Fate ſhould ever cloſe
Such All-commanding Eyes, and plunge the World
[in Woes.

To *S--ym--r*, daring Muſe, thy Numbers raiſe;
Muſe, thy beſt Numbers flag beneath her Praiſe:
Lo! ſweeteſt Youth, diſclaiming artful Care,
Sports in her Face, and revels in her Air;
Briskneſs and Innocence their Pow'rs unite,
And next her ſpotleſs Mind, her Skin is White.

When

When radiant Bluſhes to her Cheeks repair,
(Such lovely Stains become the brighteſt Fair,)
Gods! How That Paint of Nature tempts our Eyes!
How Earth's *Aurora* far tranſcends the Sky's!
But her high Merit checks the bold Delight,
We tremble at the Soul, yet riot at the Sight.

When *T--ft--n* was created, Nature took
Such Care to furniſh out a conqu'ring Look,
Who did not think her Hoard of Luſtre ſpent,
And Eyes deſign'd hereafter Innocent?
Nor was ſhe leſs Extravagant in Bloom,
As if ſhe meant no future Charms, and beggar'd all her [Loom.

For beauteous *Helen Troy* in Fires was ſeen,
The World was ſacrific'd to *Egypt*'s Queen;
Behold in *Aſ-b-nh-m* a Brighter Dame,
But Virtue ſtifles ſuch Deſtructive Flame.

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! were ſhe free from *Hymen*'s envy'd Chains,
Who would not rage with *Cupid*'s fierceſt Pains?
Marriage ſuſpends our Tranſports, for who dare
Burn, now Hope's fled, and tempt extream Deſpair?
Th' Illuſtrious Ancients were by halves Divine,
The Face and Mind did ne'er together ſhine:
Here all Accompliſhments are fully ſhown,
And ev'ry Goddeſs is compriz'd in One;
So Fair; yet Fairneſs ſeems her ſmalleſt Praiſe,
Her Soul's profuſe of Light, and darts immortal Rays.

P--rp--nt's in all the Pomp of Youth array'd,
Charming as Winter's Shine, or Summer's Shade;
Fair as deſcending Snow, or mounting Light,
Born to ſhame Fancy, and enſlave at Sight:
What's all our boaſted Freedom, when we gaze?
Britain's diſtinguiſh'd Bleſſing flies, and Man in Chains [obeys.

The

The graceful Movement of the Wife of *Jove*,
Th' enchanting Aſpect of the Queen of Love,
Minerva's Skill, and Excellence in Arts,
Apollo's Rays, and *Cupid*'s piercing Darts,
Bright *Hebe*'s Youth, and chaſt *Diana*'s Mind,
Softneſs and Sweetneſs of the *Ch--rch--l* Kind,
All blended in one perfect Piece, would ſhew
Pr--by's conſummate Image to the raviſh'd View.

If breathing Flow'rs ſuch pleaſing Sweets diſpenſe,
If Light has Charms, and ſo allures the Senſe,
If Muſick's Strains have that perſuaſive Art,
O lovely *V--gh'n!* How form'd to ſtrike the Heart!
Such a Complexion foils the Pride of *May*,
Such Looks add Splendor to the brighteſt Day,
Such tuneful Speech affords ſo moving Sounds,
We fancy Crowns in Chains, and taſte Delight in [Wounds.
C--ll--r's

C--ll--r's a Subject dear to *Britiſh* Lays,
Her Shape, her ev'ry Feature's wrought for Praiſe;
What humid Pearls of Sorrow ſeem to riſe,
As if ſhe wept the Ravage of her Eyes?
Still, ſtill we Bleed, and no Relief is gain'd,
Her killing Beauty's true, her ſaving Pity feign'd.

Thy Rhimes, oh Muſe, with young *Louiſa* grace,
That growing Wonder of the *Br--den--ll* Race;
Ev'n now her Charms diſcloſe a pleaſing Bloom,
But promiſe Riper Sweetneſs yet to come;
Nature, for all her vaſt Indulgence, fears
T'entruſt Perfection to thoſe tender Years,
But ſhortly will her choiceſt Stores diſplay,
And give to ſuch a Morn an anſwerable Day.
What mighty Glories ſhall this Fair adorn,
Ally'd to *Myra*, and of *R--chm--nd* born?
Myra ſo Bright to kindle *Gr--nv--le*'s Fire,
How did ſhe ſhine, that could ſuch Warmth inſpire!

R--chm--nd ſo great to give That Title Fame,
And more than equal Her from whom our Toaſting [came.

To *R--yn--lds*, Muſe, that Maſs of Beauty, riſe,
Her Mien how Charming, and how Bright her Eyes!
From op'ning Eaſt leſs glorious Luſtre breaks;
How Nature's curious Pencil paints her Cheeks!
The Loves, miſtaking her for *Venus*, throng,
And feaſted thus, continue in the wrong.
Seems ſhe not more than Numbers can expreſs? [leſs?
Seems not ev'n Thought afraid to make ſuch Wonders
Men may with Juſtice Nature's dealing blame,
And charge their Parent with a partial Aim;
Who too, too laviſh to her Female Race,
Beſtows freſh Gifts, and ſprings new Mines of Grace;
But ah! to Them ſo ſparing, daigns to raiſe
No hidden Stores of Wit to give proportion'd Praiſe.

F--rm--r's

F--rm--r's a Pattern for the Beauteous Kind,
Compos'd to pleaſe, and ev'ry way refin'd;
Obliging with Reſerve, and Humbly Great,
Tho' Gay, yet Modeſt, tho' Sublime, yet Sweet;
Fair without Art, and graceful without Pride,
By Merit and Deſcent to deathleſs Fame ally'd.

Seek not the *Venus* Star that gilds the Skies,
Two brighter Stars are found in *W--lp--le*'s Eyes;
Deſire not Nature's Wealth in Fields diſplay'd,
Far nobler Stores enrich the blooming Maid;
Rack not your Thought to paint what's ſweetly Rare,
Look but on *W--lp--le*'s Form, 'tis all Familiar there.

Thee, *Ch--tw--nd*, all that ſee thee, ſtrive to praiſe,
And with inſatiate Longings ſtill muſt gaze;

Freſh ſpringing Glories ev'ry Moment riſe,
And in new Raptures hurl us to the Skies.
O! could I reach a Harmony in Sound,
Like the fam'd Sweetneſs in her Aſpect found,
To yon bright Sphere I'd raiſe the glitt'ring Dame,
And with due Numbers ſhake the Pattern of her Frame.

Thrice glorious *N--w--ngt--n!* How juſtly great!
No Charms are abſent, and each Charm's compleat;
All that have Eyes, thy Beauties muſt confeſs,
All that have Tongues, thoſe Beauties would expreſs;
They would—But oh! the Language ſcants the Will,
Nature's too ſtrong for Art, and baffles utmoſt Skill.
Born for Command, yet mov'd from publick View,
As cloy'd with Pow'r, and weary to ſubdue;
To ſilent Shades I ſee the Victor run,
And reſt beneath the Myrtles which ſhe won;

Envy

Envy preſumes not to diſturb her there,
Envy, wherewith th' unhandſom teize the Fair.
Her ſhining Look exalts the gazing Swain,
But oh! within he feels conſuming Pain.
So ſparkling Flames raiſe Water to a Smile,
Yet the pleas'd Liquor pines, and leſſens all the while.

Where charming *H--le* appears, ſhe treads on Spoils,
Our Sex are Vaſſals, and her own are Foils;
Such a peculiar Elegance of Face!
So many Sweetneſſes! ſuch lively Grace!
Oh that becoming Negligence of Air!
There's ſomething Curious in her want of Care.
Here Love may with Inconſtancy agree,
For One's Variety, One ſuch as ſhe.
Captivity, ſo caus'd, we proudly bleſs,
Are zealous to be Slaves, nor wiſh our Fetters leſs.

Attractive *Sq--re* with endleſs Pleaſure's ſeen,
Oh trifling Grandeur of the *Cyprian* Queen!
Only three Graces form'd her higheſt State,
But thouſand Graces on this *Venus* wait.
Impoſſible for Eyes to take their fill!
There's ſomething eminently winning ſtill;
A Novelty of Charms ſalutes the Sight,
More ſweet than Bloſſoms, and more gay than Light;
Two pow'rful Paſſions, when we gaze, we prove,
Joy revels in our Looks, and in our Boſoms Love.

Well *L--ngt--n*'s Name becomes the Radiant Liſt,
Who can her Praiſe refuſe, her Pow'r reſiſt?
Was ever Nymph thus exquiſitely wrought?
Seems ſhe not almoſt Lovely to a Fault?
At once ſo many crowding Wonders preſs,
Ev'n more ſhe'd Charm us, if ſhe charm'd us leſs.

Have

Have you not ſeen, on *Anna*'s pompous Day,
A thouſand Objects all profuſely Gay?
Such Numbers only not oppreſs'd the Sight,
Yet leſs Variety gives full Delight.
See! ſee! Th' alternate Glories of the Skies
Blend in her Form, and all at once ſurprize;
Her roſie Cheek the Bluſh of Morning ſhows,
Her dazling Eyes the mid-day Sun diſcloſe;
Her Air reſembles well the Milky Way,
There Stars unnumber'd ſhine, here Loves unnumber'd [play.
O! why did Heav'n, which thus adorn'd the Fair,
And made the Workmanſhip ſo much its Care,
Not with ſoft Pity temper all the reſt,
And place this kind Reliever in her Breaſt?
Still poor *Camelions*, we, muſt live on *Air*,
She thinks a Look too much—the Lover's ſmalleſt Fare.

There's no way to be ſafe from *H--tl--y*'s Darts,
Nor Light nor Darkneſs can ſecure our Hearts;

Both Eyes and Ears are Traitors to Repoſe,
Looking, or liſt'ning ends in am'rous Woes;
Gods! when we ſee, we're vanquiſh'd by her View,
And while we hear, her melting Notes ſubdue.
Muſe, ſing the Nymph that's ſo compos'd for Fame,
Make Heav'n and Earth acquainted with her Name;
Thy ſelf, oh Nymph, to teach the Muſe incline,
For there's no perfect Melody but thine,
Then ſhe might haply boaſt a warbling Air,
And form her Song as Sweet, as Nature form'd thee Fair.

Reach diſtant *M--ndy*, Muſe, with ſounding Strains,
Th' excelling Maid that waſtes her Time in Plains;
Bid her appear, and bleſs the longing Sight,
Retirement's wrong for Youth, for Age 'tis right;
Say, that her Preſence to the World is due,
Aſpects ſo Brilliant are ordain'd for View.

The Sun, whoſe Glory's but to match her Eyes,
Flaſhes diffuſive Beams, and brightens all the Skies.

Certain as Fate, and ſwift as feather'd Darts,
Oh *W--ll--mſ--n!* Thy Arrows pierce our Hearts;
Once with an equal right to Glory ſhin'd
A ſignal Charmer of thy own Bright Kind;
Once—But remorſeleſs Death too quickly ſeiz'd
This finiſh'd Object, that ſo vaſtly pleas'd;
No Reſpite from Concern our Souls could find,
Did ſhe not leave Thee here, a Wonder ſtill behind.

Like Banks adorn'd with Nature's flow'ry Train,
Alſt--n's ſweet Look delights th' admiring Swain,
Pleas'd, not content, he lets his Wiſhes riſe,
And would regale more Senſes than his Eyes,
But hid in Bloom, that Serpent, Scorn, deſtroys
The Lover's fondeſt Hopes, and poiſons all his Joys.

The *D--ſhw--ds* are a Family of Charms,
Each Nymph's appointed with reſiſtleſs Arms,
So Soft, ſo Sweet, ſo Artleſs, and ſo Young,
Pride of the Sight, and Pleaſure of the Tongue.
Dearly we pay for ſuch immod'rate Light,
Beauty's, like Love, ſeverely Exquiſite;
Our Souls are wound to that exceſſive Height,
We ſuffer, not enjoy, the vaſt Delight.

Nor leſs renown'd in Charms the *H--rv--ys* ſtand,
How Fair they ſeem! How faſhion'd for Command!
Each of herſelf might ſingly challenge Praiſe,
One were a tempting Task for endleſs Lays,
Did not another, and another ſhine
Splendid alike, and equally Divine,
As if Imperial Beauty meant no more
To reign at large, and ſpread her mighty Pow'r,

But

But with unequal favour would confine
Her num'rous Treaſures to that Darling Line.

Can *Sm--th* unnoted paſs, ſo fram'd for Praiſe?
Ev'n *Britain*'s Court grows brighter with her Rays.
Oh lovely Conflict of her varying Hue!
Lilly and Roſe by grateful turns ſubdue.
Promiſcuous Charms our raviſh'd Senſes greet,
Here *April*'s Bloom, and *Auguſt*'s Ripeneſs meet;
Delights, which ſeem but to ſalute the Year,
Eternally reſide, and flouriſh here;
Who can expreſs which Seaſon chears him moſt?
How gay the Minutes fly, when ſhe's the Toaſt!
Bright as the Stone, with which the Glaſs we wound,
Inſpiring as the Juice, with which the Glaſs is crown'd.

Oh *W--lk--nſ--n!* who can of Beauty Sing,
And not an Off'ring to thy Altar bring?

Who

Who can deſcribe the Young, the Sweet, the Fair,
And not thy Charms, thy wond'rous Charms, declare?
Unſully'd Luſtre dwells upon thy Face,
Nor Eye can find a Stain, nor Fancy mend a Grace.

One Pleaſure more, indulgent Muſe, afford,
Pleaſure ſupream, when *F--rr--ſt--r*'s the Word!
Deſert ſo vaſt Commands thy utmoſt Lays,
And ſure 'tis almoſt Impious not to praiſe;
Praiſe dare I call it? When each boldeſt Line
Shows like weak Twilight to Meridian Shine.
Lo! Mien, Complexion, Features, Voice, conſpire,
Perfection's Brands, to ſet the World on Fire;
Oh ſhe's all Wonders! Heav'n's whole Excellence
Meets in her Frame, and fills our ev'ry Senſe;
That Grace, which moſt ennobles, who can name
Where all's divinely great, entitled all to Fame?

As well the Man, who travels all the Day
Scorch'd with the Sun, might tell the fierceſt Ray,
He knows the lucid Author of his Flames,
But with his parching Heat alike he charges all the
[Beams.

Ye num'rous Charmers, who remain unſung,
Forgive th' unequal Tribute of my Tongue,
Not that your Conqueſts fail, my Strains expire,
I own your Pow'rs, and feel a ſilent Fire,
No more my preſent Raptures can purſue,
But when my Muſe takes breath, I'll ſoar, and ſing of you.

ON

ON

The Counteſs of B--wt--r's *Recovery.*

THE Gods at firſt, in Pity to our Race,
Grieving to view the Triumphs of her Face,
And num'rous Throngs of hapleſs Lovers ſlain
By the mix'd Darts of Beauty and Diſdain,
Gave Sickneſs leave t' invade the brighteſt Throne,
To nought before, but Loves and Graces, known,
Br--wt--r's Frame: Yet on maturer Thought,
Finding meer Mortals eaſie to be wrought,
But ſuch a Workmanſhip of Nature, loſt,
Too hard to be retriev'd with all their Coſt,
Greatly reſolv'd to baffle proud Diſeaſe,
And ſave *Br--wt--r*, tho' the World ſhould ceaſe.

She

She lives, ſhe lives——Oh glorioufly decree'd!
We Victims either way were doom'd to Bleed,
For ev'n her Fall had brought us no Relief,
We'd chang'd our Paſſion, and had dy'd for Grief.

PRISCA's ADVICE
TO
NOVINDA.

TRuſt not falſe Man, th' experienc'd *Priſca* cries,
Think on my Fate, and oh! be timely wiſe.
Bright as you are, I ſhin'd with equal Rays,
And ev'ry Tongue ſeem'd buſie in my Praiſe.
Vaſſals in Crowds attended where I came,
Swore Chains and Darts, and talk'd me into Fame.
Too much I liſt'ned, and my Sex confeſt,
Proud to be ſeen, and pleas'd to be addreſt.

The

The Things grew vain, and leſſen'd their Reſpect,
Frequent Appearance ends in cold Neglect.
Early, yet late, I find the dear-bought Truth,
Wither in Bloſſom, and decay in Youth.
My Preſence now at beſt but Pity draws,
And Men already point and ſay——She was.
How quickly chang'd! I ſee without a Train
The dear, dear Play-houſe where I us'd to Reign;
No more the falſe proteſting Creatures come
From my once pow'rful Look to fetch their Doom;
No more they Start at Tragick Scenes, and cry,
Ye Gods! If *Priſca* ſmiles not, oh! we dye.
None ſeek me in the Mall, nor finding, burn,
And call out to their Fellows, t'other Turn.
No Spark regards my Motions in the Ring,
Nor miſſing me, grows ſad, and pulls his String.
At *Indian* Houſes now I'm forc'd to pay,
Elſe bring, alas! no Fav'rite Toys away.

All

All Marts of Love to me are fruitleſs now,
I hardly get the Trifle of a Bow;
In vain I Sparkle, Dreſs, and Ogle too,
And ſcarce a Country Squire vouchſafes to Woo.
Let this Example teach you to beware,
Too well I prove, 'tis dang'rous to be Fair;
Short are the Triumphs of the Face alone,
Where Conduct fails, how tott'ring is the Throne?
Without this Virtue, Woman's weakly crown'd,
Our Minds fix Government, our Eyes but found.
Believe me, Nymph, ſo read in Beauty's Bane,
Obſerve theſe Precepts, and confirm your Reign.
Let ſtrict Diſcretion all your Steps attend,
A ſeeming Tyrant, but a real Friend;
Be ſure to Rule with neceſſary Care,
Nor truſt your Empire to a faithleſs Air;
Shun the ſoft tempting Baits of publick View,
And Smile not on each Fop that flatters you;

Glow

Glow not with Rapture, when my Lord gets near,
And whiſpers ſugred Speeches in your Ear,
Take not his Tickets ſtill, leſt Fame ſhould ſay,
You, *Indian*-like, for Baubles, Gems repay;
All Ranks with due Reſerve be ſure to treat,
All mean our Ruin, and conſpire Deceit;
Should one preſent his Heart, whom you approve,
Employ the Prieſt, before you ſeem to Love;
Thoſe faintly burn, that ſee us prone to pleaſe,
Men naturally ſlight what comes with Eaſe.
Look without Art, nor labour to enſlave;
In this the Beauteous differ from the Brave;
Pow'r, when *We* follow, like a Shadow, flies,
But *They* by firm purſuing gain the Prize.

NOVINDA's

NOVINDA's ANSWER TO PRISCA.

WHEN Gen'rous *Priſca*'s early Counſel came,
I frown'd to read, and ſcarce forbore to blame,
Conſtru'd it rude Impertinence at beſt,
And kept with Pain the Woman in my Breaſt;
Now conſcious of my Error, pay this Mite,
And with a frank Confeſſion greet your Sight;
No Bays by this Attempt I hope to win,
Write without Art, and without Form begin;
Know then, and Pardon, when you find the Truth,
A Fault I own, but 'twas a Fault of Youth.
Once how Ambition charm'd my eaſie Age,
And publick Places did my Soul engage!

Oh! 'twas ſo Fine to have a num'rous Train
Watching my Glance, and crying up my Reign,
Swearing, She's Wond'rous, Gods! we're all undone,
Her Sex reſembles Tapers by the Sun.
The Sons of *Mars* diſſolv'd in am'rous Fire,
Ev'n garter'd Heroes glow'd with ſoft Deſire;
'Squires, Knights, and Lords ſtill juſtled to appear,
And wore my Chains, or ſeem'd at leaſt to wear;
I deem'd my Pow'r proportion'd to my Will,
Nor knew I Pleaſure, but to Look and Kill.
Then Pride, that nat'ral Frailty of our Kind,
Preſented Titles to my flatter'd Mind,
Her Grace, at leaſt, My Lady touch'd my Ear,
And Pages did my Train in Fancy bear.
How could I leſs expect from ſo much Praiſe?
Who could think All but an imagin'd Blaze?
Strange ſort of Lovers, that pretend to Burn,
Yet proudly Sigh, and ask for no Return!

Mere

Mere Toaſting can aſſwage ſuch Triflers Flame,
Their Paſſion's almoſt ſated with the Name.
Had one ſpoke Marriage, I'd not us'd him ill,
'Twas all Romance, and I'm *Novinda* ſtill;
Amidſt whole Numbers, not a Husband's found,
How many Deaths are fancy'd in that Sound!
Happy the Nymphs that chuſe the honeſt Shade,
Where Truth reſides, and Courtſhip's not a Trade,
Where gracious Fate beſtows a faithful Swain
Who knows to Love, and knows not how to feign.
Bear me, kind Pow'rs! to ſome ſerene Retreat,
There let me live, not wiſhing to be Great,
Far from this dear, deceitful, damning Place,
Where all is led by Int'reſt, Love's Diſgrace.
Convinc'd by you, I fly from vain Renown,
And leave the falſe Endearments of the Town;
My Bloom, my Fame are hopeleſs to prevail,
Who can ſucceed where *Priſca*'s ſelf did fail?

Howe'er one Thought delights me, that I go
While Glory's Seaſon laſts, and Honours flow;
Yet diſmal Pity wants Pretence to riſe,
Yet none enjoy the pleaſure to Deſpiſe.
Oh! why ſhould Men complain of Female Charms,
And count their Sex expos'd to greateſt Harms?
Our ſelves are leaſt ſecure, when form'd ſo fair,
And Beauty's to the Owner moſt a Snare.
The Sun and Beauty gild the World with Rays,
Both find no Recompence but barren Praiſe;
Nay, both muſt oft Retire, if Mortals prize,
Ev'n Light offends, ſtill flaſhing in their Eyes.

OF

OF A
DWARF
Courting a
BRIGHT LADY.

Glants, that durſt invade the Sky,
By wrathful Pow'rs were doom'd to Die;
Shall better Fate This Pygmy ſhare,
Who dares attempt a Heav'nly Fair?

They took a leſs ſurprizing Flight,
For tow'ring Boldneſs ſuits with Height;
But, when a Dwarf would ſtrangely Riſe,
What wretched Figure mocks our Eyes?

Correct His Raſhneſs, Nymph Divine,
You want not Light'ning, that ſo ſhine;

Strike this abſurd Aſſailant Dead,
And make the Grave his Bridal Bed.

The lofty Tree to Heav'n aſpires,
And who can blame his Bold Deſires?
'Tis for that End he ſeems ſo grown,
And therefore's wonder'd at by none.

But, if ſome humble Shrub would ſoar,
Meant for the Ground, and nothing more,
All this pretending Folly chide,
And laugh at its prepoſt'rous Pride.

TO THE

QUEEN;

Upon the DEATH of

His Royal Highneſs.

WHilſt Tears o'erflow the ROYAL WIDOW'S [Bed,
And gloomy Sadneſs veils her Sacred Head;
Each Breaſt doth Sympathetick Anguiſh feel,
Our conſcious Looks our inward Pains reveal.
O! cou'd our Sorrows but give Yours Relief,
O! that our Troubles cou'd aſſwage Your Grief,
The Pious Nation ſhou'd indulge her Woe,
And Publick Tears ſhou'd to a Deluge flow:
But ſince we cannot Cure our QUEEN's Diſtreſs,
Accept that Wiſh which ſtrives to make it leſs.
When from the Fondneſs of Your ſoft Embrace,
To the bright Regions of th' Angelick Race,

The Much-lov'd Prince, was Order'd to remove,
And quit Your Breaſt, that Paradiſe of Love;
Death, that directed the unerring Dart,
Knew well he pierc'd You in the tend'reſt Part;
But Heav'n Decreed it with a wiſe Deſign,
To make Your Virtues yet more Glorious ſhine.
Such are *Jove*'s ſecret and myſterious Ways,
When he to Glory will his Fav'rites raiſe.
Conqueſts o'er Paſſions nobler Laurels yield,
Than all the Triumphs of the beſt-fought Field;
You to the Prince muſt give the Tribute due;
We beg no more, than that thoſe Tears be few;
Much to his Mem'ry, we confeſs, You owe,
Yet ſome Compaſſion to Your People ſhow;
Let the juſt Motive of Your Subjects Good,
Suppreſs the Torrent of the riſing Flood;
Our Safety, MADAM, muſt depend on Yours,
And the QUEEN's Life, the World's Repoſe ſecures.

To

To the Right Honourable the

LORD *VILLIERS*,

ON HIS

Taking his Maſter of Arts Degree at Cambridge, *in the Year* 1700.

By Mr. *William Worts* of *Cambridge*.

AMidſt the Joy that flows from ev'ry Tongue,
Accept, my Lord, the Muſe's humble Song:
Now you all Arts and Sciences defend;
The Sons of *Phœbus* will your Train attend,
Who on the Smiles of Greatneſs muſt depend;
It is the Portion of their glorious Fate,
To praiſe the Good, and eternize the Great:
Their Fame muſt die without the Poet's Aid:
And Poets cannot live without their Bread:
Your noble Birth and Virtues both can give,
To make the Poet, and the Poem live.

Happy that Pen! whoſe daring Wit can trace,
The manly Vigour of your lovely Face,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry Grace;
That can diſtinguiſh both the Great and Good,
From the coarſe Figure of the vulgar Crowd:
So look'd the feign'd *Iulus*, ſo he charm'd,
When ev'ry Feature was by *Cupid* form'd;
And all the God *Eliza*'s Boſom warm'd.
But O!

What Pen can write the Beauties of your Mind,
Which Heav'n, with all its niceſt Care, refin'd;
'Tis from thoſe Wonders in your dawning Bloom;
We all expect the Glorious Man to come:
The ſprightly Youth, and early Wit, will end,
In the wiſe Patriot, his Country's Friend:
In the ſucceeding *William*'s Reign you'll ſtand,
The *Jerſey* and *Mecænas* of our Land.

TO A
Witty and Genteel Lady.

By the ſame Hand.

LET gawdy *Phillis* charm the cringing Fools,
With due Proportion turn'd by ſtricteſt Rules;
With a Complexion, like the Lillies Fair,
Whoſe Red may with the bluſhing Roſe compare:
Thoſe dying Charms were with the Body born,
And when That moulders, They will prove our Scorn;
Old Age or Sickneſs will her Bloom deface,
Soil her Complexion, and diſarm each Grace.
If there be One, ye Gods! whom you ordain,
I muſt obey, and She Superior reign;
Let her, like brave *Camilla*, be deſign'd,
The nobleſt Pattern of a Godlike Mind;

Let her bright Soul ſubdue me from within,
Shine in her Senſe, and ſparkle in her Mien:
Thoſe heav'nly Charms they never can decay,
Age may improve 'em, and confirm their Sway.

PRESENTING

A Father's Advice to his Daughter.

By the ſame Hand.

GO, happy Book! and let *Mirtilla* ſee
Her own bright Character deſcrib'd in thee:
No Feature's wanting; for in her you'll meet
The Daughter's Beauty, with the Father's Wit:
Thy Precepts drawn thro' ev'ry Part of Life,
The modeſt Virgin, and the prudent Wife:
O! may her Virtues equal Fortune find!
And Goodneſs be with happy Greatneſs join'd;
May ſhe want nothing that the Gods can give,
But ſtill as Charming, and much Happier live.

Written in the
Blank Leaf of a Lady's Prior.

By the ſame Hand.

COu'd but my Words my real Paſſion ſhow,
And, in ſoft Verſe, like *Prior*'s Numbers, flow;
Cou'd I, ſo fortunately point my Senſe,
To wound like *Dorſet*, yet not give Offence;
Then, in this Page, ſhou'd *Galatea* read,
My faithful Love, and how I daily bleed:
Each ſawcy Rival ſhou'd with Bluſhes ſee,
His fond Impertinence expos'd by me:
But Rough and Heavy muſt my Verſe appear,
When *Prior*'s noble Genius ſhines ſo near;
So droop the Nymphs, when *Galatea*'s Eyes,
In the fair Ring, with brighter Glory riſe.

On Her Majesty's GRANT of

WOODSTOCK PARK, &c.

To His Grace the

Duke of *Marlborough*, 1704.

In a LETTER to *Signior Antonio Verrio* at *Hampton-Court*.

RENown'd in Arms, when Mighty *Heroes* rise,
Th' Immortal *Muse* in lasting Numbers tries,
To future Ages to transmit their Fame,
And give 'em after Death a living Name.
The *Fields of Bliss* below, the Shady Grove,
Were the Reward of all their Toils above;
The *Mantuan Swain* has fill'd the Solemn Place,
With the wreath'd Worthies of his *Roman Race*.
While greater *Marlborough* disdains to wait,
Mature for Fame, the slow approach of Fate:

But Reaps that Glorious Harveſt whilſt he Lives,
Which Time, to all his Ancient Hero's, gives.
Elyſian Shades ſhall now no more be ſought,
The Gay Creation of the *Poets* Thought;
The *Royal Gift* diſplaies a nobler View,
No feign'd *Elyſium* can exceed the True.
Woodſtock her lov'd *Plantagenet* no more
Laments, when *Marlb'rough* ſhall her State reſtore;
She for whom *Chaucer*'s Tuneful Lyre was ſtrung,
And *Wilmot*'s Muſe in ſofter Tranſport ſung,
From lonely *Bowers* her lofty Head ſhall rear,
And Chearful, like her Conqu'ring *Lord*, appear.
Thro' her cool Glades on ev'ry verdant Plain,
Eternal Plenty, Peace, and Pleaſure Reign:
High on her Walls, *Imperial Eagles* tell,
By bolder Hands how fierce *Bavarians* fell;
Here we behold, by *Verrio*'s Pencil wrought,
The num'rous Spoils from *Swabian* Conqueſts brought;

How

How o'er th' oppoſing *Schellenberg* he run,
Which none before but Great *Guſtavus* won.
Here, Camps Aſſaulted, and a City Storm'd;
There, on expanded Plains the Battel form'd;
Thro' Seas of Blood the fiery Courſers Fly,
And rapid Streams, and thund'ring Braſs defy;
While Ecchoing Clifts and Sylvan Heights around,
With Groans and Shouts alternately reſound.
Surrend'ring Squadrons with their *Lillies* Torn,
And Haughty Chiefs before his Proweſs born;
In Exile *One*, and *One* beneath his Chain,
Strive for a *Crown*, and *Liberty* in vain.
Gild his Victorious Carr, bold Artiſt, draw
Albion Rejoycing, and the World in Awe;
Paint in full Splendor, all his Acts that claim
Triumphant Laurels and Immortal Fame.
Make him *Gaul*'s glitt'ring *Flowers* in Homage yield,
To fix 'em faſter in *Britannia*'s Shield;

Let

Let *Auſtria*'s ſacred Branch in State deſcend,
To view the Victor and applaud the Friend;
Let your Great Genius on the Canvaſs ſhow,
How the ſwift *Rhine*, and how the *Danube* flow,
How Eaſtward *This*, in Streaming Purple ſtrays,
How *That*, his Captives to our Coaſt conveys;
How *Thus* the Trophies he at once has won,
Haſte to the Riſing and the Setting Sun.

A

BALLAD:

ON, THE

VICTORY

AT

AUDENARDE.

I.

YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,
I'll Sing you a Song if I can;
How *Louis le Grand*
Was put to a Stand,
By the Arms of our Gracious Queen *Anne.*

II.

How his Army ſo great
Had a total Defeat,

Not

IDEM
CANTICUM
LATINE REDDITUM.

I.

O Plebs & Magnates,
Vos aures præbeatis,
Cantabo Carmen haud inane;
Veteris ut amici
Milites Ludovici,
Turbavit exercitus Annæ.

II.

Dicam ejus ut fortes
Vastæque Cohortes,

Not far from the River of *Dender*;
Where his Grand-Children twain,
For fear of being Slain,
Gallop'd off with the Popiſh Pretender.

III.

To a Steeple on High
The Battel to Spy,
Up Mounted theſe clever Young Men;
And when from the Spire
They ſaw ſo much Fire
They cleverly came down again.

IV.

Then a Horſe-Back they got
All upon the ſame Spot,
By Advice of their Couſin *Vendome*;
O Lord! cry'd out He
Unto Young *Burgundy*,
Wou'd your Brother and you were at Home.

V.

Prope Teneram victæ fuerunt;
Ubi gallico more,
Cum Competitore,
Nepotes se fugæ dederunt.

III.

Pyramidem tamen
Ut cernant certamen,
Cito scandunt tres adolescentes;
At citius descendunt
Oculos sit offendunt
Tot flammæ per æthra fulgentes.

IV.

Tum Cursores repente
Vindicino suadente,
Conscendunt, miserum, ait, oh, me
Burgundi quid statur?
Utinam tu & frater
Essetis una cum avo domi.

V.

Juſt ſo did he ſay,
When without more delay
Away the Young Gentry Fled;
Whoſe Heels for that Work
Were much lighter than Cork,
But their Hearts were more heavy than Lead.

VI.

Not ſo did behave
The Young *Hannover* Brave
In this Bloody Field I aſſure you;
When his War-Horſe was ſhot
Yet He matter'd it not,
But Charg'd ſtill on Foot like a Fury.

VII.

While Death flew about
Aloud He call'd out

Hoh!

V.

Hæc illo dicente,
Generoſæ juventæ
Alæ additæ ſunt a timore;
Nam avolat pedibus
Sicut Cortex levibus,
Licet Corde plumbo graviore.

VI.

Sed non inſtar horum
Medio tot periclorum
Hannoverus audax ſeſe geſſit;
Transfixo bellatore
Omni expers timore,
Pulſos pedes acriter preſſit.

VII.

Dum Mors circumvolavit
Altâ voce clamavit

Hoh! You Chevalier of St. *George*
If you'll neither ſtand,
By Sea nor by Land,
Pretender, that Title you Forge.

VIII.

Thus Boldly he ſtood
As became that High Blood,
Which runs in his Veins ſo Blue;
This Gallant Young Man
Being Kin to Queen *Anne*,
Fought, as were ſhe a Man, ſhe wou'd do.

IX.

What a Racket was here,
(I think 'twas laſt Year)
For a little ill Fortune in *Spain*;
When by letting 'em Win,
We have drawn the Puts in
To Loſe all they are Worth this Campaign.

X.

Heus! tu miles Sti. Georgi
Si non audes ſtare
Nec terrâ nec mari,
Jus fictum ne amplius urge.

VIII.

Inſtabat cum terrore
Sanguinis pro ſplendore
Qui in Cæruleis venis turgeſcit;
Nam Annæ agnatus
Ita eſt præliatus
Ut hæc foret modo vir eſſet.

IX.

Quas hic turbas excivit
(Quis credere quivit)
Nuperum in Hiſpaniâ malum;
Ex hoc lucro ſuffultos
Induxinus ſtultos
Poſt omnia perdere naulum.

X. Ex

X.

Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*
To *Mounſier* we Lent,
With Int'reſt he ſoon ſhall Re-pay 'em;
While *Paris* may Sing
With her Sorrowful King
De Profundis, inſtead of *Te Deum*.

XI.

From their Dream of Succeſs,
They'll awaken, we Gueſs,
At the Sound of Great *Marlborough*'s Drums;
They may think if they will
Of *Almanza* ſtill,
But 'tis *Blenheim* where-ever he comes.

XII.

O *Louis* Perplex'd,
What General's next?

Thou

X.

Quas jam Commodavimus
Cum fænore rogabimus,
Iterum Brugas & Clarinæam;
Canet & Rex, mærente
Paritiâ cum gente
De Profundis *in loco* Te Deum.

XI.

Ex hoc ſomno Victoriæ
Eos tandem Marlboriæ,
Excitaverit ſonitus tubæ;
De Almanza licebit
Cogitent, ſi lubebit
Venit is cum Blenhemii pube.

XII.

Quem ducem Ludovice,
Mittes proximâ vice?

Thou haſt hitherto chang'd 'em in Vain:
He has Beat 'em all round,
If no New ones are found,
He ſhall Beat the Old over again.

XIII.

We'll let *Tallard* out
If he'll take t'other Bout;
And much he's Improv'd, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* Ale,
At ev'ry Meal,
And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

XIV.

As Loſers at Play
Their Dice throw away,
While the Winner he ſtill Wins on:
Let who will Command
Thou hadſt better Disband,
For, Old Bully, thy Doctors are gon.

EPI-

Quos hactenus fruſtra miſiſti;
Omnes ſemel ſuperavit
Iterumque profligabit
Si novos nuſquam reperiſti.

XIII.

Si iterum præliabitur
Tallardus *cito dabitur*
Auxit & vires Nottinghamenſis
Zythus, Bubulaque,
Salubris maſſulaque
Appoſita ſingulis menſis.

XIV.

Sed ut victos ludendo
Cubos abjicendo
Parum videas promovere;
Quemcunque præfeceris
Conſultius deſtiteris
Pſeudocubi, Vafer, periere.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by

Mrs. Barry, *at her Playing in* Love for Love, *with Mrs.* Bracegirdle, *for the Benefit of Mr.* Betterton.

By Mr. *ROWE.*

AS ſome brave Knight, who once with Spear and [Shield
Had ſought Renown in many a well fought [Field,
But now no more with Sacred Fame inſpir'd,
Was to a Peaceful Hermitage retir'd;
There, if by Chance diſaſt'rous Tales he hears,
Of Matrons Wrongs and Captive Virgins Tears,
He feels ſoft Pity urge his gen'rous Breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.
Buckled in Mail he ſallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.

So

So we, to former Leagues of Friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful Homes adieu,
To aid Old *Thomas*, and to pleaſure you.
Like Errant Damſels boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs Stage.
Time was, when this good Man no Help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any She ſhould hold his Back.
But now, ſo Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
By two at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd.
You ſee, what Failing Nature brings Man to,
And yet let none Inſult, for ought we know
She may not wear ſo well with ſome you:
Tho' Old, you find his Strength is not clean paſt,
But true as Steel, he's Mettle to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?

What he has been, tho' preſent Praiſe be Dumb,
Shall haply be a Theme in Times to come,
As now we talk of *Roſcius*, and of *Rome*.
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old *Shakeſpear*'s Ghoſt had ris'n to do him Right.
With Indignation had you ſeen him Frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſteleſs Town;
Griev'd and Repining you had heard him ſay,
Why are my famous Labours caſt away?
Why did I only Write what only he could Play?

But ſince, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you [meet,
Go on and make the gen'rous Work Compleat;
Be true to Merit, and ſtill own his Cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare Applauſe.
In juſt Remembrance of your Pleaſures paſt,
Be Kind, and give him a Diſcharge at laſt.
In Peace and Eaſe Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buskin here.

De-

Design'd to be Written on

Blenheim-Caſtle Gate.

FROM *Danube*'s Banks thy two *Chief Stones* were [brought:
At *Brabant*'s *Lines* thy riſing *Baſe* was wrought:
Thy lofty *Stories* fair *Ramilia* rear'd:
The tow'ring *Height* was gain'd at *Oudenard*:
Thy *Roof* Majeſtick was, with Maſter-Skill,
Compleatly *Cover'd* at the Siege of *Liſle*.
The uſeleſs *Refuſe* took a cleanſing *Scour*,
Along the rapid *Scheld*'s intrenched Shore.
Such *Furniture*, as *Princely* Rich and Rare is,
Thy *Lord* ſhall challenge at the Gates of *Paris*.
But let their molten *Mome of Triumph* ſtand,
And Bluſh, tho' Braſs, at *Marlbro*'s mighty Hand:
While impious *Art* ſuſtains the *Tyrant*'s Name.
HE's not the *Statue*, but the *Soul* of *Fame*.

TO

Mr. *W*—— on Reading his POEMS.

By Mr. *Joſeph Standen.*

HAIL Heav'n-born Muſe, that with celeſtial [Flame,
And high Seraphic Numbers, durſt attempt
To gain thy native Skies.——No common Theme
Merits thy Thought, Self-conſcious of a Soul
Superior; though on Earth detain'd a while,
Like ſome propitious Angel, that's deſign'd
A Reſident in this inferior Orb,
To guide the wandring Souls to heav'nly Bliſs,
Thou ſeem'ſt; while Thou their everlaſting Songs
Haſt ſung to mortal Ears, and down to Earth
Tranſ-

Transfer'd the Work of Heav'n. With Thought ſublime,
And high ſonorous Words, Thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal Lyre: Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring Height ſtupendous, while Thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar Eyes or Thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father: As of old,
When firſt th' Almighty from the dark Abyſs
Of everlaſting Night and Silence call'd
The ſhining Worlds with one creating Word,
And rais'd from nothing all the heav'nly Hoſts,
And with eternal Glories fill'd the Void;
Harmonious Seraphs tun'd their Golden Harps,
And with their chearful Hallelujahs bleſs'd
The bounteous Author of their Happineſs:
From Orb to Orb th' alternate Muſick rang,
And from the chryſtal Arches of the Sky
Reach'd our *then* glorious World, the native Seat
Of the firſt happy Pair, who join'd their Songs

To the loud Echoes of th' Angelic Choirs,
And fill'd with bliſsful Hymns terreſtrial Heav'n,
The Paradiſe of God; where all Delights
Abounded, and the pure ambroſial Air,
Fann'd by mild *Zephyrs* breath'd ethereal Sweets
Forbidding Death and Sorrow; and beſtow'd
Freſh heav'nly Bloom, and gay immortal Youth.
Not ſo, alas! the vile Apoſtate Race,
Who in mad Joys their brutal Hours employ'd,
Aſſaulting with their impious Blaſphemies
The Pow'r ſupreme that gave 'em Life and Breath:
Incarnate Fiends! Outragious they defy'd
Th' Eternal's Thunder, and Almighty Wrath
Fearleſs provok'd; which all the other Devils
Wou'd dread to meet, remembring well the Day,
When, driv'n from pure immortal Seats above,
A fiery Tempeſt hurl'd 'em down the Skies,
And hung upon their Rear, urging their Fall

To the dark, deep, unfathomable Gulph;
Where, bound on ſulph'rous Lakes to glowing Rocks
With Adamantine Chains, they wail their Woes,
And know *Jehovah* Great as well as Good;
And, fix'd for ever by eternal Fate,
With Horror find his Arm Omnipotent.

Prodigious Madneſs! That the ſacred Muſe,
Firſt taught in Heav'n to mount immortal Heights,
And trace the boundleſs Glories of the Sky,
Should now to ev'ry Idol baſely bow,
And curſe the Deity ſhe once ador'd,
Erecting Trophies to each ſordid Vice,
And celebrating the infernal Praiſe
Of haughty *Lucifer*, the deſp'rate Foe
Of God and Man; and winning ev'ry Hour
New Votaries to Hell; while all the Fiends
Hear theſe accurſed Lays, and thus out-done
Raging they try to match the human Race,

Redoubling all their helliſh Blaſphemies,
And with loud Curſes rend the gloomy Vault.
Ungrateful Mortals! Ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter Heav'n and laugh at Hell,
To dreſs up Vice in falſe deluſive Charms,
And with gay Colours paint her hideous Face,
Leading beſotted Souls thro' flowry Paths,
In gawdy Dreams, and vain fantaſtic Joys,
To diſmal Scenes of everlaſting Woe;
When the great Judge ſhall rear his awful Throne,
And raging Flames ſurround the trembling Globe;
While the loud Thunders roar from Pole to Pole,
And the laſt Trump awakes the ſleepy Dead;
And guilty Souls, to ghaſtly Bodies driv'n,
Within thoſe dire eternal Priſons ſhut,
Expect their ſad inexorable Doom.
Say now, ye Men of Wit! what Turn of Thought
Will pleaſe you then? alas! how dull and poor

(Ev'n

(Ev'n to your ſelves) will your lewd Flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy Fate
Of Ideots! And perhaps in vain you'll wiſh
You'd been as very Fools as once ye thought
Others, for the ſublimeſt Wiſdom ſcorn'd;
When pointed Lightnings from the wrathful Judge
Shall finge your impious Laurels, and the Men
Who thought they flew ſo high ſhall fall ſo low.

No more, my Muſe, of theſe tremendous Thoughts,
Reſume thy more delightful Theme, and ſing
Th' immortal Man that with immortal Verſe
Rivals the Hymns of Angels, and like them
Deſpiſes mortal Criticks idle Rules:
While the celeſtial Flame that warms thy Soul
Inſpires us, and with holy Tranſports moves
Our lab'ring Minds, and nobler Scenes preſents
Than all the *Pagan* Poets ever ſung,
Homer or *Virgil*; and far ſweeter Notes

Than *Horace* ever taught his ſounding Lyre,
And purer far; tho' *Martial*'s Self might ſeem
A modeſt Poet in our Chriſtian Days.
May theſe neglected, and forgotten lye:
No more let Men be fond of fab'lous Gods,
Nor *Heathen* Wit debauch one *Chriſtian* Line;
While with the coarſe and daubing Paint we hide
The ſhining Beauties of eternal Truth,
Who in her native Dreſs appears moſt bright,
And charms the Eyes of Angels.—Oh! like Thee,
Let ev'ry nobler Genius tune his Voice
To Subjects worthy of their tow'ring Thoughts.
Let *Heav'n* and *ANNA* then your tuneful Art
Improve; and conſecrate your deathleſs Lays
To *Him* who reigns above, and *Her* who rules below.

ON THE Duke of *Marlborough's* VICTORY at *AUDENARD*, Juſt after the Loſs of *GHENT* and *BRUGES*.

By *L. Euſden*, of *Trinity-College*, *Cambridge*.

AS in a ſtarry Night, the lonely Swain
Watching his Flock on the *Sicilian* Plain
Upwards oft caſts his Eyes; the heav'nly Fires
Around he ſees, and all he ſees, admires:
So I amaz'd, Great Man! thy Acts ſurvey,
And ſtill from Glories to new Glories ſtray;
Loſt in the ſweet Variety of Light,
I find none brighter in a Train ſo bright;

And

And doubt, which firſt the grateful Muſe ſhould tell,
For ſhe on each could pleas'd for ever dwell.
But hear! loud *Pæans* from the *Belgick* Strand
Reſound thy Triumphs, and our Thanks demand!
Thou art afreſh the Burthen of each Song,
The darling Subject of the tuneful Throng.
In vain, alas! they ſtring the ſprightly Lyre;
In vain great Actions can great Thoughts inſpire:
Apollo's Sons, when all their Wit is ſhown,
Reach not thy Merit, but exalt their own.
Thus num'rous Streams into the Ocean flow,
New Honours they receive, but none beſtow;
Not raiſe the Ocean's Height, while they Immortal [grow.

Say, wond'rous Man! by what myſterious Charms
Thou bind'ſt th' unconſtant Goddeſs to thy Arms!
Why thus her Love ſhe partially diſplays?
Obey'd by others, Fortune thee obeys.
Fly ſwift, yet Conqueſt ſwifter flies before;
So flaſh the Light'nings, e'er the Thunders roar.

Uncommon Paths thy wary March proclaim,
But ev'ry Path with thee can lead to Fame.
No Tow'r ſo ſtrong, as can create Deſpair;
Nor Cliffs ſo barren, but can Laurels bear.
Dear-gain'd Experience oft has taught the Foe
The fatal Progreſs of thy Arms to know:
Too well the uſual Marks are underſtood;
A Purple Dye ſtill taints the Chryſtal Flood,
And ev'ry Field thou fatten'ſt round with *Gallick* [Blood.

Here I could boundleſs rove; thy Virtues praiſe,
Sweetly bewilder'd in the various Maze:
I, *Janus*-like, could now with Pleaſure trace
Of Ages paſt a worthy, deathleſs Race:
View *Greece* with all its Heroes in the Bloom,
And the long Glories of Imperial *Rome.*
But thou already haſt poſſeſs'd the whole;
There is no Rival in the ſhining Roll:
Unleſs their diff'rent Graces were combin'd;
Young *Ammon*'s Soul with *Cæſar*'s Prudence join'd;

But tho' from all we cull'd the Parallel,
Yet thou in ſomething ſtill wou'dſt all excel.
Thus when *Apelles* with nice Labour ſtrove
Juſtly to draw the beauteous Queen of Love;
The flow'ry Pride of all the Land he choſe,
And from a Thouſand wou'd his One compoſe.
Some ſweet Embeliſhment in each was ſeen,
In this the Smile, in that the pleaſing Mien.
What Art could do, the Pencil had expreſt;
Not yet entire the Goddeſs ſhone confeſt,
But barely known, and little more than gueſt.

Oh! had theſe Times giv'n to the Heroe Birth,
Who once was call'd Lord of the conquer'd Earth:
Thy Arms his wild Ambition had defy'd,
And wiſely check'd the mighty Victor's Pride.
Like *Lewis*, he had found a lowlier State;
A greater ſeen, not thought himſelf ſo great:

And for more Worlds had no Complaints begun,
But wept for Grief, he could not conquer One.
Strange! to what height Ingratitude can riſe?
See! the foul Monſter of Gigantick Size!
What virtuous Acts can we ſecure engage
From black Oblivion by malicious Rage?
If to this Fiend all *Blenheim*'s Honours yield,
And the won Trophies of *Ramillia*'s Field:
If ev'ry Chance with Murm'rings be ſuſtain'd;
Two Towns ſurpriz'd move more, than Countries [gain'd.
Laurels in vain ſafe from ſome Dangers are;
Envy can blaſt, what *Jove*'s own Fires will ſpare.
This fatal Truth the brave *Athenian* prov'd,
Whom the wiſe *Socrates* ſo dearly lov'd:
From that rich Source with Arts divinely ſtor'd,
Early the Youth aloft to Empire ſoar'd.
Too nobly Great, and ruin'd by Succeſs;
His Merit ſtill was more, his Glory leſs.

From

From *Cymè* loſt Suſpicions did begin,
Not that he could not, but he would not win.
But may green Wreaths for ever thee adorn;
Thou under more propitious Stars waſt born:
Oft may we ſee revolve ſuch happy Days;
Oft be it thine to Conquer, ours to Praiſe.
Soon then the hideous Din of War ſhall ceaſe,
And the long-weary'd *Albion* reſt in Peace.
Learning and Arts ſhall crown'd with Plenty ſmile,
And Bays with Olives twin'd, grace the fair, bliſsful Iſle.
Mean time, our Thanks, a worthleſs Gift, receive;
'Tis nothing, but 'tis all, that we can give
Let no fantaſtick Wits thy Conduct blame,
Nor Envy blemiſh e'er thy ſpotleſs Fame.
Thee *Anna* choſe; in thee let all rejoyce, [Choice.
Since by new Wonders Heav'n confirms the glorious

TO

To the Reverend

Dr. *BENTLEY*,

On the Opening of

Trinity-College Chappel, *Cambridge*.

By the ſame Hand.

LOng have we, ſafe, Time's envious Fury ſcorn'd,
By Kings firſt Founded, then by Kings Adorn'd;
If fainting e'er we fear'd a fatal cloſe,
Some new *Mæcenas* with new Life aroſe.
Fretted by Age we ſtill the Stronger grow,
And to our Ruins all our Beauties owe.
So *Caſſia* roughly chaf'd the ſweeter ſmells,
And Silver more conſum'd in Brightneſs more excels.
Rais'd on high Columns the proud Fabrick ſtands,
Where *Barrow* Praiſe from ev'ry Tongue commands:

Where

Where the vaſt Treaſures of the Learn'd are ſhown;
No Works more Rich, more Noble, than his own.
The Muſes ſoon the ſtately Seat admir'd,
And in full Tranſports their glad Sons inſpir'd:
Their Sons inſpir'd ſung loud, and all around
Echo redoubl'd back the chearful Sound;
Sweet was the Song, when Lays (if ſuch they give)
Worthy of Cedar, ſhall in Cedar live.

This ſumptuous Pile ſhew'd the brave Founder's [Mind,
But equal Labours ſtill remain behind.
God's ſacred Houſe too long neglected lies,
And from ſome other *Jöaſh* wants Supplies;
But none was found, 'till you reſolv'd to ſhow
How far exalted Piety could go:
From little Funds, ſo largely to deſign,
Yet to make all in full Perfection ſhine,
Great is the Glory, and the Glory's thine.

Of

Of old a Joy in ev'ry Face was ſeen,
Fluſh'd by the Promiſe of a bounteous Queen:
She vow'd a Temple; but too ſoon her Breath
Vaniſh'd, and ſeal'd her pious Vows in Death.
Thus *David* drew the Scheme, but not begun;
The Dome was builded by his wiſer Son.
Not ſo we far'd. Tho' by *Eliza* lov'd,
Her Siſter's Thoughts were loſt, but not diſprov'd.
'Till now we Mourn'd our Fate, but Mourn no more;
Chas'd are the Miſts, which dull'd the Light before.
New Golden Cenſers on new Altars blaze,
New Muſick ſounds the great Creator's Praiſe.
Angels again from Heav'n might liſt'ning ſtray,
Did but another ſweet *Cecilia* play.
Here, long conceal'd we view the living Paint;
Admire the Picture, not adore the Saint.
There, Cherubs with ſtretch'd Wings deceive the Sight,
And bending forwards ſeem prepar'd for flight;

While Flow'rs in pleaſing Folds adorn each ſide,
Some droop their ſickly Heads, ſome wanton in their [Pride,
Much more we ſee, and ſilent with Surprize,
Recal Times paſt, and ſcarce believe our Eyes;
How gloomy once theſe hallow'd Manſions were,
But now, how wondrous lovely, how divinely fair!
So quickly, where the fragrant Duſt was ſpread,
Riſeth the *Phœnix* from his ſpicy Bed:
Or ſuch the Change the witty Poets feign'd,
When hoary *Æſon* his young Bloom regain'd.
He but regain'd what was before his own,
While here are Beauties ſeen, 'till now unknown.
If it ſo Charms, how can we ever ſhow [owe?
Thy matchleſs Worth, to whom thoſe Charms we
Our vain Eſſays our Weakneſs may proclaim,
But not enlarge the Circle of thy Fame.
Praiſes from ſome decluſive may appear;
When Foes extol, we need no Flatt'ries fear.

The

The ſtubborn Atheiſt a fierce Shock has felt;
Steel'd tho' he was, he now begins to Melt:
Since thus he ſees all Prejudice remov'd,
Thy Acts confeſs the God thy Learning prov'd.

Part of the laſt Chorus of the Fourth Act of Medea. *Imitated from the* Greek *of* Euripides.

By the ſame Hand.

FROM Things conſider'd, with a ſtricter View,
And deepeſt Thought, this fatal Truth I drew:
Sure of Mankind th' unmarry'd Part is bleſt,
By Joys too much diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.
Suppoſe there are ('tis but ſuppoſe, I fear)
Pleaſures, which could the Nuptial State endear;
Think, thou may'ſt wiſh, and ev'ry Wiſh enjoy,
A beauteous Daughter, and a blooming Boy:
Still where's the mighty Comfort of a Wife,
Or what is wanting in a ſingle Life?

Pity not ours, nor thus thy Fate admire;
The Bliſs we know not, we can ne'er deſire.
Yet this Advantage on our ſide we boaſt;
The Good is little, vaſt the Ill we loſt.
All huſh'd, and calm!——no Griefs our Eaſe impair,
Free from the Father's many a griping a Care.
Firſt, how the Child may gen'rouſly be bred,
Adorn'd with Arts, and thro' each Virtue led.
Next, how to crown him with a fair Eſtate,
And ſo, to make him happy, make him great:
Parents from Labours to new Labours run,
To hoard up Treaſures for the darling Son:
Yet know not what this darling Son will prove,
A roving Spend-thrift may reward their Love.
Not ſmall the Evils which we here behold,
But far the greateſt ſtill remain untold.
Juſt when with utmoſt Pain the drudging Sire
Has rais'd a Fortune, anſw'ring his Deſire;

Already

Already the firſt Scene of Life is done,
Whom once he call'd his Child, he calls his Son,
The Boy forgotten, and the Man begun.
Large Promiſes and Hopes the Youth incite,
His Father's Glory, and his Friends Delight:
But ſullen Clouds involve the brighteſt Day,
While all look on, to ſome Diſeaſe a Prey,
The lov'd, the wondrous Youth untimely pines away.
Too well, alas! too well, ye Gods, we knew
Our Troubles many, and our Pleaſures few:
Why needed this freſh Plague be added more
To the rich, boundleſs, miſerable Store?
The Old, as cloy'd with Life, to Death belong,
But muſt it rudely ſeize the Brave, the Young?
In vain we ſtrive; the cruel Doom is read,
The Bloſſom's wither'd, and our Hopes are fled.

HERO and *LEANDER*:

A

POEM,

Tranſlated from the Greek.

By the ſame Hand.

SIng, Muſe, the conſcious Torch, whoſe nightly [Flame,
(The ſhining Signal of a brighter Dame,)
Thro' trackleſs Waves the bold *Leander* led,
To taſte the dang'rous Joys of *Hero*'s Bed:
Sing the ſtol'n Bliſs in gloomy Shades conceal'd,
And never to the bluſhing Morn reveal'd.
I ſee the lovely Youth triumphant ride
O'er the proud Billows of th' inſulted Tide;

And

And lo! a Light ſhoots glimm'ring from afar,
Of nuptial Sweets the kind-preſaging Star:
A Light! which (would propitious *Jove* encline)
In brighter Glory ſhould for ever ſhine;
And mix'd among its kindred Fires above,
Be call'd the gentle Harbinger of Love.
For ſure it did on Earth this Office bear,
And *Hymen*'s Pleaſures were its nightly Care;
'Till envious Winds with boiſt'rous Fury roſe:
But Goddeſs! Thou the mournful Tale diſcloſe;
At once from high the ſacred Torch was toſt,
Its Flame extinguiſh'd, and the Lover loſt.

Where *Neptune* ſtretcheth out an Arm, to bound
Fair *Europe*'s Confines from the *Aſian* Ground,
A riſing Town on either Shore commands
The diſtant Sea, and aws the Neighb'ring Lands;
Here the *Idalian* Boy his Sport begun,
And with one Dart a double Conqueſt won:

To equal Breaſts an equal Flame convey'd,
The lovely'ſt Youth ador'd the lovely'ſt Maid.
He ſure muſt never have convers'd with Fame,
Who knows not *Hero* and *Leander*'s Name:
Alike both Glories of their native Place;
Abydos one, and one did *Seſtos* grace.

Who e'er thou art, that hither bend'ſt thy way,
Oh! for a while the pleaſing Coaſt ſurvey!
This, this the Tow'r, whence the kind Light did guide
The ſwimming Lover to his *Seſtian* Bride:
That the fam'd *Helleſpont*, he nightly croſt,
Which ſtill in Murmurs groans *Leander* loſt.

But haſte we Love's ſoft Triumphs to relate,
From the firſt Dawnings to its ripen'd State:
And whence the Youth ſo Paſſionate became,
And how the Nymph glow'd with as fierce a Flame.

Hero from noble Blood her Line did trace,
Her Looks confeſs'd the Glories of her Race:

Prieſteſs

Prieſteſs of *Venus* too, but choſe to Reign
In noiſeleſs Eaſe, and ſhunn'd the Nuptial Chain.
Far from her Parents early ſhe retir'd,
And the ſafe Covert of a Tow'r deſir'd:
The Tow'r was high, and near the Water ſtood;
She ſeem'd a new-ſprung *Venus* from the Flood.
Diſcreet withal, nor lov'd to Dance, and Play,
And waſte in vain Impertinence the Day:
Secure in Innocence, ſhe liv'd unknown,
And balk'd the witty Cenſures of the Town.
There is an inborn Pride, which taints the Race;
A fair one ne'er could brook a fairer Face.
To pleaſure *Venus* was her darling Care,
Nor did thy Altars, *Cupid*, want a Share:
In vain, alas! the pious Virgin ſtrove;
No Vows the fiery Arrows could remove,
But ſhe muſt fall a Sacrifice to Love.

For

For now the Time was come, the ſolemn Day,
When Annual Rites religious *Seſtians* pay
To Beauty's Queen; around with Sables ſpread,
She mourns *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead!
Hither in Shoals from neighb'ring Iſlands throng,
Confus'd, the Gay, the Grave, the Old, the Young:
From *Phrygia* theſe, and from *Hæmonia* ſome,
But all from *Cyprus*, and *Abydos* come,
And not one ling'ring Sluggard droop'd at Home.
No am'rous Youth would ſurely miſs the Day,
Where Feaſts invite, they ſtill with Joy obey:
Scarce (as I gueſs) on bare Devotion's ſcore,
The ſilent Statues of the Gods t' adore;
For Beaſts, like theirs, with youthful Raptures warm,
Not the dead Idols, but the living Charm.
But oh! to ſee with what a ſprightly Haſte
The beauteous Prieſteſs thro' the Temple paſt!

Not riſing *Phœbe* ſhows a Face ſo bright
To glad the World, and rule the ſpangl'd Night.
For on each blooming Cheek, by Nature ſpread,
Was ſeen the pureſt White, and freſheſt Red:
Such is the Hue, the ſpringing Lilly ſhows,
Fleck'd with the Bluſhes of the op'ning Roſe.
Scarce yet the Parallel would be compleat,
Not That ſo beautiful, nor This ſo ſweet.

Of Old the thinking Dotards did agree
To ſtint the Graces to the Number Three;
Had *Hero* bleſt thoſe Times, they ſoon had found
Too dull their Notion, and too ſtrait their bound:
When e'er ſhe ſmil'd, had view'd with dumb ſurprize,
Ten thouſand Graces ſporting in her Eyes.

The bright Immortal muſt with Pleaſure hear
A Prieſteſs, far above all Mortals fair:
In Beauty's Charms (could Beauty's Cauſe be try'd)
If not a Rival, ſurely near ally'd.

No wonder then each Youth a Flame confeſt,
And with heav'd Hands the ſweet Enchantreſs bleſt:
None but inſpir'd with tender Thoughts, began
To wiſh himſelf (in vain!) the happy Man.
Deſiring Eyes on the lov'd Object hung,
Where-e'er ſhe glided thro' the wond'ring Throng,
And ſcatter'd pleaſing Ruin all along.
'Till from the Crowd
By Love one Eloquent above the reſt,
In Theſe, or Words like theſe, his Soul expreſt.

Big with vain Hope to *Sparta* once I came,
Where ev'ry Nymph can ev'ry Breaſt inflame:
But never yet have in one Virgin ſeen,
With ſo much Majeſty, ſo ſweet a Mien.
Who knows, but *Venus* may ſome Cheat deſign,
And what we fancy Human, is Divine:
The Graces much are fam'd, and this muſt be
Sure the moſt Charming of the charming Three.

Weary'd

Weary'd with looking, fain I would be gone,
Yet could (methinks) for ever ſtill look on.
Were Death the Price, doom'd for the happy Night,
Not Death ſhould damp one Moment of Delight:
Nor could th' Immortal Joys of God above
Engage my Wiſhes, or diſtract my Love.
But Thou, O Goddeſs! liſten to my Pray'r;
If not Thy *Hero*, give me ſuch a Fair.
Thus mourn'd ſome wounded Youth, whilſt others [ſtrove
In wild Diſorder to conceal their Love:
But Flames too fierce to hide at once poſſeſs'd,
And roul'd, and revell'd in *Leander*'s Breaſt.
He ſaw the Nymph, and ſtruck with ſtrange Delight,
Reſolv'd on ſomething far beyond a Sight.
He bled, but would not keep his Wound unknown,
And wiſh'd to live, but could not live alone.
Ungovern'd Thoughts to Rage improv'd Deſire,
And kindl'd in his Eyes impetuous Fire.

Beware,

Beware, ye heedleſs Youths, and fly apace;
No Dart ſo piercing, as a beauteous Face:
Nor winged Deaths with half ſuch Swiftneſs fly,
As the looſe Glances from a ſparkling Eye.
The luſcious Poiſon our fond Eyes convey
Down to th'unguarded Heart, a trembling, helpleſs Prey.
Unruly Paſſions now the Youth aſſail,
And Fears and Hopes ſucceſſively prevail:
Sooth'd with her Charms, he ſtrives his Fears to blame;
Then bluſhing, checks the too ambitious Flame:
But wiſer Love with noble Pride diſdains
The baſhful Modeſty of ſimple Swains;
And in ſoft Whiſpers ſaid, his Laws were ſuch,
None fears too little, and none hopes too much.
Rais'd with theſe Thoughts, he did his Steps advance,
To try the Magick of a ſide-long Glance;
With all the artful Blandiſhments, that move
The Soul, to liſten to the *Lure* of Love.

She took the Hint; (what Lovers now can find
That nat'ral Tendency in Woman-kind?)
Firſt ſeem'd to frown, but eaſily grew mild,
And, conſcious of her own Perfections, ſmil'd.
Then turns her Head with graceful Scorn away,
But quick returning, doth her ſelf betray;
And in Love's greateſt Eloquence replies,
The ſilent Language of conſenting Eyes.

With Joy amaz'd, the Youth his Paſſion knew
At once diſcover'd, and ſucceſsful too;
Impatient grown, he chid the tedious Light,
And wiſh'd the ſwift approaches of the Night:
Nor wiſh'd in vain; ſoon the bright *Heſper* ſhone,
And love-obliging Shades came ruſhing on.
Darkneſs can Fears expel, and Hopes renew,
Th' embolden'd Lover to his *Quarry* flew,
And there ſtood Face to Face, a glorious Interview.
Then all on Fire her Hand he gently preſs'd,
And Sighs and dying Murmurs told the reſt.

Starting ſhe did a ſhort Reſentment feign,
And with a Frown drew back her Head again.
But he, with Love inſpir'd, new Joys deſcries
Thro' the thin Umbrage of a forc'd Diſguiſe;
And ſeiz'd her Robe, and full of pleaſing Thought
The laſt Receſſes of the Temple ſought.
With Steps unequal ſhe advanc'd behind,
And with a willing, half unwilling Mind,
Threaten'd the Youth; at once Severe and Kind.

Stranger, what Madneſs doth thy Breaſt invade?
Whither, ah! whither would you force a Maid?
Let looſe my Garments quick, and home retire;
Flee the Diſpleaſure of my wealthy Sire:
If that you ſlight, and mortal Pow'r diſown,
Vex not the Prieſteſs, leſt the Goddeſs frown.
Go, be not with preſumptuous Thoughts miſ-led;
'Tis bold aſpiring to a Virgin's Bed.

True to her Sex, thus chid the charming Fair,
But glad *Leander* could ſuch Chidings bear:

This ſeeming Storm a future Calm betrays;
Th' auſpicious Omen of his *Halcyon* Days.
For Women ſoon are kind, if peeviſh grown;
Faintly they ſtruggle, when their Rage is gone.
That known, the Youth her fragrant Boſom preſs'd,
And warm'd with melting Lips each ſwelling Breaſt.
Then thus begun; —Oh! how ſhall I proclaim
Thy ev'ry Charm? Shall I thy wond'rous Frame
A ſecond *Venus*, or *Minerva* name?
For ſure thoſe Looks no earthly Stamp diſplay;
None ever boaſted ſo refin'd a Clay:
Bleſs'd be thy Sire, and bleſs'd be doubly more
The fertile Womb, which the fair Burden bore.
With Pity hear a Youth his Flame reveal;
Whom you could only Wound, 'tis you can only Heal.
If *Venus* be your Guide, let *Venus* move;
And by her great Example learn to Love.

Ah! come, this ſilly Name of Maid deſpiſe;
Indulge thy Soul, and give a looſe to Joys.
No Virgin can a worthy Prieſteſs be
To her, who laughs at dull Virginity.
Wou'dſt thou the Goddeſs faithfully adore?
Regard nice Conduct leſs, and Nature more.
Oh! can'ſt thou ever her ſweet Laws admire,
Yet be a Stranger to a Lover's Fire?
The little, wanton God did me ordain,
If not to conquer, ſtill to hug thy Chain.
A Slave ſo humble was *Alcides* ſeen,
When led by *Hermes* to the *Lydian* Queen:
My Paſſion ſtill a nobler Spring did move;
The God of Wit yields to the God of Love.
Why need I *Atalanta*'s Fate declare,
Who wiſely (as ſhe thought) declin'd the Snare?
While from *Melanion*'s Arms all Ice ſhe fled,
And ſhunn'd the Pleaſures of a Nuptial Bed:

'Till

'Till ſhe by *Venus* Rage her Follies mourn'd,
And Love for Love, and Flame for Flame return'd.
Let this *Arcadian* Nymph inſtruct thy Mind;
Thou art more Beauteous, wou'dſt thou be more Kind!
Accents ſo ſoft her Paſſions did controul,
And ſooth'd the angry Fair, and tun'd her Soul.
She fix'd her Eyes upon the ſilent Ground,
And all with Crimſon Bluſhes glow'd around.
Unwonted Motions own'd ſome new Deſire,
And oft ſhe gather'd up her looſe Attire.
A yielding Maid by ev'ry Sign was meant;
For dumb Denying is a ſure Conſent.
Pleaſingly pain'd, ſhe firſt begins to fear
Something, ſhe knows not what, ſhe knows not where.
Deep in her Breaſt *Leander*'s Charms remain;
She thinks, and ſighs, then looks, and ſighs again.
Nor the fond Lover, with a leſs Surprize,
Fed on her ſnowy Neck his famiſh'd Eyes.

Thus long a Virgin-Modeſty ſhe try'd,
Not to diſcover, what ſhe could not hide:
By ſlow degrees from Earth ſhe rais'd her look,
Diſtilling humid Bluſhes e'er ſhe ſpoke,
Then in harmonious Sounds the painful Silence [broke.

Stranger, thy Words might Rocks to Pity move;
Where didſt thou learn the wond'rous Art of Love?
Ah! by whoſe Conduct didſt thou hither come?
Who firſt ſeduc'd thee from thy native Home?
Pleaſing thy Tale, but pleaſing ſtill in vain;
No faithleſs Rover muſt his Wiſh obtain:
Or if I ſhould ſo Mad and Senſeleſs prove,
My pow'rful Parents would upbraid my Love.
What, tho' ſome ſecret Pleaſures you deſign'd?
To Silence long they could not be confin'd:
The Tongues of Men ſo ſcandalous are grown;
You hear from Thouſands, what you act with One.
Whoe'er thou art, thy Name and Country tell,
For mine (alas!) by thee are known too well.

That Tow'r, which mates the Skies, is my Retreat;
'Tis there I fix my ſolitary Seat:
The Miſtreſs of one Damſel, I deſpiſe
What all th' unthinking many chiefly prize,
Greatneſs, and Pomp, and Shew, and publick Noiſe.
This, this th' *Elyſium*, which I early choſe;
In vain my Father did my Choice oppoſe:
From giddy Crowds, and youthful Gambols free,
Calm I enjoy a golden Liberty:
And ſafe on Shore, with pleaſure hear from far
The grumbling Murmurs of the watry War.

Here paus'd the ſweet-tongu'd *Syren*; and afraid,
Began to wonder, where her Thoughts had ſtray'd.
Her Looks the Trouble of her Mind diſcloſe,
While with new Bluſhes new-born Glories roſe;
Which ſtill ſhe ſtrove to hide: But he employs
His Thoughts on means to meet his coming Joys.
The God of Love, who ſtrikes the fatal Blow,
Can beſt (if any can) the Med'cine ſhow:

He to the Youth the Secret did reveal,
Pleas'd as he was to Wound, and then to Heal.
The Lover ſoon a zealous Fury ſhow'd
T' obey the wiſe Inſtructions of the leading God:
On her ſoft Boſom he reclin'd his Head,
And ſighing, thus the fond *Leander* ſaid.

For thee, my Fair one, Dangers I'll deſpiſe,
And dare th' Inclemencies of Winter Skies:
Swift on the Wings of Love, I'll force my Way,
Tho' Winds, and Flames, and Floods command my [Stay.
Theſe Arms the foaming Surges ſhall withſtand,
Inſult their Rage, and Oar me ſafe to Land.
Thus ev'ry Night to thy Embrace I'll fly,
Shiv'ring with Cold, all pale and breathleſs lye,
And when full warm'd, with Bliſs diſſolve, and die.
Juſtly you ask the Country, whence I come;
Know then, *Abydos* is my neighb'ring Home.
Ah! from thy Turret let ſome friendly Light
Chaſe the thick Darkneſs, and direct my Sight:

Thou the delicious Land of Love ſhalt be,
And I the Ship, ſteer'd by that Star to thee.
All other Lights above I ſhall diſdain,
Whether they kindly, or unkindly reign:
Nor ſee *Orion* blazing from afar,
The ſlow *Boötes*, and the Northern Carr.
But oh! beware, too charming Maid, beware!
(If e'er my Safety can deſerve thy Care)
With Caution let the ſhining Guide be plac'd,
For when its Flame expires, I breathe my laſt.
What more?——*Leander* is the Name I bear,
And only to be thy *Leander* ſwear.

Thus did the youthful Pair reſolve to know
From mutual Love what mighty Pleaſures flow:
Secret they fix'd the Place, the Time to meet;
(For ſweeteſt Joys, if ſtoll'n, are doubly Sweet)
When ebbing Darkneſs ſeem'd to bid adieu,
And both unwilling by Conſtraint withdrew.

She to her Tow'r fled ſwifter than the Wind,
The careful Lover wiſely ſtay'd behind;
And mark'd the Place, where all his Treaſure lay,
Then nimbly leap'd from Shore, and cut the liqui[d Way]
The force of Love by Abſence Lovers try;
On tardy Wings the drowſie Minutes fly:
The Day looks dull, with all its Beauties bright,
'Tis Morn, 'tis Noon, but ſtill they wiſh for Night.
At laſt the Shades did with ſuch Silence creep,
That univerſal Nature ſeem'd to ſleep.
But the unpitying Tyrant, Love, denies
Refreſhing Slumbers to *Leander*'s Eyes:
Reſtleſs he roves along the dreary Shore,
While with tumultuous Rage the Surges roar.
But watchful *Hero* rais'd the Torch on high,
The kind Fore-runner of approaching Joy:
He ſaw the promis'd Star, how bright it ſhone!
And by its Flame learn'd to improve his own.

But

But when the Billows louder roar'd, he ſtood,
And, trembling, view'd the melancholy Flood:
Then with theſe Words his drooping Spirits chears,
Reſumes his Courage, and expels his Fears.

Love, like the Sea, a boundleſs Fury claims;
There rowling Waters, here are rowling Flames;
What means my throbbing Breaſt? Securely move
Thro' coldeſt Waters, when all-fir'd with Love.
Venus is kind; fond Heart thy ſelf compoſe:
From the green Ocean firſt the Goddeſs roſe.
Her ſtill the Tumults of our Souls obey,
And with a Nod ſhe ſmooths the ruffl'd Sea.

This ſaid; the Youth with eager Haſte undreſt,
And circl'd round his Head his flowing Veſt:
Then thro' the Floods purſu'd his hot Deſires,
(For Floods could never quench a Lover's Fires.)
Still as he ſwam, he kept the Light in view,
And was himſelf the Ship, and Pilot too.

Mean

Mean time, the Nymph no eaſie Labour finds
To skreen the Torch from rude tempeſtuous Winds:
In ev'ry Noiſe *Leander*'s Voice ſhe hears,
And all his Dangers doubles by her Fears.
'Till, much fatigu'd, he landed on the Shore,
And with a Lover's Fury ſought the Tow'r.
The fair One met him with extended Arms,
And to his Pleaſure yielded all her Charms:
In ſilent Joy ſhe haſtens to her Room,
And ſcents his Body o'er with rich Perfume.
The Youth his nat'ral Sweetneſs thus regain'd,
But panted ſtill for what he had ſuſtain'd.
Then both laid gently down; the loving Bride
Clung to the Bridegroom, and thus ſoftly cry'd:
Canſt thou, my Dear, all this endure for me?
What faithful Lover ever lov'd like thee?
For me thy Limbs in briny Waves to ſteep,
And bear th' unwholſome Stenches of the Deep!

Oh!

Oh! 'tis too much——Come to thy *Hero*'s Breaſt,
Forget thy Labours, and ſecurely reſt.

The Lover heard the ſoft-inviting Maid,
And ſwift like Light'ning, what he heard, obey'd:
Both bleſs'd alike, exalted Raptures feel,
What few can fancy, and what none can tell.

This am'rous Pair ſcorn'd vulgarly to wait
For a dull, formal, ceremonious State.
The Father no *Epithalamium* ſung,
No Mask was ſeen, no ſprightly Lyre was ſtrung.
No tuneful Bard ſome ſacred Numbers ſaid,
Nor Nuptial Torch adorn'd the Nuptial Bed.
Silence and Darkneſs, kindred Gods, were there;
One pleas'd the Youth, and one oblig'd the Fair:
That all around his downy Wings diſplay'd,
This ſhelter'd riſing Bluſhes with a Shade.

Thus in luxuriant Joys they paſs'd the Night,
Joys! which *Aurora* never blab'd by Light.

He

He with a timely Care did home retire,
Unſated ſtill, and breathing ſtill Deſire:
While ſhe her Change did from her Parents hide,
And was by Day a Maid, by Night a Bride.
And oh! how oft their Wiſhes join'd in one,
To hail the Setting, not the Riſing Sun.

See here the Sweets of Love, but quickly paſt;
Such Pleaſures are too exquiſite to laſt.
The gawdy Scene of Summer-glories gone,
Winter with ſour and furrow'd Looks ſtalks on.
The full-fledg'd Whirlwinds their hoarſe Voices try,
And drive the Clouds, and bluſter thro' the Sky.
The mounting Waves, that peaceful crept before,
Boil into Rage, and tumble to the Shore.
The trembling Mariner dares not withſtand
The angry Frith, and wiſely keeps the Land.
But Winds and troubl'd Seas can ne'er diſmay
Leander's Soul, or interrupt his way;
The fatal Light once ſeen, the Lover muſt obey.

Yet ſure the Fair, now Winter's Rage was ſtrong,
A while ſhould miſs thee, to enjoy thee long:
Did Reaſon guide, not Folly warp her Mind;
To prove leſs Cruel, ſhe muſt prove leſs Kind.
But Heat of Paſſion hurry'd both too far,
And ſtubborn Fate's Decrees reſiſtleſs are:
Unhappy *Hero* brandiſh'd from above
The Torch of Furies now, no more the Torch of Love.

'Twas a bleak Night; the Winds began to play,
And with eternal Lungs diſpute their Sway:
When the too conſtant, punctual Youth again,
Fluſh'd with paſt Triumphs, tempts the faithleſs Main.
Waves rowl on Waves; aloft the Waters riſe,
Swell'd by the Tempeſt, and inſult the Skies.
Fierce *Boreas* iſſues with collected Might,
And ſullen *Auſter* loud provokes to Fight.
The milder *Zephyr*, with inferior force,
Meets the mad *Eurus* in his headſtrong Courſe:

At

At once they ruſh, at once the Ocean roars,
And curling Billows daſh the rocky Shores.
Much did *Leander* toil, and much ſuſtain;
Long ſtrove to brave their Rage, but ſtrove in vain:
Oft *Neptune*'s Aid with pious Vows implor'd,
And oft the Sea-born Goddeſs he ador'd.
Thee, *Boreas*, too he minded of thy Flame,
And what thou ſuffer'dſt for th' *Athenian* Dame:
But thee to pity nothing can encline,
Deaf to his Pray'rs, as ſhe was once to thine.
Fruitleſs are all Eſſays; for Love's Decree,
That rules us here, is rul'd by Deſtiny.
Toſt and retoſt, no friendly Succour near,
His Courage faints, and ſinks into Deſpair.
His ſlacken'd Nerves their wonted Strength refuſe,
His Feet their Motion, Arms their Vigour loſe.
Nor can he now repair his ſtifl'd Breath,
But drinks the briny Waves, and ſucks in Death:

At once the Torch down by the Winds was toſt,
And with its Flame, his Life and Love were loſt.

While the poor Nymph his Abſence did bemoan,
With many a penſive Thought, and many a Groan:
The ling'ring Hours at length the Day reſtore;
But Night could never ſeem too long before.
The barren Beach and Seas ſhe round ſurvey'd,
And hop'd her Lover in the Dark had ſtray'd:
But ah! too ſoon ſhe ſpy'd him, where he lay
A Lump of beautiful, tho' breathleſs Clay.
All o'er confus'd ſhe ſtood, and would lament,
But wanted Words to give ſuch Sorrows vent.
She ſtamp'd, ſhe rowl'd her Eyes, ſhe tore her Hair,
And rav'd with all the Symptoms of Deſpair.
Then darting Headlong with a furious Leap,
From the high Tow'r ſhe plung'd into the Deep.
Thus for *Leander* dy'd his fair Belov'd,
And equal Fates their equal Paſſion prov'd.

VERSES

VERSES

On the DEATH of the DUKE of *GLOUCESTER.*

AS when ſome Merchant, on the Stormy Main,
In flatt'ring Dreams enjoys his precious Gain;
But wakes with weeping Eyes to ſee it caſt
To raging Waves, and fears himſelf to ſink at laſt:
Such empty Hopes of golden Days to come,
Britannia entertain'd from *Glo'ſter*'s Bloom,
With like Amazement does her Darling moan,
And at his Fall diſhearten'd, dread her own.

Scarce were her grateful Shouts and Tranſports o'er,
Due to the Day that her *Aſcanius* bore;
When ſtraight the Tidings of th' expiring Boy,
Like Light'ning blaſted her imperfect Joy.
Thus *Ilium* ruin'd e'er the Day return'd,
In Aſhes her nocturnal Revels mourn'd:

The

The Deluge thus th' aſtoniſh'd Nations found
Secure of Danger, and in Pleaſures drown'd.
Ev'n in his Birth-day Ornaments he dies,
Like ſome choice Victim dreſs'd for Sacrifice;
So *Hammon*'s Son arreſted by his Death,
Amidſt the chearful Bowles reſign'd his glorious [Breath,
Nor more than we the *Macedonians* griev'd,
When dying he th' adoring World deceiv'd.
Our Hopes in *Gloſter*, had the Fates been kind,
Another *Alexander* once deſign'd;
And Propheſy'd from his Victorious Sword
To us a ſure Defence, and to the World a Lord:
But the large Product ſhew'd too quick a Prime;
'Tis fatal to be ripe before the time.
So ſhoots ſome generous Plant, his youthful Head,
With kindly Show'rs, and Heav'n's Indulgence fed;
He ſeems by Nature's laviſh Bounty made
With proſperous growth the Clouds above t'invade,
And skreen the Flocks below with his extended [Shade.

But thro' abounding early Vigour weak,
The Body bends, the loaded Tendrils break;
He ſheds his blooming Honours all around,
And ſinks with fatal Plenty to the Ground.

In vain each artful Son of *Pæan* tries
With emulous Skill the nobleſt Remedies,
In vain more precious Tears bedew each Parent's Eyes;
Quick as the Flow'rs are mown he yields his Breath,
But ſhews like them awhile, ev'n Beautiful in Death;
So look'd the charming *Hyacynthus* ſlain,
By heav'nly Pow'rs belov'd, and mourn'd in vain;
No longer Life would haſty Fate allow,
Tho' then *Apollo* ſtrove, as *Ratcliff* now.

The youthful Squadron, that e'erwhile he led,
In weeping Crowds ſurrounds the lovely Dead;
So throng'd the *Cupids* where *Adonis* lay,
And mourn'd, and threw their uſeleſs Darts away.

Yet a few Years, and they in fighting Fields [yields;
With him had reap'd the Bays, which real Warfare

Had ſeen their beauteous *Mars*, with dext'rous Force,
On adverſe Javelins urge his foaming Horſe,
Or thro' wide Plains with ſlaughter'd Foes o'erſpread,
Purſue the noble Chaſe by daring *William* lead.

Ev'n *William*'s Courage by this Stroke is try'd,
Dejected only more when *Mary* dy'd;
In his ſwoln Eyes his tender Grief appears,
Tho' ſtill his Blood flows ſooner than his Tears.
How high, Great Sir, was our Expectance rais'd,
In *Glo'ſter* hoping, what in you we Prais'd!
Secure like *Eden*, tho' defil'd with Sin,
You was the Sword, and He the Cherubin.

Who can enough the fatal Hour deteſt,
When that fair Body loſt its fairer Gueſt,
The World a Wonder, and our Annals more
Than ever grac'd their ſhining Leaves before;
The nobleſt Family its ſole Increaſe,
The Land its preſent Joy, and Pledge of future Peace?

The Tyrant whom wild Rage did once provoke,
To wiſh his Nation's Fall by one compendious Stroke,
Here had he Reign'd, and *Glo'ſter*'s Death beheld,
Had ſeen his Hate without his Crime fulfill'd.
Whence was this lovely Morn ſo ſoon o'er-caſt?
Was the choice Subſtance too refin'd to laſt?
Or have the Pow'rs ſome other Blow prepar'd,
And therefore firſt diſarm'd us of our Guard?
Or grudg'd they *Albion* her too wealthy Store?
Or ſnatch'd the Son, t' endear the Mother more?

How does the Mother her loſt Darling mourn,
So near his Day of Birth from her Embraces torn!
Sadly ſhe thinks on her vain Childbed Throes,
With Pangs more laſting and more ſharp than thoſe;
She wiſhes oft to fill his happier Place,
And Death ſhews lovely in her *Glo'ſter*'s Face;
Thro' ev'ry Scene of Grief her Fancy flies,
His living Hopes, and then his dying Cries:

Cries

Cries diſmal as were thoſe (when Judgment ſwept
From *Egypt* her Firſt-born) by ev'ry Parent wept;
As thoſe which to the *Jews* by Foes diſtreſs'd,
Their Guardian Angels laſt Farewel expreſs'd.
O more by Sorrow now than Greatneſs known!
O thou who wer't the Mother of a Son!
Precious like him Heav'n to the Patriarch gave,
Tho' no kind Angel interpos'd to ſave
Your only *Iſaac* from his ſudden Grave;
For his dear Loſs behold the Nation griev'd,
If Sorrow be by Partnerſhip reliev'd;
The Nation that your Sorrow too endures,
Or might endure her own, but cannot yours.
Then ſpare your Tears, and ſpare the Kingdom's too,
Your Sex in Virtue foil'd, excel in Courage now,
In Courage which the World may worthy own
Of *Glo'ſter*'s Mother, and your future Throne.
So may our Guardian Angel, that a while
Vouchſaf'd in *Glo'ſter*'s Shape to bleſs our Iſle,

(Tho' now to angry Heav'n return'd again,
But Heav'n will ſtill be kind whilſt you remain:)
So may that Genius with a better doom,
Once more be Cloath'd in Fleſh from your auſpicious [Womb,
And by reſembling this firſt heav'nly Boy,
Beguile your Melancholy into Joy:
Such be his forward Wit, his beauteous Frame,
In all, but his untimely End, the ſame:
And when (but late will be that fatal Hour;
The Years your *Glo'ſter* loſt, Heav'n will to you re- [ſtore,)
When long by publick Vows detain'd below,
To wiſhing Angels you at length ſhall go;
Let him the Throne, adorn'd by you, aſcend,
And with juſt Power the willing Iſle defend;
Compoſe his Realm's Diviſions, heal its Wounds,
Revive its Valour, and enlarge its Bounds;
Brave as his Father, make the World obey,
And gently rule it, with his Mother's Sway:

A Prince like this to *Britain*'s Hopes is due,
For *Britain* hopes freſh Miracles to view,
Remembring *Glo'ſter*, and beholding you.

To Mrs. E. C. *on her Birth-Day*, Decem. 11.

To be Sung to Muſick.

HAil! happy, happy Day!
When firſt *AMINTA* ſaw the Light:
May'ſt thou be ſtill Serene and Gay;
Let *Phœbus* brighten ev'ry Ray,
And drive to Regions far away
Each ſullen Shade of Night.
In mildeſt Glory let him riſe,
Fair as her lovely ſparkling Eyes,
To view his wide Command,
Large as her vaſt capacious Soul,
Where Spheres of awful Graces roll
Steddy, as thoſe in her own native Skies.

Let no ſtormy Winds ariſe,
Nor this happy Day moleſt;
But all be calm, and peaceful as her Breaſt.
Borrow from the Spring one ſmiling Ray,
And chaſe the rugged Winter quite away:
Let each harmonious Sound ſalute her Ear,
And vernal *Zephyrs* whiſper thro' the Air,
Soft as her Voice, or tuneful Hand,
And ſweet as her own balmy Breath.

II.

Tell me——one Day muſt this inchanting FAIR
Sink into the Arms of Death?
This lovely Form like common Earth decay,
And be at laſt cold lifeleſs Clay?
Ah! muſt we loſe ſo fair a Light
In the dire Shades of everlaſting Night?
Baniſh the diſmal Thought, and be
From theſe tormenting Horrors free.

Tread

Tread in bright Virtue's Paths, like her;
And ſhortly, when the joyful Trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the Nations under Ground,
And wake the ſleeping pious FAIR,
Then brighter yet you'll ſee her riſe,
With gazing Angels mounting up the Skies,
And ſhine a long Eternity.

To Mrs. M. M. *With a Bough of an* Orange-*Tree.*

By Mr. Harriſon, *of* New-College, Oxon.

FROM a warm Clime and gen'rous Soil
This Plant remov'd deludes our Toil,
Diſdains what baffl'd Art has done,
And drooping, mourns the diſtant Sun.
Yet, *Mira*, near thy Boſom plac'd,
It ſhall new Life, new Pleaſure taſte,
Sweets more than Nature gave, diſpenſe,
Nor lend thee Charms, but borrow thence.

See the young Fruit thy Power confeſs,
And love their own *Bermudes* leſs;
Tho' all that we think bright and fair,
Tho' Paradiſe it ſelf be there.

Ripen'd by thy auſpicious Eyes,
And eager to beſtow the Prize,
For which thy matchleſs Beauties call,
Each kindles to a golden Ball;
Love's ſmiling Queen, whoſe tender Aid
Protects the *Myrtles* fragrant Shade,
Fore-knowing what thy Charms would be,
Left to thy Choice this fairer Tree.

To the SPRING: *An* INVOCATION.

Written in the Perſon of *Anacreon.*

By J. L.

CHearing *Phœbus*! Come away!
Why d'ye make this long Delay?

Haſte, and cloath our naked Fields;
Trip up youthful *Flora*'s Heels;
(But lay the Goddeſs gently down,
You only know to give Green-Gown,)
Ruffle her, kiſs her, make her glow
With roſie Bluſhes,—melt her Snow,
And make her fairer Lillies grow.

Oh! how I Languiſh, how I Pine,
To view the Tendrels of the Vine,
The faithful Pledge of ſprightly Wine!

Methinks I hear the Women cry,
That *Sol* grows Old as well as I:
And almoſt at ſix thouſand Years,
One might expect a few Grey Heirs.

Aſſume the luſty Bridegroom's Flame!
Mount like a God! maintain your Fame!
And ſhow us you have Power yet,
To put all Nature in a Sweat.

Give

Give me raging Drought! for why?
I long, I long! to be adry!
With flowing Wine to quench my Thirſt,
With greater Draught! and greater Guſt!
Give me Roſie-Garlands too!
Regale my Smell! adorn my Brow!
To furniſh out *Anacreon*'s Feaſt,
Love, and Wine will do the reſt.
Indulgent *Venus* all the Year
Supplies her Poet with good Cheer.
And *Bacchus* too is, under Ground
In Grots and Caverns, to be found.
Then, *Phœbus*, let not Atheiſts ſay,
You're leſs a Deity than they;
Aſſume the God! and come away.

PASTORALS.

BY

Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE.*

Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, Inglorius! ——

VIRG.

LONDON,
Printed in the YEAR, 1709.

PASTORALS.

BY

MR. ALEXANDER POPE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON,

Printed in the YEAR, 1709.

SPRING.

The First Pastoral,

OR

DAMON.

Inscrib'd to Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

FIrst in these Fields I try the Sylvan Strains,
Nor blush to sport on *Windsor*'s blissful Plains:
Fair *Thames* flow gently from thy sacred Spring,
While on thy Banks *Sicilian* Muses sing;
Let Vernal Airs thro' trembling Osiers play,
And *Albion*'s Cliffs resound the Rural Lay.

You, that too Wise for Pride, too Good for Pow'r,
Enjoy the Glory to be Great no more,

And carrying with you all the World can boaſt,
To all the World Illuſtriouſly are loſt!
O let my Muſe her ſlender Reed inſpire,
'Till in your Native Shades You tune the Lyre;
So when the Nightingale to Reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chant to the forſaken Groves,
But, charm'd to Silence, liſtens while She ſings,
And all th' Aerial Audience clap their Wings.

Daphnis and *Strephon* to the Shades retir'd,
Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muſe inſpir'd;
Freſh as the Morn, and as the Seaſon fair,
In flow'ry *Vales* they fed their fleecy Care;
And while *Aurora* gilds the Mountain's Side,
Thus *Daphnis* ſpoke, and *Strephon* thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the Birds, on ev'ry bloomy Spray,
With joyous Muſick wake the dawning Day!

Why

Why ſit we mute, when early Linnets ſing,
When warbling *Philomel* ſalutes the Spring?
Why ſit we ſad, when *Phoſphor* ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the Purple Year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and *Damon* ſhall attend the Strain,
While yon ſlow Oxen turn the furrow'd Plain.
Here on green Banks the bluſhing Vio'lets glow;
Here Weſtern Winds on breathing Roſes blow.
I'll ſtake my Lamb that near the Fountain plays,
And from the Brink his dancing Shade ſurveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this Bowl, where wanton Ivy twines,
And ſwelling Cluſters bend the curling Vines:
Four Figures riſing from the Work appear,
The various Seaſons of the rowling Year;
And what is That, which binds the Radiant Sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous Order lye?

DAMON.

Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing,
Now Hawthorns bloſſom, now the Daiſies ſpring,
Now Leaves the Trees, and Flow'rs adorn the Ground;
Begin, the Vales ſhall Echo to the Sound.

STREPHON.

Inſpire me *Phœbus*, in my *Delia*'s Praiſe,
With *Waller*'s Strains, or *Granville*'s moving Lays!
A Milk-white Bull ſhall at your Altars ſtand,
That threats a Fight, and ſpurns the riſing Sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for *Sylvia* let me gain the Prize,
And make my Tongue victorious as her Eyes;
No Lambs or Sheep for Victims I'll impart,
Thy Victim, Love, ſhall be the Shepherd's Heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle *Delia* beckons from the Plain,
Then hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain;

But

But feigns a Laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The ſprightly *Sylvia* trips along the Green,
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen,
While a kind Glance at her Purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her Feet and Eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er Golden Sands let rich *Pactolus* flow,
And Trees weep Amber on the Banks of *Po*;
Bleſt *Thames*'s Shores the brighteſt Beauties yield,
Feed here my Lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant Field.

DAPHNIS.

Celeſtial *Venus* haunts *Idalia*'s Groves,
Diana Cynthus, *Ceres Hybla* loves;
If *Windſor*-Shades delight the matchleſs Maid,
Cynthus and *Hybla* yield to *Windſor*-Shade.

STREPHON.

All Nature mourns, the Skies relent in Show'rs,
Huſh'd are the Birds, and clos'd the drooping Flow'rs;
If *Delia* ſmile, the Flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The Skies to brighten, and the Birds to ſing.

DAPHNIS.

All Nature laughs, the Groves freſh Honours wear,
The Sun's mild Luſtre warms the vital Air;
If *Sylvia* ſmile, new Glories gild the Shore,
And vanquiſh'd Nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love,
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the ſhady Grove;
But *Delia* always; forc'd from *Delia*'s Sight,
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as *May*,
More bright than Noon, yet freſh as early Day,

Ev'n

Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year.

STREPHON.

Say Shepherd, say, in what glad Soil appears
A wondrous *Tree* that Sacred *Monarchs* bears?
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the Prize,
And give the Conquest to thy *Sylvia*'s Eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy Fields
The *Thistle* springs, to which the *Lilly* yields?
And then a nobler Prize I will resign,
For *Sylvia*, charming *Sylvia* shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for (*Daphnis*) I decree
The Bowl to *Strephon*, and the Lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry Grace excell;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those Graces sing so well!

Now riſe, and haſte to yonder Woodbine Bow'rs,
A ſoft Retreat from ſudden vernal Show'rs;
The Turf with rural Dainties ſhall be Crown'd,
While opening Blooms diffuſe their Sweets around.
For ſee! the gath'ring Flocks to Shelter tend,
And from the *Pleiads* fruitful Show'rs deſcend.

SUM-

SUMMER.

The Second Paſtoral,

OR

ALEXIS.

A Faithful Swain, whom Love had taught to ſing,
Bewail'd his Fate beſide a ſilver Spring;
Where gentle *Thames* his winding Waters leads
Thro' verdant Foreſts, and thro' flow'ry Meads.
There while he mourn'd, the Streams forgot to flow,
The Flocks around a dumb Compaſſion ſhow,
The *Naiads* wept in ev'ry Watry Bow'r,
And *Jove* conſented in a ſilent Show'r.

Accept

Accept, O *Garth*, the Muſe's early Lays,
That adds this Wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd Hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole Diſeaſe thou canſt not cure!

Ye ſhady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams,
Defence from *Phœbus*, not from *Cupid*'s Beams;
To you I mourn; nor to the Deaf I ſing,
The Woods ſhall anſwer, and their Echo ring.
Ev'n Hills and Rocks attend my doleful Lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating Sheep with my Complaints agree,
They parch'd with Heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry *Sirius* burns the thirſty Plains,
While in thy Heart Eternal Winter reigns.

Where

Where are ye Muſes, in what Lawn or Grove,
While your *Alexis* pines in hopeleſs Love?
In thoſe fair Fields where Sacred *Iſis* glides,
Or elſe where *Cam* his winding Vales divides?
As in the Cryſtal Spring I view my Face,
Freſh riſing Bluſhes paint the watry Glaſs;
But ſince thoſe Graces pleaſe thy Sight no more,
I'll ſhun the Fountains which I ſought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry Herb that grew,
And ev'ry Plant that drinks the Morning Dew;
Ah wretched Shepherd, what avails thy Art,
To cure thy Lambs, but not to heal thy Heart!

Let other Swains attend the Rural Care,
Feed fairer Flocks, or richer Fleeces ſhare;
But nigh that Mountain let me tune my Lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my Brows with Bays.

That

That Flute is mine which *Colin*'s tuneful Breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in Death;
He ſaid; *Alexis*, take this Pipe, the ſame
That taught the Groves my *Roſalinda*'s Name---
Yet ſoon the Reeds ſhall hang on yonder Tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
O were I made by ſome transforming Pow'r,
The Captive Bird that ſings within thy Bow'r!
Then might my Voice thy liſt'ning Ears employ,
And I thoſe Kiſſes he receives, enjoy.

And yet my Numbers pleaſe the rural Throng,
Rough *Satyrs* dance, and *Pan* applauds the Song:
The Nymphs forſaking ev'ry Cave and Spring,
Their early Fruit, and milk-white Turtles bring;
Each am'rous Nymph prefers her Gifts in vain,
On you their Gifts are all beſtow'd again!

For

For you the Swains the faireſt Flow'rs deſign,
And in one Garland all their Beauties join;
Accept the Wreath which You deſerve alone,
In whom all Beauties are compriz'd in One.

See what Delights in Sylvan Scenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found *Elyſium* here.
In Woods bright *Venus* with *Adonis* ſtray'd,
And chaſt *Diana* haunts the Foreſt Shade.
Come lovely Nymph, and bleſs the ſilent Hours,
When Swains from Sheering ſeek their nightly Bow'rs;
When weary Reapers quit the ſultry Field,
And crown'd with Corn, their Thanks to *Ceres* yield.
This harmleſs Grove no lurking Viper hides,
But in my Breaſt the Serpent Love abides.
Here Bees from Bloſſoms ſip the roſie Dew,
But your *Alexis* knows no Sweet but you.

Some

Some God conduct you to theſe bliſsful Seats,
The moſſie Fountains, and the Green Retreats!
Where-e'er you walk, cool Gales ſhall fan the Glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall crowd into a Shade,
Where-e'er you tread, the bluſhing Flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your Eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my Days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your Praiſe;
Your Praiſe the Birds ſhall chant in ev'ry Grove,
And Winds ſhall waft it to the Pow'rs above.
But wou'd you ſing, and rival *Orpheus* Strain,
The wondring Foreſts ſoon ſhou'd dance again,
The moving Mountains hear the pow'rful Call,
And headlong Streams hang liſt'ning in their Fall!

But ſee, the Shepherds ſhun the Noon-day Heat,
The lowing Herds to murm'ring Brooks retreat,

To closer Shades the panting Flocks remove,
Ye Gods! and is there no Relief for Love?
But soon the Sun with milder Rays descends
To the cool Ocean, where his Journey ends;
On me Love's fiercer Flames for ever prey,
By Night he scorches, as he burns by Day.

AUTUMN.

The Third Paſtoral,

OR

HYLAS and ÆGON.

To W. WYCHERLEY, *Eſq;*

BEneath the Shade a ſpreading Beech diſplays,
Hylas and *Ægon* ſung their Rural Lays;
To whoſe Complaints the liſt'ning Foreſts bend,
While one his Miſtreſs mourns, and one his Friend:
Ye *Mantuan* Nymphs, your ſacred Succour bring;
Hylas and *Ægon*'s Rural Lays I ſing.

Thou, whom the Nine with *Plautus*' Wit inſpire,
The Art of *Terence*, and *Menander*'s Fire;

Whoſe

Whoſe Senſe inſtructs us, and whoſe Humour charms,
Whoſe Judgment ſways us, and whoſe Rapture warms!
Attend the Muſe, tho' low her Numbers be,
She ſings of Friendſhip, and ſhe ſings to thee.

The ſetting Sun now ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy Clouds were ſtreak'd with Purple Light;
When tuneful *Hylas* with melodious Moan
Taught Rocks to weep, and made the *Mountains* groan.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
To *Thyrſis* Ear the tender Notes convey!
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt Love deplores,
And with deep Murmurs fills the ſounding Shores;
Thus, far from *Thyrſis*, to the Winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along!
For him the feather'd Quires neglect their Song;
For him the Lymes their pleaſing Shades deny;
For him the Lillies hang their heads and dye.
Ye Flow'rs that droop, forſaken by the Spring,
Ye Birds, that left by Summer, ceaſe to ſing,
Ye Trees that fade when Autumn-Heats remove,
Say, is not Abſence Death to thoſe who love?

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
Curs'd be the Fields that cauſe my *Thyrſis*' Stay:
Fade ev'ry Bloſſom, wither ev'ry Tree,
Dye ev'ry Flow'r, and periſh All, but He.
What have I ſaid?—where-e'er my *Thyrſis* flies,
Let Spring attend, and ſudden Flow'rs ariſe;
Let opening Roſes knotted Oaks adorn,
And liquid Amber drop from ev'ry Thorn.

Go

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along!
The Birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their Ev'ning Song,
The Winds to breathe, the waving Woods to move,
And Streams to murmur, e'er I ceaſe to love.
Not bubling Fountains to the thirſty Swain,
Not balmy Sleep to Lab'rers faint with Pain,
Not Show'rs to Larks, nor Sunſhine to the Bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy Sight to me.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
Come *Thyrſis*, come, ah why this long Delay?
Thro' Rocks and Caves the Name of *Thyrſis* ſounds,
Thyrſis, each Cave and ecchoing Rock rebounds.
Ye Pow'rs, what pleaſing Frenſie ſooths my Mind!
Do Lovers dream, or is my Shepherd kind?
He comes, my Shepherd comes!---now ceaſe my Lay,
And ceaſe ye Gales to bear my Sighs away!

Next *Ægon* ſung, while *Windſor* Groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what your ſelves inſpir'd.

Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Strain!
Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I'll complain:
Here where the *Mountains* leſs'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low Vales, and ſteal into the Skies.
While lab'ring Oxen, ſpent with Toil and Heat,
In their looſe Traces from the Field retreat;
While curling Smokes from Village-Tops are ſeen,
And the fleet Shades glide o'er the dusky Green.

Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Lay!
Beneath yon Poplar oft we paſt the Day:
Oft on the Rind I carv'd her Am'rous Vows,
While She with Garlands grac'd the bending Boughs;

The

The Garlands fade, the Vows are worn away;
So dies her Love, and ſo my Hopes decay.

Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Strain!
Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming Grain,
Now Golden Fruits on loaded Branches ſhine,
And grateful Cluſters ſwell with floods of Wine;
Now bluſhing Berries paint the fertile Grove;
Juſt Gods! ſhall all things yield Returns but Love?

Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Lay!
The Shepherds cry, "Thy Flocks are left a Prey---
Ah! what avails it me, the Flocks to keep,
Who loſt my Heart while I preſerv'd my Sheep.
Pan came, and ask'd, what Magick caus'd my Smart,
Or what *Ill Eyes* malignant Glances dart?
What Eyes but hers, alas, have Pow'r on me!
Oh mighty Love, what Magick is like thee!

Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Strains!
I'll fly from Shepherds, Flocks, and flow'ry Plains.---
From Shepherds, Flocks, and Plains, I may remove,
Forſake Mankind, and all the World—but Love!
I know thee Love! wild as the raging Main,
More fell than Tygers on the *Lybian* Plain;
Thou wert from *Ætna*'s burning Entrails torn,
Got by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Thunder born!

Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Lay!
Farewell ye Woods! adieu the Light of Day!
One Leap from yonder Cliff ſhall end my Pains.
No more ye Hills, no more reſound my Strains!

Thus ſung the Shepherds till th'Approach of Night,
The Skies yet bluſhing with departing Light,
When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the Glade,
And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Shade.

WIN-

WINTER.

The Fourth Paſtoral,

OR

DAPHNE.

To the MEMORY of a Fair Young LADY.

LYCIDAS.

THyrſis, the Muſick of that murm'ring Spring
Is not ſo mournful as the Strains you ſing,
Nor Rivers winding thro' the Vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.
Now ſleeping Flocks on their ſoft Fleeces lye,
The Moon, ſerene in Glory, mounts the Sky,

While

While ſilent Birds forget their tuneful Lays,
Oh ſing of *Daphne*'s Fate, and *Daphne*'s Praiſe!

THYRSIS.

Behold the *Groves* that ſhine with ſilver Froſt,
Their Beauty wither'd, and their Verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet *Alexis*' Strain,
That call'd the liſt'ning *Dryads* to the Plain?
Thames heard the Numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his Willows learn the moving Song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind Rains their vital Moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future Harveſt of thy Field!
Begin; this Charge the dying *Daphne* gave,
And ſaid; "Ye Shepherds, ſing around my Grave.
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded Tomb I mourn,
And with freſh Bays her Rural Shrine adorn.

THYR-

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle *Muſes* leave your Cryſtal Spring,
Let *Nymphs* and *Sylvans* Cypreſs Garlands bring;
Ye weeping *Loves*, the Stream with Myrtles hide,
And break your Bows, as when *Adonis* dy'd;
And with your Golden Darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a Verſe on this relenting Stone:
"Let Nature change, let Heav'n and Earth deplore,
"Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Love is now no more!

'Tis done, and Nature's various Charms decay;
See gloomy Clouds obſcure the chearful Day!
Now hung with Pearls the dropping Trees appear,
Their faded Honours ſcatter'd on her Bier.
See, where on Earth the flow'ry Glories lye,
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they dye.
Ah what avail the Beauties Nature wore?
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Beauty's now no more!

For

For her, the Flocks refuſe their verdant Food,
Nor thirſty Heifers ſeek the gliding Flood.
The ſilver Swans her hapleſs Fate bemoan,
In ſadder Notes than when they ſing their own.
Eccho no more the rural Song rebounds,
Her Name alone the mournful *Eccho* ſounds,
Her Name with Pleaſure once ſhe taught the Shore,
Now *Daphne*'s dead, and Pleaſure is no more!

No grateful Dews deſcend from Ev'ning Skies,
Nor Morning Odours from the Flow'rs ariſe.
No rich Perfumes refreſh the fruitful Field,
Nor fragrant Herbs their native Incenſe yield.
The balmy *Zephyrs*, ſilent ſince her Death,
Lament the Ceaſing of a ſweeter Breath.
Th' induſtrious Bees neglect their Golden Store;
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Sweetneſs is no more!

No

No more the mounting Larks, while *Daphne* ſings,
Shall liſt'ning in mid Air ſuſpend their Wings;
No more the Nightingales repeat her Lays,
Or huſh'd with Wonder, hearken from the Sprays:
No more the Streams their Murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter Muſick than their own to hear,
But tell the Reeds, and tell the vocal Shore,
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Muſick is no more!

Her Fate is whiſper'd by the gentle Breeze,
And told in Sighs to all the trembling Trees;
The trembling Trees, in ev'ry Plain and Wood,
Her Fate remurmur to the ſilver Flood;
The ſilver Flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new Paſſion, and o'erflows with Tears;
The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death deplore,
Daphne, our Grief! our Glory now no more!

But ſee! where *Daphne* wondring mounts on high,
Above the Clouds, above the Starry Sky.
Eternal Beauties grace the ſhining Scene,
Fields ever freſh, and Groves for ever green!
There, while You reſt in *Amaranthine* Bow'rs,
Or from thoſe Meads ſelect unfading Flow'rs,
Behold us kindly who your Name implore,
Daphne, our Goddeſs, and our Grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things liſten, while thy Muſe complains!
Such Silence waits on *Philomela*'s Strains,
In ſome ſtill Ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring Breeze
Pants on the Leaves, and dies upon the Trees.
To thee, bright Goddeſs, oft a Lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming Ewes encreaſe my fleecy Breed.
While Plants their Shade, or Flow'rs their Odours give,
Thy Name, thy Honour, and thy Praiſe ſhall live!

THYR-

THYRSIS.

See pale *Orion* ſheds unwholſome Dews,
Ariſe, the Pines a noxious Shade diffuſe;
Sharp *Boreas* blows, and Nature feels Decay,
Time conquers All, and We muſt Time obey.
Adieu ye *Vales*, ye *Mountains*, *Streams* and *Groves*,
Adieu ye Shepherds rural *Lays* and *Loves*,
Adieu my Flocks, farewell ye *Sylvan* Crew,
Daphne farewell, and all the World adieu!

FINIS.

FINIS